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PERSONAL STUDIES



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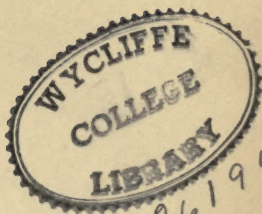
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Personal Studies

By

Henry Scott Holland

Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral



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Preface

As the years fall away, and the earth empties itself of the voices and presences which made it famous to us, the desire grows strong to make an attempt to convey the memories of those who gave significance to our life down to another generation, to whom they are fast becoming mere names.

This may serve me as an excuse, I trust, for venturing to collect and reprint papers and reviews which, in themselves, might be considered fugitive. I have left them practically as they were originally written, because so alone would they tell to others what we thought and what we felt, as, one after another, those who had been our leaders and our prophets passed into the silence.

Nearly all were written for the *Commonwealth*; a note at the bottom of the page will explain the origin of those that appeared elsewhere.

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H. S. HOLLAND.

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PERSONAL STUDIES

IN MEMORIAM: QUEEN VICTORIA *

“Thou, LORD, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed: but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail. The children of Thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall stand fast in Thy sight.”—Ps. cii. 25, 26.

WHENEVER the foundations are shaken, when the great deeps break up, when the pillars of the earth tremble, then it is that the Psalms speak to us with their old incomparable power. As our ordinary succours fall away from us, these voices of the unknown dead seem to renew their strength. Out of far-away forgotten years, out of the heart of unremembered sorrows, these dead men utter their living cries, which no weary century can stale, and no change can antiquate. Time ceases to be of account, differences of race and climate and culture and tongue all drop away. Nothing stands between us and them; they knew what we know: they have felt what we are feeling. We listen; we recognize, to our strong consolation, that the basal elemental verities which hold human life together are alike at all ages, and for one and all. What is now has always been, and these men

* Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral.

have said it once and for ever. We can but fall back on their deliverances, which combine the strength of that which is old with the vitality of that which is for ever new.

And so it was when the dread whisper first fell on us, "The Queen is dying"; and, as the great bell of St. Paul's tolled out its iron message, "The Queen is dead," these words of the Psalm came rolling back upon my heart, telling the piteous story of man's mortality, speaking of the endless sorrow that unendingly repeats itself; telling of the instability which makes of the whole round earth and all that is in it but an unsubstantial pageant, but a fleeting ghost; and yet telling also of those eternal verities which can never pass away; telling of that which abides when the rocks perish and the heavens are rolled up as a scroll; telling of the one earthly thing that can never die—the life of man enwrapped within the life of the everlasting GOD. "Thou, LORD, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth . . . they shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail. The children of Thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall stand fast in Thy sight."

Something of this ancient conviction we must make ours, as, at the very moment of facing the new and most anxious century, we find ourselves suddenly bereaved of that enduring stay which had for so long bonded our present with our past and underlay every habitual assumption on which our temporal life was based—the Queen. Never could we remember the day when we did

not take her into confident account as the central factor in everything that concerned the nation. Whatever else happened, still she would be what she has always been ; still in her the varied fortunes of the State would find their unity of coherence ; still she would embody its persistent traditions and hereditary honour ; still we should be secure of possessing for the public welfare those beneficent activities that are concentrated in the Crown ; all its indeterminate constitutional authority and function and aims would have but one concrete meaning for us—the Queen. We had grown up in this ; it had overlapped our childhood with its wonder, a wonder that was nevertheless, for all its marvel, so homely, so gracious and so kind ; and manhood's reflection only deepened our sense of its unique and astonishing significance. The more we knew of the vital issues which lie at the heart of the national life, the higher the value we gave to the meaning of the Queen ; and each year of the reign that seemed to us unending has intensified its meaning. Never before had it signified so much as when, in the very last year of her life, she showed herself to her people in London so freely and so bravely in the black hours of the African disaster, or when, last spring, she went to Dublin in witness of the gallantry of her Irish Fusiliers, and out of her own free initiation gave the colour of loyalty to the wearing of the green.

What is it that we would chiefly wish to recall of her before GOD ? How can we sum up the secret of that which made the Queen's record so unique ? We have all of us been reading everything that could possibly be said by a Press that possesses such unmistakable skill in brief and brilliant portrayal. And out of the mass of crowded

incidents we can, I think, detect one unbroken purpose which gives unity to the entire life. That which we note and follow throughout the shifting swarm of events, endowing all with significance and dignity, is the persistent fulfilment, under unparalleled difficulties, of a mere girl's vow. A girl's vow! Never before has so great an achievement on the high levels of history been won by means so simple and yet so pure. If we but think for a moment to what abasement and contempt the Crown of England had sunk when she undertook its responsibilities! We have to turn to some such records as Charles Greville's memoirs to realize the alarms and despairs of men. He lived at the very heart of public affairs. No one knew what was coming, but everyone feared the worst. Every Institution, even Churches, appeared to be tottering. No reverence shielded conventional traditions; and the honour of government appeared to have succumbed to the abuses of some senile decay. Under men's feet were felt the unknown volcanic tremors of revolutionary passion; the poor, starved, brutalized people were herded like savages; in our new industrial towns machinery had wrecked domestic habits and virtues, and the countryside was flaming with fired ricks and homesteads. The hideous revelations of the early Factory Acts were telling their tale of appalling misery. High Society was strangely corrupt and licentious, gross in violent excesses and gambling and drink and lust. And yet, remember, it was the great hour of our Imperial expansion which was opening; and, by a terrible fatality, at the centre of the Empire, there where strength was vitally needed to secure coherence and unity of sentiment all over the vast outgrowth, the

Throne had exhibited a melancholy succession of madness and vice and folly. And it was at such a moment of dreadful menace, when men's hearts were failing them for fear, and for looking to those things which are coming upon the earth, that there stepped out into the open arena, to challenge England's fate and her own, a child of eighteen—a girl, almost unknown, brought up in jealous seclusion, untried, inexperienced, singularly innocent of the world's affairs. Yet with the dignity that comes out of perfect simplicity, she stooped to her task. From that first hour in Kensington, when she was hurried from her bed to receive her awful charge at midnight, with the old men kneeling at the girl's bare feet, to her last conscious hour, she never for one moment flinched from the plain duty to which as a child she had pledged herself—body, heart, and spirit. And in the long years that have intervened she made of the Throne, which was then tottering to its fall in ignominy and scorn, the most powerful of all living institutions, the soul of a great Empire. Back to it, as to the one stronghold which no blunders or crimes of rival governments at home have availed to shake, turn the hearts of our widespread colonies; the Queen is the one word of magic which knits all these confederated colonies of ours into one compact body under one inspiration. It is the one spell that works upon the dusky populations of that strange mystery which we call India; and still for millions upon millions of black Africans the one power which draws them to faith in England is the name of the Great White Mother. And even the great Anglo-Saxon States over the Atlantic, which are ever taking a larger and larger place in the

world's story, have something that still makes them one with us and with the mother land in their profound attachment to the Queen. And the whole world, which finds little enough to like or love in England, still recognizes that behind and beyond all that they so bitterly condemn is the moral power of one personality, in whose passion for righteousness and for peace they cannot but believe—the Queen. That is the incomparable feat which she has achieved ; and its importance can only be dimly measured if we think of what it would have been if, at the hour when the governing power in England was passing, as it has passed, from the classes to the masses, when the significance of England was spreading to people far away on confines of the earth, the Crown had remained what it was when she received it ; if there had been nothing at the central hearth which should draw their allegiance or warm their heart. She did it ; she did it all ; she did it out of her own personal self by being what she was. No one could have taught her how it was to be done, and she trusted to her own instincts and intuitions, and to those alone.

And what were these ? How was the feat done ?

First she set herself—as we have been told by all those who know, as we were reminded in strong words by the Archbishop—she set herself to work at her task with the sincerity, the thoroughness, the patience which belong to a profession, the profession of being Queen. We are said, in our England, to be failing because we are all amateurs. An amateur was exactly what the Queen from the first refused to be. Monarchs ordinarily assume that they exist for their own pleasure only, and that this pleasure is interrupted by the bother of State obligations ;

but this young girl, though of very high spirits and endowed with great physical vigour, asking for release, understood at once that she existed solely for the duties and the labours of Queen, and that to this end she must, even as is asked of a priest at his ordination, draw all her studies that way, as one dedicate and consecrate to the paramount office by which she is to be judged. She never ceased to perfect the art of being Queen; everything was brought within the range of the obligations imposed upon her; she worked at it from first to last, night and day, in the spirit with which men work at the profession to which they are bound to give their whole and their best self. Her triumph was first the triumph of hard, unflagging work undertaken in the spirit of sheer and supreme duty. And, as done for duty, it told home on the heart of a race to whom duty is still the highest word to which it freely responds.

Work was her first secret; and her second was a yet more simple and unexpected device; it was the device of being good, of relying on the force of moral goodness. Here was the girl's originality; for licence is the commonplace of thrones. The daring and original stroke lay in recognizing that goodness was not merely a tribute to decency, but a governing force. It was, of course, a great matter that the Court should be pure; but that is only a small part of what she believed and achieved. For she saw that her office as Constitutional ruler required moral character. As Queen, she was exercising a moral faculty. It needed the succours and the forces which spring out of goodness to enable her to do for her people what they would expect from their Sovereign. Goodness would give her insight, goodness would endow

her with authority, goodness would fortify her appeals, goodness would interpret her relations. Behind her every act there must be felt the weight which is derived from nothing but a good character on which all can confidently rely. There must be no possibility of suspecting her motives; she must have secured a moral reputation which will exclude all suggestions of worldliness or wilfulness, or self-seeking, or ambition. So only could her actions be judged at their full value. This is what she actually attained; and the result realized itself in governing power. She could do things that no one else could have done. She was understood and trusted when she did what others with less weight of character could not afford to do. Every action counted for far more than itself, because she did it. So she steadily advanced the enormous force and influence which she wielded, out of the conviction that she had established of her absolute sincerity. And surely there is no witness that this age of ours needs more sorely than this witness to the political force of sheer moral character upon public affairs. It was this belief in the public and the national value of moral ideals which gave Mr. Gladstone his hold on the heart of England. And now that under the tight pressure of complicated international problems there are ominous signs abroad of a lapse to the principles of Machiavellian politics, let us arouse once more our own moral courage by the remembrance of her who verified the actual efficacy, in the tough and rough affairs of the world, of an unmitigated belief in the supremacy of goodness.

And, thirdly, she put into the service of the Throne the wonderful gift of her womanhood. She put *herself* into

the office ; she did not divide her life into two parts, and, after toiling through her duties as ruler, withdraw and escape to enjoy herself as a woman. Rather, she let it be felt that she was a woman in everything that she did as a Queen. She filled the formal functions of royalty with the soul of a living woman. Never was the touch of the woman absent from any movement, from any utterance, from any appeal, from any declaration which she had to make as Sovereign. What a vivid reality she gave to the title "Our Sovereign Lady the Queen !" It was always the lady who made herself present to us. So it was that in the first Council in which she took her supreme place, she let the girl come into her natural tone, without artifice or pose. So it was that she could broaden out the domain over which her royalty extended by making it coterminous with those natural sympathies which, as wife, or mother, or widow, she sent far afield into every corner of the land ; into every English home where a mother mourned some dead soldier-boy ; into every desolated pit village where weeping women and children cried over the blackened bodies of their dead ; or far away into her great Colonies, or into plague-stricken India ; or down the long wards where lay her soldiers and sailors maimed under the scourge of war. Always she was to be felt where there were hearts broken or bodies bruised ; and yet always it was the Queen, even when she was entirely acting under the instincts of the sympathetic woman. It was not the woman adopting the pose of a queen, but a queen who was revealing herself as a woman. The dignity was never allowed to be forgotten ; it was just because she had so absolutely identified her queenhood with herself that they were inseparable. And

so her womanhood was her sceptre, by which her people drew nigh to her and touched her and all were touched. Ah! kings at their best, alas! are terribly handicapped just through being men. The most powerful hold that she laid on our loyalty is denied them. In this disastrous South African war, when our soldiers, under General Leslie Rundle, were suffering untold privations, half starved, half clad, lying out at night on the open veldt, with only one blanket between two or three men, while the water froze to the bottom of the buckets; doing long marches over a terrific country after an enemy who could always evade them; an officer who was there told me that he never heard a complaint, and never saw them lose spirits; and the main motive which kept them in good heart was that it was all done for the Queen. It was a personal devotion for the woman; they were sure that she cared for them, that she would be thinking of them. If they ever got home, sick or wounded, she would be at Netley at their bedside. That was enough. "The Queen, the woman, GOD bless her!"

So she fulfilled her task; and in the doing of it she brought the force of those settled and simple pieties, which, for an older generation than ours, seemed to belong to the natural equipment of man. And this natural piety was profoundly reinforced by the personal subjective spirituality so characteristic of Teutonic religion, with which the influence of the Consort, to whom she was devoted, penetrated her life. Such a sentiment did not easily attach itself to the dominant methods and forms of our own worship in the Church of England; it found itself more congenially at home in the simpler rites north of the Tweed; but it was always felt

to be her spontaneous motive, and it enabled her to touch her people to those depths which religion alone can reach. Thus it was that the girl's vow stood, though all around was rocked in times of vast upheaval. Every fashion of life and thought and habit and manners and policy and interest has shifted and changed since she came to the throne. Electricity and steam have altered the face of the earth and our very conceptions of time and space. Whole literatures have grown and vanished again; philosophy and science have been transfigured since then by a transformation as great as that which greeted the Renaissance. Historical epochs in Europe have come, and men and dynasties have risen and perished; societies have been revolutionized; institutions ancient as the State have been challenged and have succumbed, or have been transmuted out of all recognition. Social and industrial cataclysms have convulsed the elemental foundations on which humanity has organized its powers. New peoples have arisen, new ideals have shaken our souls, new truths have disclosed themselves. But still that vow of the girl to do her duty and to be good has availed throughout; and still it has found itself sufficient for every emergency; and still it has been upheld with unflagging faith, with unshaken simplicity of heart. It has gathered up into itself the excellent assistance of a disciplined judgment and all the garnered memories of incomparable experience; but always it has retained its identity in type and mood. It is all the fruit of a girl's simple heart, of the pledge which she gave herself of her responsibility. And it received its triumphant vindication in face of a united world when, after we had watched, at the western façade of the Cathedral, all the martial pomp

of this wide Empire pass in splendour, there came at the close of all the dashing uniforms and glancing steel, that in which this display had its sole and sufficient interpretation. And when it came, it was found to be the one spot in the whole scene which could afford to be bare of all artifice and emblem. Here was one who needed no pomp; brought no menace; and symbolized no violence. It was a simple, gracious lady, kindly and tender-hearted, a true woman, at home among her people, the living pledge to them of sympathy and gentleness and honour and peace.

She is dead. Never again shall we know the old emotion with which we have sung since we were children, "GOD save the Queen." She is dead, and we are left to our last office of committing her soul to the infinite pity of JESUS, even the peace of GOD which passeth all understanding. She is dead; and with her dies an epoch. That mighty period which is commemorated by her name has rolled up as a scroll. That is why we tremble. The ground under us is withdrawn; the world that we have known dissolves; the unknown awaits us. A new century lies ahead ominously silent. Therefore if we would survive and play our part as our fathers did before us, back on the strong and eternal realities we must set our souls. For work, strenuous and anxious work, is before us, work of which we cannot foresee the end. We stand at the dividing of the ways, in the hour of moral crisis, when the fate of England and the destiny of her Empire tremble in the balance of Divine judgment. Far along the wide frontiers lie the millions of dark natives to whom the Queen's name has been a shield against all that would exploit them for the white man's wealth, or deny them

their full liberty of growth. Here at home, at the heart of our power, lie around us the millions of weak, burdened English poor, to whom her name had ever been a pledge that at least they were remembered and cared for. Towards all these she has set us our responsibilities; and these will make their demands more and more urgently felt in the years now upon us. I know not how we should dare to face them at this hour, when on every side there is an impoverishment of forces, a shrinkage of resource, a lowering of tone and energy and gift, if we have not faith in that which can never shrink; faith in that GOD unto whom she whom we now lay to rest committed herself in the simplicity of her girlhood; faith in the Everlasting Father who fainteth not, neither is weary. Therefore let us rehearse the great words together before we part: "Thou, LORD, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou remainest. They all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed: but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail. The children of Thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall stand fast in Thy sight."

JENNY LIND *

WHY is it that the name of Jenny Lind has become a household word in England, familiar to thousands who never heard her sing a note, or saw her face, but who, somehow, associate the sound of her name with everything that is most kindly, and pure, and tender, and good, so that they feel a sort of affection for one who, though unknown to them, about whom they could only tell you that she was a successful singer, has yet left a fragrance about her memory, which makes her name sound sweet and dear, as the name of a friend?

It is surely quite a peculiar tradition which she has left behind her. You feel it not only in the universal and affectionate familiarity with her maiden name, which I have ventured to put at the head of this article, but in the illumination which kindles in a man's face as he tells you of the great days when he heard her in her wonderful triumphs. How he kindles, as he rouses himself to speak of it! "Ah! Jenny Lind! Yes, there was never anything like that!" And he begins about the "Figlia," and how she came along the bridge in the "Somnambula"; and you feel the tenderness in his voice, as of a positive love for her, whose voice seems still ringing through him as he talks. Why is it? There is some tone in the enthusiasm which is quite distinct from the way in which men speak

* *Murray's Magazine*, January 1888.

of Grisi and of Alboni. *There*, you feel at once the enthusiasm is for the voice; *here*, there is, within the admiration of the voice, a touch of personal affection for one who was, to him, like nothing before or since in the whole world. It is of this unparalleled personal fascination of which I would speak in this paper. The records of her career, at the time of her death, told enough of her musical achievements. But those of us who have enjoyed the peculiar privilege of her friendship in later years, cannot but be eager to express our sense of the force and nobility of her character.

Her character! There was the secret of the bewildering fascination of her early singing. Those of us who knew, and watched, and loved her long after the marvellous voice had grown worn, could yet perfectly understand why the charm she once exercised had been so unique. As we felt the impressive vigour, the brilliancy, the high purity of the full-formed character, we could not be surprised at anything men told us of her wonderful effect upon them, when all this inward force, which still delighted us, had been felt at work within the heart of the clear, liquid, bird-like voice of a young girl.

For, indeed, her character had all the notes of greatness.

First, it had the gift of originality. How can I explain or justify a term which is used just to express what is indescribable? Those who knew her will perfectly understand me when I say that everything she did, everything she said, every gesture, every motion, bore her own individual stamp upon it. As she came into the room, as she went out, as she spoke, you felt in presence of an original nature, made in a fresh mould, distinct, marked, unmistakable. I cannot recall a single conventional look or act of hers—

not one in which she was not herself alone. Her greeting, her way of coming forward with her hands outspread to welcome you, the pose of her head, the touch of dramatic action in all she did—how vivid is the impression left! Her image stands out, imprinted in clear outlines; it never mixes itself up with other memories. And she had the unaccountableness of an original genius: you never knew beforehand how she would take a thing, what she would say, how she would like it. She awoke that peculiar interest which belongs to those, whose whole being is a surprise to you—something which baffles your normal expectations: you cannot sum it up in your calculations; you have to wait on it, and learn from it what its ways and motions will be. So with her. I never felt more sure that I was in the company of a genius than when with her. Every phrase of hers “told”; her foreign English broke out into all sorts of strange and abrupt and suggestive forms, which must have been a surprise to our native mother-tongue, but which gave it unexpected force.

And, then, her character bore the type of a great Artist. She was an Artist, through and through. This is what you felt in her conception and treatment of music. She had the artistic Ideality, the sense of an absolute and ideal perfection of workmanship which was worth all effort and all toil, and by which alone the life's work was to be tried. She had the artist's sense of the all-sufficiency and the sanctity of the ideal; the artist's scorn for all that compromised it, for all work that was not carried to its highest attainable projection,—for all weak shifts, and unskilled presumptions. And, in all this, she had the backing of her husband, for whose character she had an enthusiastic admiration—himself a musician of the most

pure and delicate taste, fastidious of all that falls a hair's-breadth below the highest standard attainable.

This Ideality was felt throughout her whole treatment of Life. It made her judgment of all untrained efforts, that bore the stamp of the amateur upon them, to be severe, and alarming. She could shut her lips fast in a damning silence, after anything which failed to win her approval, in a way that made you feel that all was over, and that acquittal had become hopeless. She was not a person to whose criticism an aspiring amateur would like to offer his earlier efforts; though, when she saw genuine merit, she would delightedly give most generous help. But the material must be good that you brought her; and the standard was very high. I think this is what her pupils would say at the Royal College of Music, to whom she gave such splendid work in the last years of her life. They loved her; and her training was magnificent in its serious and radical thoroughness; but she required much of them. She kept them as close to their scales as Mr. Ruskin kept his Drawing Class to the curves of a snail-shell. She believed as thoroughly as the Duke of Wellington that everything lay in the firm mastery of the primary elements of your task. Yet, with this intense belief in real "grind" she had the teacher's great gift of looking to the *individuality* of the pupil. I remember well her telling me, in her emphatic way, how her first object was to discover the exact range peculiar to each individual voice that came before her—and, then, to make its training turn on the compass it covered; so that each voice was an individual existence, with its own excellences to be considered. How she made me laugh that evening, imitating the strange way in which her girls

persisted in opening their mouths, when they sang; and, then, posing herself so naturally, just as she sat, and saying, "Here I am! I am ready! Now I can sing."

This Ideality in Art brought her its familiar difficulties and griefs in practical life. She had that artistic temper which never seems quite at home in our work-a-day world. What is it all at—with its infirmities, its compromises, its minglings of good and evil, its rough-and-ready method, its thwarting imperfections? The practical world conforms so little to any artistic ideal; it is satisfied with such incomplete and untrained work. She could not easily adapt herself to the common necessities and duties of human existence; they fretted her: they did not pass into her ideal: they stuck out, with stiff angles, and bony corners, and raw edges: she did not like them, nor could she bear with them lightly and gaily: she could not bend her inward moods to correspond to outward incidents. She stood in an attitude of repulsion, of rebellion, towards common, necessary, homely circumstances. She found it very difficult to give these small affairs and details of life their proper proportion and importance. And here, we English, whom personally she loved dearly, yet tried her sorely. We perplexed and distressed her by our British disregard for first principles, by our Philistine content with casual, haphazard, hand-to-mouth ways of doing things. Our common life was so curiously satisfied with the absence from it of any unity, or coherence, or symmetry.

This all emphasized her instinctive aloofness from the world. Like all those who find their vent in Art, she seemed always as if her soul was a homeless stranger here amid the thick of earthly affairs, never quite comprehending why the imperfect should exist, never quite able to

come down from the lighted above and form her eyes to the twilight of the prison and the cave.

And this gave a tone of sadness to her thought and mind, of which her face, plain and grave, with its deep grey eyes, and solemn furrows, and strangely pathetic mouth, bore the traces. "When I am alone," she wrote, "you have no idea how different I am,—so happy, yet so melancholy that tears are rolling down my cheeks unceasingly." She had a profound admiration for Carlyle; and to her, as to him, it appeared as if the world were stained with a corruption beyond measure, beyond endurance. She felt all the power of his "railing accusation"—felt it, as he did, with the bewilderment and the indignation of a spectator, not inside the work, not within the heart of the workers, and so understanding how their errors and their wrongs come often out of distorted love and ignorant good-will—but standing outside, gazing at a scene which was, on the surface, a wild chaos of malice and horror and sin. I saw her at Malvern, but two months before her death, when her face was already white and waxen, with the hue of death upon it, sitting in the verandah of that lovely home, which she loved and where she died, high up on the Worcestershire hills, looking out over the rolling woodlands of the Severn valley, as they lay, soft and tender, in the delicate splendour of an English autumn,—looking out, and asking, with passionate energy, the old, old questions, that have vexed and harried every religious soul—questions which the Cross of CHRIST enables us, not so much to answer as to face. "Why is evil so strong? Why does wickedness increase? Why is there pain, and misery, and earthquake, and famine, and war? Why does the good which one sets oneself to do, fail? Why do the

best efforts win no fruit?" The old desperate enquiries! They stirred her to the very depths. The faith, which she firmly grasped for her own salvation, did not seem to spread out as an illuminative interpretation of the world around her. These primary problems, which the Cross presupposes and responds to, still importunately beset her; and her vein of reflection was darkened by their shadow. Such outcry against wrong is itself prophetic of the GOD to whom it witnesses, and for whose honour it is so jealous; and now for her we can trust that, in the great merciful silence, all questions have been hushed for ever into divine repose.

This spiritual aloofness had in her, as, again, in Carlyle, its natural effect in a special purity of tone. I can hardly imagine the man who would, in her presence, venture on a doubtful allusion, or a hazardous innuendo. Never shall I forget the vivid vigour of her description to me of her final parting with a friend, who had made some such reference. The whole world conveyed under these phrases was to her a thing of contempt and abhorrence, which she dismissed with a touch of austere defiance. Certainly, I can hardly imagine her being thought a genial or popular companion in the green-room of an Opera House; but ah! how one longed to have once heard, ringing through a theatre, the young girl-voice which had been penetrated, through and through, by this simple and haughty innocence!

It was the same with all things small, mean, or false. Here, again, she hardly allowed, perhaps, for human frailty, nor even for the misunderstandings and confusions that are so inevitable. Little blunders were apt to get magnified, friendships found themselves abruptly broken,

sometimes. She had a very high standard for her friends; and woe to them if she suspected them of any lapse! It was a difficult matter to recover her esteem.

All this idealism culminated in her intense conviction that her art was a gift of GOD, to be dedicated to His service. This belief was continually on her lips. "I have always put GOD first," she said, during her last days. It was this which you could feel in her pose, as she stood high-strung and prophetic, to deliver a great theme, such as "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was this which was the key to her superb generosity to the sick and the suffering; she was fulfilling her consecrated office towards them. It was this which sent her voice thrilling along the wards of the Brompton Hospital, where she loved to sing to those for whom she had herself built a whole wing. It was this which kindled all her enthusiasm for Mlle. Janotha, in whom she found a kindred mind, —Janotha who had said to her (she told me), "What is this 'world' of which people speak? I do not know what 'the world' is. I play for Jesus Christ."

Serious, and even sad, as was the deeper current of her life, I hope it will not be supposed that she was oppressive or stiff. She was full of warm affection. "There is nothing like Love," she wrote in a letter: and again, "It is the richest blessing, next to the Redemption, to love, and to love purely, without any selfish desire. I feel quite a pain in my heart to think I shall not see you for long." Her letters are full of such tendernesses. And she would in all happy hours of intimacy throw out her whole heart in brimming gaiety. She was, when in spirits, all alive with play and fun; she had a delicious, merry laugh; and she could bubble with delight. At such times

as her Christmas-tree parties, for her children and friends, her merriment would be irrepressible. I still see her thumping out the "Swedish Dance" at the piano for us; smiling with joy at the emphatic rhythm of stamping feet; and then springing up to dance herself with all the brisk, bright playfulness of a child; and I am reminded of her making, on such an evening, the tallest man in the room, now a Judge, dance round with the tiniest little girl; and how, in a pause, she came up suddenly to a friend, saying, "Now I will dance with you!" and flew round in a valse herself. Her figure, though angular, was singularly full of grace and motion, and she danced beautifully. And how tenderly, on that evening, she marked a little deaf-and-dumb boy, and led him up, first of all the children, to the tree, to choose his present, and danced with him herself, and devoted herself to making the evening a happy one for him.

And one occasion remains ever in my memory, when she played the part of a maid in some children's theatricals at her own house at Wimbledon. I understood, then, the charm there must have been in her acting in old days. It was a little part, but how she made it tell! She had to show the sympathy of the domestic household with the little lovers, who were coming together in the front scene. And how she danced, and brimmed over with joy, behind them; and filled the room with her merry-hearted encouragement of the pair, who, it must be confessed, were a little timid and shy of each other. Or again, in latter days, it was delightful to find her in the country under the Surrey hills, with her daughter's children, to whom she was devoted; wrapped in some strange-coloured shawl, with a large yellow straw-hat flapping

about her face, greeting one with both hands, stepping forward with feet that almost danced, and with all sorts of dramatic fun in her eyes and in her motions. Dear Madame! It was at such happy times that she left a vivid vision imprinted on the heart, such as no years can efface, nor earth ever replace.

Vivid! It is impossible not to use the word again and again. She was vivid in phrase and in gesture; that is what made her so surprising and delightful. "What was Mr. Grote like?" I asked her once, as she was telling me much of her intimacy in his house. "Oh! Mr. Grote, he was like a nice old bust in the corner; you could go and dust him!" Here are her directions to a young lady how, in singing, to pass from one note to another over an interval. "First, the brain!" with a finger laid on the forehead to express profound consideration of the note it is proposed to pass to. "Second, the Portmanteau!" with a gesture of the hands to express lifting the voice off the note it is on, picking it up, and carrying it right across with a sweep to a spot just above the note to be hit. "Then, the Pounce!" I am reminded, by one who was present, of a scene when some Americans were announced, seeking an interview. "What is it you want?" she asked, standing very erect. "Oh, Madame Goldschmidt, we hoped to have the pleasure of seeing you, and making your acquaintance." "Well, here is my front!" Then (with a whisk round), "There is my back. Now" (with a deep curtsy) "you can go home, and say that you have seen me!" After her visitors had crept out abashed, she was very penitent for having been at all rude. But she could not endure any impertinent curiosity; and it was always a perilous experiment to introduce a stranger to

her, lest she should suspect some motive in the introduction, when her coldness would be freezing. She hardly ever spoke a word about herself, her past life, her old interests and glories, even among those most intimate with her. And it will be felt how much this meant, when all of us were ready eagerly to catch up the slightest hint that might lead to her telling us something of the marvellous days behind her. Often I wondered to myself that I had never pressed her to speak on that most thrilling of all subjects, a great dramatic experience. But she was utterly unegotistical in such things; her loftiness of temper kept her reticent and reserved; and restrained us, too, from enquiries that might be impertinent. Looking back, I can only recall one tiny fragment of a story about herself, that she ever told me; it dropped out in a brief whisper, one night: how, when she was three or four years old, she could pick up the tunes from a band and make them out for herself on the piano. She used to do this when she thought herself alone. But, one day, the grandmother was in the next room, and hearing the piano, called out the older sister's name, who was about seven. Little Jenny, in alarm of being caught, crept down and hid under the piano. The grandmother called again, and at last came in to see why there was no answer, and searched about, and finally dragged out the little creature, quaking, from her hiding-place. "Was that *you* playing?" "Yes!" said poor Jenny with tears, as if confessing a sin. "And the grandmother said nothing, but she looked, and looked at me; and when the mother came in, she said, 'That child will do something for you some day.'" As Madame told me the story, I could feel how that silent look of the grandmother had impressed her child-memory.

This reticence was surely a remarkable evidence of self-control in one who had to undergo that trial which to all but the highest natures must be a severe strain on the moral tone—the trial of having passed the most triumphant achievements of her life before she was out of girlhood, and of having to watch her own fame and memory fade away before her eyes, out of the minds of new generations that knew her not. To a character less lofty than hers, the temptation to keep that fading past in perpetual view would have been inevitable and incessant.

But, indeed, she had the most genuine spirit of unworldliness. “Oh, Mrs. S——, how I pity you!” was her frank greeting to her hostess at a great garden-party. “Why, dear Madame Goldschmidt? I have got husband, children, everything that the world can give me.” “Yes, I am sorry for you, you have so much wealth!”

“I am far more proud (though proud is not the word!)” she wrote, “at having had a talent for rudder and oars, than a made name and position.”

About three years before her death she began to show ominous symptoms of some internal wrong. She had worked very hard in forming the School of Song in the new Royal College of Music, into which she had thrown her keenest energies; and she evidently was unable to bear the strain. Slowly the evil disclosed itself to be very grave indeed. She had to retire from her work, and spent two winters in the south of France. It was only in her later years that she had learned the splendours of Southern suns, and she had given them her enthusiastic love, and had fled from our sunless London grizzle to enjoy their delicious light again and again during the last fifteen years. Now, in her sickness, she turned again to the coast of Cannes,

where she had been so happy. Her letters of farewell were deeply shadowed by her sense that the end was not to be far off. "I feel very strongly the beginning of the end," she wrote, "and think it a blessing to look forward to eternal rest. What is the whole miserable earthly life worth in comparison to one single glance at the Sinless, Holy SAVIOUR?" And in a quaintly-sad letter, written before going abroad for this last winter, she says: "I feel almost inclined to say, 'Welcome, Death, my ugly friend!'"

The disease was one of miserable discomfort, even when it was not burdened with pain. Her children all came out to her, at Cannes, conscious that they could not hope to see her much longer here. Her devoted husband was ever near her in most faithful loyalty and love. She almost ceased to be able to see any one but him. In the summer she succeeded in creeping home to her beloved cottage on the Malvern Hills, where, after some months of most pitiful and severe sickness, she died.

Twice I had the privilege of seeing her there. The first time, it was just after a touching interview with two dear friends. She was half-lying on a couch in the verandah, and, seeing me, she beckoned me to her, and spoke in the sad strong strain to which I have already referred. I touched on the exquisite loveliness of her little home. "Yes," she said, "but I am never to see a spring here. The three first springs I was at work at the College; and now!" She told me a plaintive story of her last talk with Dean Stanley, to whom she had been bound by a long affectionate intimacy. She spoke of her last sight of Lady Augusta Stanley after her death; and then she told me, with all her own vivid, emphatic brilliancy of gesture and look, of a scene which had

evidently left on her an indelible impression of wonder and glory. She had gone to look on the face of her friend, Mrs. Nassau Senior, after death. The son of her friend had shown her the stairs, and pointed out the door of the room where the body lay, and put the candle in her hand, and left her. She pushed open the door and entered alone; and there, before her, lay the face, fine and clear-cut, encompassed about with a mass of white flowers. On it was peace, and a smile, with the lips parted; but that was not all. I must tell the rest in her own words. "It was not her *own* look that was in her face. It was the look of another, the face of another, that had passed into hers. It was the shadow of CHRIST that had come upon her. She had seen CHRIST. And I put down my candle, and I said, 'Let me see this thing. Let me stop here always. Let me sit and look. Where are my children? Let them come and see. Here is a woman who has seen CHRIST.' " I can never forget the dramatic intensity of her manner as she told me all this, and how she at last had to drag herself away, as from a vision, and to stumble down the stairs again.

The second and last time I saw her there, she was a little better, and looked less ashen in colour, and talked brightly. She spoke of her dear Swedish people, for whom she always had an enthusiastic admiration—spoke of their gifts, their great literature, their quick appreciation of artistic form and grace, their capacity for both good and evil. And then she touched on Carlyle; she and her husband had been reading the letters that passed between him and Goethe. And this led to his Autobiography and Life. She was indignant at its treatment by the world, who gossiped over it as if it only disclosed a domestic

wrangle. It was this, she said, which had decided her to resist the importunities of friends, begging her to leave some record of herself. If Carlyle could be so miserably misunderstood, what hope had she of being better treated? No, "let the waves of oblivion pass over my poor little life!" She would have talked on, but I was forced to leave; and my last remembrance is of her kindly waving her hand in good-bye, as she sat in her great chair, very white but still impressive and vigorous, with the sweet English hills and woods about her, steeped in delicious sunlight.

Shortly after, she became worse, and never left her bed again. She was almost too weak to speak; but her daughter, who hardly ever left her during all this pitiful time, wrote to me that one morning as they drew the blinds to let her beloved sun stream in upon her, she sang three or four bars of Schumann's "An den Sonnenschein." She longed to die, and hoped eagerly that it might be on her birthday, October 6th; but her great vitality dragged on the long struggle, and not until November 2nd, All Hallows Day, did her soul pass away, with a few soft sighs. She was buried amid the sweetest music, sung by the choirs in Malvern Abbey Church, and with wreaths and flowers which not only loaded the hearse but filled a separate car. So they laid her body to rest under the Malvern Hills; and "over her grave" (says one) "it seems as if the very birds would sing more sweetly than elsewhere." For the music in her was ever an inspiration, which lifted her, as the lark is carried heavenward by its song—the lark, her own chosen symbol, carved over her house-door; the lark, the winged thing that "singing ever soars," and "soaring ever sings." "What a gift is Art,"



she herself writes; "music above all—when we understand, not to make it an idol, but to place it at the foot of the Cross, laying all our longings, sufferings, joys and expectations in a light of a dying and risen SAVIOUR! He alone—and surely nothing else—is the goal of all our intense longing, whether we know it or not."

Dear lady, great-hearted and high-souled! She is gone; and earth's ways seem strangely darkened to those who feel sadly sure that never, here, will they see or know anything like her again. For, indeed, she was of the great race of those who startle our common days by their free, fresh, beautiful originality. She was of those Pilgrim-souls who move about this dim earth, possessed of a vision which the world seems rather to baffle than fulfil. Happy, most happy, as she was, in a tender wedded love, she yet listened to the "sad music of Humanity" with a troubled disquiet; and for her it is far better to have passed into that land which brings the sweet boon of sleep to those that, dying in the LORD, rest from their labours: and which, beyond the sleep again, is loud with music—the voice of harpers harping on their harps, the voice of those who sing the new song, which none can know but those who are redeemed from among men.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE*

"ALL I believed is true." This line from Robert Browning comes back and back on the memory, as I pass through the pages of this admirable book. "All I believed is true." We petty men, who trotted in and out of the great man's shadow, during the last twenty-five years of his life, believed so much in what we *felt* to be true under the pressure of that amazing presence. It was irresistible. Its abounding vitality made everyone else within its range seem so thin and cheap. Its high passion was fed out of sources beyond the plumb-line of habitual experience. Its freedom and spontaneity of output was like nothing else in the whole wide world. And, then, a most touching candour and simplicity placed all these unmeasured resources at the service of any one who was ready to draw upon them, however limited his powers might be for drawing upon these deep wells. The youngest and humblest were accepted as if they had really some intrinsic value, and were completely worthy to receive all the best he had to give. This fine and unfailing courtesy almost bewildered us. It seemed so remote from the rougher assumptions which govern the hurry-scurry of modern social competition. How had the

* *The Life of Gladstone.* By John Morley. London: Macmillan. 1903.

vehemence of a personality which would, naturally, have swept everyone out of its way with the force of an impetuous torrent, brought itself down to this delicate habit of deference, and learned to treat anybody and everybody with such infinite regard?

And then, again, we felt—we could not but feel—the large, unhampered guilelessness which, in spite of obvious subtleties of intellectual dialectic in talk and discussion, still made itself known as the most radical and elemental characteristic of the man. He was transparent as a babe: even when he was most acute in framing puzzling distinctions, or hurrying us over the thinnest possible ice. You saw the man flinging himself into his case, with the keen abandonment of a child without reserves. You might hear endless stories of the versatilities and elasticities and shifts by which he had thrown his opponents in the public arena of debate; but nothing could ever shake your conviction that guilelessness was the main note of his character. Deep down in the life there was the untouched heart of a little child. And the everlasting wonder was always how he ever could have passed through his incomparable experience of a world which he fought so hardly and from which he had so often endured such virulent attack and such unsparing hate, and yet had retained the undying charity “which hopeth all things and believeth all things”; and still looked out upon man with the dauntless faith which is convinced that everybody must be on its side, if only they understood.

No suspicions could cloud this faith: no disappointments undermine it. And it was all the more remarkable because of his profound realization of sin and the alarming thoroughness of his recognition of the awful conflict

between good and evil. He, nevertheless, hoped in everybody, to the very last, with an optimism that is only possible for those who are kept by GOD in strange innocence of heart. He could be very severe in judging this or that action; but he was really incapable of personalities, or jealousies, or meannesses, or envyings, or malice, or distrust.

If you wanted to select a type of character which was the exact antithesis of Mr. Gladstone, you would think of one which is known as "a man of the world." No eighty-four years of varied discipline, under every conceivable condition which "the world" could present, could justify him for the title. He was unable to become a creature "of the world." This is what drew you to him with such unqualified and unstinted trust. There was nothing to suggest wariness or to limit your glad surrender. Everything in him was, in a sense, on the surface, to be seen and known, just because it all emerged so freely from the deepest deeps, without check or hindrance. There was nothing in him that made him afraid to reveal all he felt or thought, under the impulse of the moment. The entire man came to the front through the words that flew to his lips: through the dramatic expression of face and gesture. Yes! he was guileless, so we said, whatever the perplexities through which he had to steer a perilous way. The world had never even touched him.

And behind all this, and in it, and through it, we knew that there was but one motive that dominated and inspired. This motive was undisguised. At a touch it was in evidence. It looked out from the deep-ringed eyes: it spoke in the modulation of his bell-like voice; it was as

an atmosphere in which he moved. "He was," says one who had known the greatest and best of the Priests of his day, "he was the most profoundly religious man I ever knew." Religion was to him the moral breath that he breathed. He had not to evoke it; or pull himself together to meet it; or to call upon himself for any special effort. It was there with the ease and completeness that belong to those who are as little children in the Kingdom of Heaven.

All this we believed. It was the immediate and undeniable effect of his presence and companionship. As we walked and talked with him we were sure of it. And the certainty of it evoked in us that enthusiastic loyalty which made his name to us the watchword of hope and honour and victory. And now this book comes to confirm us in every jot and tittle of our creed. It reads to us as a triumphant vindication of what we had persistently held. It is not that it reveals novel aspects, or that it brings forward new data for judgment, or that it has the excitement of carrying us into unanticipated ground. In a sense, we knew it all before. The man presented to us is the man whom we remember. There is nothing startling, or unaccountable. There is no introduction of materials which challenge a reconsidered estimate. There are no exciting discoveries. Rather, we remain as we were; our memory, our imagination, retain their familiar portraiture. Only, we have the supreme delight of ratifying our convictions at every point. We see our own limited and partial experience carried into the inmost recesses of the life, and outspread far back into the long years which had lain out of our ken. We understand how it was that it all grew and came about.

We follow back, for instance, the story of that self-conquest which so astonished us, by which a character of such abounding impetuosity made itself one of the most companionable and courteous in the world. How easy to picture Mr. Gladstone as another Burke, aflame with the rage of righteousness, yet so vehement and uncontrolled that he was an impossible colleague in a Cabinet! As Mr. Gladstone lets drop the burning phrase, "Read Burke: he is almost divine," we are aware of the close kinship of spirit. The moral fire, the ideal passion, the tumultuous expression, are all his. Yet the undeviating witness tells of the perfection of behaviour by which Mr. Gladstone illuminated the art of mutual counsel. He was the highest master in the delicate craft of bringing your mind into the common stock. His patience, his toleration, his persuasiveness, in a crisis, were simply inexhaustible. And his temper, in the hours of bitter trouble and agitated decision, was flawless.

And all this was due, as the book reveals, to a definite and deliberate discipline. He held from his very boyhood to the belief that "manners maketh man." He saw, in courtesy, the articulate expression of the Christian Creed which, for him, covered the entire area of conduct: and he made it a religious duty to fulfil its obligations.

"The whole system of legitimate courtesy, politeness, and refinement is surely nothing less than one of the genuine though minor and often unacknowledged results of the Gospel scheme. All the great moral qualities or graces, which in their large sphere determine the formation and habits of the Christian soul as before God, do also on a smaller scale apply to the very same principles in the common intercourse of life, and pervade its innumerable and separately inappreciable

particulars; and the result of this application is that good breeding which distinguishes Christian civilization."

Mr. Morley cannot resist the stinging question, as to how far the Christian Bishops (say) at the Robber Council at Ephesus can be said to have strictly exhibited their superiority in manners over Plato: or over Cicero: or over an Arab of Cordova. But, for all that, he is ready enough to acknowledge that "nobody of his time was a finer example of high good manners and genuine courtesy than Mr. Gladstone." Nor would he suggest a doubt but that, in Mr. Gladstone, this high habit of deference and self-control was won by him out of the seriousness with which he took up all the significance of his cardinal Creed. It was won, already, in his eager youth. And it is this which accounts for the famous misjudgment of James Stephen, that Gladstone had every gift that might bring him to the front, but lacked the combativeness that was essential for landing him there. Lack of combativeness! When we, in the latter days, who had seen Mr. Gladstone warring his way, in lonely force, against innumerable hosts, turned to Dean Church for some explanation of the extraordinary miscalculation, he retorted that Mr. Gladstone's extreme deference to older men, in his youth, made it quite intelligible.

Indeed, it is always surprising to recall that his manifestation of volcanic energy, sweeping through the country like a storm, came only with what might in other men be called old age. His full powers as a platform orator only revealed themselves when he was already a past master in Parliamentary debate, and had risen to the highest place in the arena. He had gained the

discipline of control long years before he let himself loose in ways that might violently strain it. So it remained that, to the very last, however vehement his passion, he was the very apostle of constitutional formalism: he was the most rigid stickler for rule, and order, and precedent, and consideration. He had the belief that outward details of behaviour, in the conduct of public affairs, were vital and sacred. In this combination lay his special significance as, at once, the tempestuous herald of new forces coming into perilous play, and, also, the splendid Parliamentary Politician, to whom the traditions of Constitutionalism were dear as his life-blood. He covered the whole ground that lies between the prophet and the "old Parliamentary hand": and this gave him his singular opportuneness at a moment when such immense social changes had to be made without a breach in the permanent structure of national existence. The moment exactly required and favoured such a temperament. But, nevertheless, it was no mere accident that such a temperament was his. On the contrary, he won it by assiduous attention to his character under the guiding inspiration of a religious belief.

This assiduity never flagged, from his days as a boy at Eton, to the last dark hour which shut him fast within the prison-house of pain on his death-bed.

Have I laboured this point too far? I think not. We all can recognize the exuberant energy, the splendid endowments, the forceful impetuosity, the inexhaustible fecundity, which made him the paramount social influence of his time. All this leaps to the eyes. But what the book reveals is this most masterful secret of his inner life, by which he set his bridle on leviathan, and brought

down the tireless powers within him under the yoke of a sleepless and tenacious will. This is the combination which made him what he was. As Mr. Morley pronounces, after recording the precise and rigid scheme for the regulation of time and money given to his son: "In this instance, the councillor was the living pattern of his own maxims." "And the peculiarity of all this half-mechanic ordering of a wise and virtuous individual life, was that it went with a genius and a power that 'moulded a mighty state's decrees,' and sought 'the widest process of the suns.'"

As to this deepest secret of all, Mr. Morley succeeds in even deepening the emphasis with which it had always asserted itself through every detail of his habit and speech. "All his activities were, in his own mind, one. That is the fundamental fact of Mr. Gladstone's history. And this unity of inspiration was simply and solely religion. His political life was only part of his religious life." We knew it. And here it is re-told, rehearsed, re-evidenced. How thorough, how deep, how entire this religious consecration was, from first to last, we are shown, above all in the passage written to Mrs. Gladstone in which he goes to the very bottom of all that the discipline of the Saints has intended by the religious life.

"There is a beautiful little sentence in the works of Charles Lamb concerning one who had been afflicted: 'he gave his heart to the Purifier, and his will to the Sovereign Will of the Universe.' But there is a speech in the third canto of the *Paradiso* of Dante, spoken by a certain Piccarda, which is a rare gem. I will only quote this one line: 'In la sua volontade è nostra pace.' The words are few and simple, and yet they appear to me to have an inexpressible majesty of truth about

them, to be almost as if they were spoken from the very mouth of God. It so happened that (unless my memory much deceives me) I first read that speech on a morning early in the year 1836, which was one of trial. I was profoundly impressed and powerfully sustained, almost absorbed, by these words. They cannot be too deeply graven upon the heart. In short, what we all want is that they should not come to us as an admonition from without, but as an instinct from within. They should not be adopted by effort or upon a process of proof, but they should be simply the translation into speech of the habitual tone to which all tempers, affections, emotions, are set. In the Christian mood, which ought never to be intermitted, the sense of this conviction should recur spontaneously ; it should be the foundation of all mental thoughts and acts, and the measure to which the whole experience of life, inward and outward, is referred. The final state which we are to contemplate with hope, and to seek by discipline, is that in which our will shall be *one* with the will of God ; not merely shall submit to it, not merely shall follow after it, but shall live and move with it, even as the pulse of the blood in the extremities acts with the central movement of the heart. And this is to be obtained through a double process ; the first, that of checking, repressing, quelling the inclination of the will to act with reference to self as a centre ; this is to mortify it. The second, to cherish, exercise, and expand its new and heavenly power of acting according to the will of God, first, perhaps, by painful effort in great feebleness and with many inconsistencies, but with continually augmenting regularity and force, until obedience becomes a necessity of second nature."

There is the whole matter. You cannot go beyond it. He set himself that final standard ; and with this lifelong thoroughness of self-subdual went a naïve and genuine piety, quite startling to our modern self-consciousness by its absolute simplicity of trust.

“On most occasions of very sharp pressure or trial, some word of Scripture has come home to me as if borne on angels’ wings. Many could I recollect. The Psalms are the great storehouse. Perhaps I should put some down now, for the continuance of memory is not to be trusted. 1. In the winter of 1837, Psalm 128. This came in a most singular manner, but it would be a long story to tell. 2. In the Oxford contest of 1847 (which was very harrowing), the verse—‘O LORD God, Thou strength of my health, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.’ 3. In the Gorham contest, after the judgment : ‘And though all this be come upon us, yet do we not forget Thee ; nor behave ourselves frowardly in Thy covenant. Our heart is not turned back ; neither our steps gone out of Thy way. No, not when Thou hast smitten us into the place of dragons : and covered us with the shadow of death.’ 4. On Monday, April 17, 1853 [his first Budget speech], it was : ‘O turn Thee then unto me, and have mercy upon me : give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and help the son of Thine hand-maid.’ Last Sunday [Crimean War Budget] it was out of the Psalms for the day : ‘Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me : Thou hast anointed my head with oil and my cup shall be full.’”

What more can be said ? Only we might just notice how this spiritual absorption overlapped in time the full length of his active career. It had preceded all political interest, as we know from a letter to his father on taking Orders. He entered politics, at first, with the supreme object of serving the interests of the Church. And, always, he nursed that predestinating intention to escape out of politics, in order that he might get ready to die. Within the turmoil, his soul could never satisfy his craving for the deeper peace.

Not that he did not value the moral temper fostered

by political experience. There is a striking passage, quoted in vol. i, p. 199, written long after, in 1894, looking back on his career :

“That political life considered as a profession has great dangers for the inner and true life of the human being, is too obvious. It has, however, some redeeming qualities. In the first place, I have never known, and can hardly conceive, a finer school of temper than the House of Commons. A lapse in this respect is on the instant an offence, a jar, a wound, to every member of the assembly ; and it brings its own punishment on the instant, like the sins of the Jews under the old dispensation. Again, I think the imperious nature of the subjects, their weight and force, demanding the entire strength of a man and all his faculties, leave him no residue, at least for the time, to apply to self-regard ; no more than there is for a swimmer swimming for his life. He must, too, in retrospect feel himself to be so very small in comparison with the themes and the interests of which he has to treat. It is a further advantage if his occupation be not mere debate, but debate ending in work. For in this way, whether the work be legislative or administrative, it is continually tested by results, and he is enabled to strip away his extravagant anticipations, his fallacious conceptions, to perceive his mistakes, and to reduce his estimates to reality. No politician has any excuse for being vain.”

So it justified itself to his exacting conscience : and yet—and yet—he never, of his own free will, made himself responsible for any one entering it. And the passionate desire for escape was fulfilled, in the last perfect years of retreat, at Hawarden, when, in splendid spontaneity of still unshadowed power, he opened his soul to the full and true spiritual springs, and in the home that he loved so

fondly, found, in the eventide of a tempestuous life, the light of perfect peace.

"All I once believed is true." So I keep murmuring to myself over page after page of this record. Here is the book which triumphantly confirms our faith. The limitations of which we were aware are as obvious as ever. Two whole worlds of intense human interest did not practically exist for Mr. Gladstone. (1) He could not get an entry into the domain of metaphysics. His intellect would not bite. He had nothing to say about it; it refused to receive him into its secret. (2) This was a big curtailment: and there was yet another and more strange one. Science, which was in the act of disclosing its amazing marvels, remained for him, from end to end of his career, a closed book. Here, again, the doors would not open. He never arrived.

(3) So again, close within his personal horizon, there began to move and stir about him the new moral and economic tendencies which are summed up under the name of socialism. These were to be the formative forces of the younger generation. Yet it remained for him an uncongenial and alien world. It clashed with his own primal political assumptions. It seemed to menace the ideal of personal liberty, which he had spent his life in apprehending with ever larger range and gladness. He never got inside the novel atmosphere. Only he did learn to see that a new birth was in travail. He spoke of his own work of emancipation as closing. He foresaw a work of construction, which it would not be his to share. I can recall the peculiar solemnity, as of a warrior whose day was passing, with which he bade me farewell once at Broughton Station, near to Hawarden, and spoke what

seemed to him last words (so I thought at the time) of hope and encouragement for those who were to pass forward into a life from out of which he would be gone.

What more remains to be said? As a Statesman, he can let this book stand as his record. It lets us inside the motives, and exhibits the moving forces. It brings out the bulk of positive Legislation achieved. It meets, with unanswerable energy, the charge of mere opportunism. Certainly, Mr. Gladstone could disregard the trend of popular opinion. Again and again he set himself to defy it. I shall never forget the dignity of temper with which he bore the storm of obloquy and hate, during dismal days in Harley Street, when the whole world had swung against him. He had, it is true, through his habit of intense concentration, a power of omitting from his attention, with singular thoroughness, issues which were not ripe for practical handling. And then, when once he had fastened on those in view of action, they loomed out in immense proportions which contrasted comically with their previous obscurity. And then would follow the anxious and ingenious attempts to reconcile the contrasted situations. His own account of his relationship to the guidance of outward events is singularly interesting.

"I am by no means sure, upon a calm review, that Providence has endowed me with anything that can be called a striking gift. But if there be such a thing entrusted to me it has been shown at certain political junctures, in what may be termed appreciations of the general situation and its result. To make good the idea, this must not be considered as the simple acceptance of public opinion, founded upon the discernment that it has risen to a certain height needful for a given work, like a tide. It is an insight into the facts of particular

eras, and their relation one to another, which generates in the mind a conviction that the materials exist for forming a public opinion and for directing it to a particular end. There are four occasions of my life with respect to which I think these considerations may be applicable. They are these:—1. The renewal of the Income-tax in 1853; 2. The proposal of religious equality for Ireland, 1868.”

“It is easy,” comments Mr. Morley, “to label this with the ill-favoured name of opportunist. Yet if an opportunist be defined as a statesman who declines to attempt to do a thing until he believes that it can really be done, what is this but to call him a man of common sense?”

As for the impossible and unhappy mission of Gordon, we read here how the four most sane, and sober, and common-sensical men in the three kingdoms determined on it on one short afternoon: when the Prime Minister was at Hawarden. When men of this order, Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, Lord Northbrook, plunge into romance and adventure, they plunge with a vengeance. All through the critical decisions, Mr. Gladstone was in retreat under necessities of ill-health. It remains a theme for tears. As to Majuba, Mr. Morley’s defence of the refusal to avenge Colley’s dreadful blunder when once negotiations had begun, is most convincingly put: but the previous failure to attend to the Transvaal appeals in the months before remains the real disaster. It was this which enabled the “galling” attack to be made, that we had yielded after three defeats what we had refused to moral and pacific appeals. Here was the gall which made the name of Majuba work like poison in the blood of two nations for thirty years—not the surrender to just demands, after the defeat, but the blindness to them before we had fought.

As for the growth and disclosure of the Home Rule policy, the record is, surely, as intelligible as it is honourable.

His whole political career is summed up in the gradual realization by him of the full significance of Liberty. The very absoluteness of his ideal of Church and State at the start drove him to the discovery of the facts which he had omitted. He had tried to impose a perfect scheme upon the facts: and the facts at once, there and then, showed themselves in revolt. The theory had only to be stated in sufficient strength for its impracticability to be obvious. The facts simply would not admit of it. What are those facts? The facts of human nature in its free development. If Mr. Gladstone had retained his rigid Evangelicalism, he might have contented himself with denouncing the facts as the work of the Devil. But he had read Bishop Butler. He had found the Fathers. He had absorbed the rich Creed of the Incarnation, in all its fulness, in its largeness of historical preparation, in its superb honour for flesh and blood. He was bound to respect man in his self-manifestation. Therefore, his new effort lay in reconciling his own intense belief in the Catholic Church according to the form in which it had come down to him in England, with his ever-growing sense of the sanctity of life, as it revealed itself in freedom. The Disestablishment of the Irish Church followed inevitably from the very premises with which his book on Church and State had started, when once the facts were faced in their reality. It was simply impossible to identify the actual existent Church of Ireland with that dream of absolute coherence between Civil and Spiritual Power. So his eyes opened. He spent all the rest of his life in

reconciling the paradox that Truth is absolute, and yet that it can only become so in an atmosphere of perfect liberty. Authority can only justify itself to free men. We are all still engaged in learning how far this principle is going to carry us.

So much for his Statesmanship.

This book holds close to the Statesman and his career. It frankly recognizes how much more lay behind the Statesman: yet it never lets us lose the sense of the busy, urgent political pre-occupation of interest. We are always watching Governments rise, and rule, and break. To emphasize this aspect, he has almost omitted the home life; and has excluded all domestic letters and details. Even Mrs. Gladstone is hardly allowed to appear in person on the scene. No one can know better than Mr. Morley the immense significance to Mr. Gladstone himself of all that is thus omitted. In the home, it was difficult to believe that the home was not the real central organ of his interest, and that politics were not either an interruption or an accident. The man in him found itself fully satiated and expanded in the atmosphere of home. And then, at every turn, in every memory, his very being includes the thought of her. She was so vivid and distinct an element in the very structure of the life that he lived, that a book which declines to undertake the task of reproducing this, can only have done so of set purpose. It was, perhaps, necessary, if the work was to be kept within compass. But the loss must be recognized, and discounted.

There is a most charming passage where Mr. Morley is recalling the talks at Biarritz during the very last years, in which he tells of the old man's passionate delight in the buoyant breakers thundering home on the reefs. He felt

as if he could hardly bear to live without the sound of the sea in his ears. He had, indeed, that within him which beat in response to that tumult of waters, to that titanic pulse of the Atlantic. But he had in him a note of something deeper still. Not in tumultuous buoyancy, not in passionate upheaval, lay the secret of his primal powers. Rather you felt in him, behind and beyond this energy of elemental vitality, the spirit of the serious athlete, in possession of his soul, disciplined in austerity, secure of a peace that passeth understanding, held fast, in hidden calm, by the vision of a quiet land in which there is no more sea.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RELIGION

THE Church of England, strange as it may sound, does actually attempt "to see life steadily and see it whole." It has persistently refused to be caught by the cheap simplicity of a logic which ignores half of human nature. It will not purchase emphasis at the cost of ignoring obvious facts. If life is many-sided, as it certainly is, then a religion which is one-sided stands convicted of inadequacy. The solution of a complicated problem cannot but be complicated itself. It must hold in balance or in combination antithetical tendencies, for of such is humanity composed.

All this the Church of England characteristically embodies. Herein lies its power to endure or survive.

Nevertheless, the effort at equity in each crisis compels her to wear, to outsiders, the air of coldness and compromise. And while securing the adhesion of the sober and the cool, she is terribly apt to lose men of rare and special force, the men of passion, of enthusiasm, of impulse, of genius. These fret under her limitations; they cannot find scope for their energies within her equitable reserves.

And it is because she so often misses, for this reason, the highest types, that the devotion which she won from the great Statesman whom she proudly laid to rest in her own Minster in May 1898, is peculiarly noticeable. It

gives a fresh insight, not merely into the amount of deserving labour which the Church contributes to the national good, but into the magic of that spiritual sway which, in spite of her drab and sober exterior, she can exercise, when once she is understood, over souls touched by a high nobility. For here was a man possessed by spiritual passion; a man who "followed the gleam"; a man who brought all things on earth to a spiritual test; a man wholly defiant of the temper of worldliness, and compromise, and materialism. Here was a man of forceful energy; of consuming zeal; of vigorous initiative; of irresistible impulse; of fiery indignation; with the ardour of a Crusader where wrong could be undone and justice made to prevail; with a heart that flung itself out to meet the trumpet call, liberty, and an imagination that caught fire from the vision of righteousness. Here was a man of genius; of impetus; of splendour; whose career was charged with dramatic intensity; and yet a man whose central, paramount, and absorbing motive lay in his religion, with which all his other gifts fused themselves. He demanded a religion adequate to his unique and tremendous needs.

And it was this man who, from first to last, was an English Churchman. And a Churchman not in the faint traditional mode by which the wealthier classes in England find themselves attached to a Church which is the normal note of their social position; not even in that more positive manner by which excellent men of station gradually take the lead in Church affairs, or head its beneficence, and learn to like so much of the Creed and Liturgy as their most trusted Priest happens to have made familiar to them; but a Churchman from the top of his head to

the sole of his feet; a Churchman in every fibre of his frame; a Churchman not only in name, but in the root-temper of his being. He knew why he was a Churchman; and knew it with all the force of his reason and imagination; and had spent, on the knowledge of it, the deepest resources of his nature; and had never tired in the knowing of it; and delighted, above all other interests in the world, in the expression of that reasoned faith of his by all conceivable skill in argument, out of the matchless stores of his accumulated learning, with the rolling flow of his unconquerable eloquence.

Everything in him responded to the attitude assumed by the Church of England as interpreted by her high Caroline Theology. The complications involved in her historical development, in her mediating position, found in him their enthusiastic defender. He was ever keen to justify her Catholic Authority, her Corporate Continuity, her Apostolic Sacramental Ministry, her Primitive Creed, in spite of the confusions incident to her breach with the Papacy, and to her implication with the wickedness and tyranny of the Tudor Crown.

His pen was ever active in her defence, from his earliest pamphlets on behalf of the positions for which the Tractarians fought in the Forties down to his last retort to the Papal Encyclical on the Validity of Anglican Orders. For fifty years he was her strong champion at every crisis in her fate. Though he had come down from Oxford before the influence of the Movement that made itself felt, Dr. Pusey's Life has revealed how incessant and unflagging and intimate were his relations with the chiefs as soon as storms began. And his deep affection for Manning all through that tumultuous period brought him inside every

turn of the Theological debate. He had felt it all to his very finger-tips.

And how strong and how intense his convictions became is verified by his unshaken loyalty under the most terrible strain that could have possibly fallen upon him. His two most intimate friends, on whom he most entirely relied, deserted him—Manning, the godfather of his eldest boy, and Hope Scott, whom not only he loved dearly but whose intellect (so he once told me himself) was the only one which he felt to dominate his own.

A Roman Catholic writer, since Mr. Gladstone's death, has tried, with a curious childishness, to show, from expressions of anxiety and trouble at the time, that he was near to following his friends. Of course, the depth of the trouble felt is a measure of the steadiness of his retained convictions. If the combined influence of those two friends could not shake him, he must have been a rock indeed. And any one, who knew him in later years, must have felt with what peculiar force he embodied those Anglican convictions which derive the strength of their antagonism to Papalism out of the very intensity with which they pronounce themselves Catholic. He never trembled for the Church except when she herself appeared to be falsifying her own claims to Catholicity, as in her passive toleration of the Divorce Bill; or in her timid compromises with the world over the things of faith.

His religious exercises, temper, method, habits of ritual and worship were as un-Roman as it is possible to imagine. They were instinct with the Anglican tradition throughout.

One tendency, indeed, to which the Church of England has

been lamentably prone, he detested from the bottom of his heart—Erastianism in all its forms.

In all his passage from Toryism to Radicalism he was never for one moment a Whig in his conception of the Church. That is exactly the temper towards Religion which he abhorred. And, in this way, his earliest ideal, expressed in the famous work on Church and State when he was "the rising hope of the stern unbending Tories," endured with him throughout his later drawings to Disestablishment, and in the famous resolution to disestablish and disendow the Church in Ireland. Could there be a more ludicrous and libellous caricature on that ideal than the Irish Church? His zeal to depose it sprang out of the same temper which had portrayed what a Church might be if it were indeed the spiritual soul of a State. Every argument in favour of the union of Church and State, which he used in the book, exploded in laughter when it was applied to the concrete facts in Ireland. The situation there was an outrage on his ideal; and his very reverence for the Church made it intolerable to him to see her occupy a position so ignominious and false.

Again, it was through his recoil from the fatal demoralization by which the protest which he looked for from the Church of England against the godless Eastern policy of the Government, at the supreme hour of Bulgaria, was stifled and cowed, that he was so profoundly impressed in his last twenty years with the perils of the Establishment.

He never could forget that when the great moral issue was set before the Nation, it was the voluntary Nonconformist bodies which rallied to the call; it was the Church of his heart which failed to respond. He could only

ascribe this to the weight of the world, which encumbered the Church through its implication with the authorities of the State. He judged that her moral will had lost spontaneity, had grown timid and callous through a situation which impregnated her with the poison of a worldly Erastianism. And his deep desire to find all his highest inspirations sanctioned through his Church was the measure of his disappointment and distress at her failure. He never recovered that experience ; and it left upon him the abiding conviction that Disestablishment would give the Church a purer freedom to show itself in her spiritual truth and force. It was true that he shrank more and more, as years grew heavy upon him, from undertaking a task of which he foresaw the magnitude. "No man has yet taken the measure of the fibres of the national life through which he would have to cut before he could carry out the Disestablishment of the Church of England." So he would say, in his deepest tones of thunderous impressiveness. And he was probably anxious not to have on his hands the Welsh Bill. But when he was urged to break through his reticence on that matter, at the time when it was being thrown forward in the unauthorized Programme of Birmingham, under the plea that it was cowardly of him not to declare himself against a measure which he was not prepared to support—then he explained that his studied reticence came from the opposite motive, in that he could not possibly speak his mind without saying words which would hasten rather than delay the proposal in question. If he spoke out his heart-conviction, his words would make for Disestablishment and not against it. He was silent then, because he did not desire that issue to be brought to the fore-front. He

had a greater and far more important task set before him. And this disinclination to have the doing of it increased, I think, as life went on; while any manner of setting about it which ignored the full corporate and continuous identity of the Church as a Spiritual Body, would have had his unrelenting opposition; and to preserve the ancient fabrics for their Catholic use he would have fought with his dying breath.

His devotion to the Church had its roots in theology, in history, in religious instincts, in the practical necessities of conduct. But he had no metaphysical interests whatever. He was in no sense a speculative philosopher. That whole world was alien to him. Hence he felt no intellectual repugnance to the lack of a systematic completeness and logical perfection in Anglicanism. He brought to bear on it the large human considerations and mental standards of the Statesman, of the man of action; he looked to it for moral training, for spiritual schooling, as a home of the living heart of man in which, amid trial and entanglement, he could find his God.

Therefore it was that he turned with such ardour to Bishop Butler, himself no metaphysician but the deepest and truest and wisest of those teachers who have attempted to give rational and spiritual value to the actual sum of facts as we find them. His profound seriousness, his intensity of moral passion, his solemn piety, spoke to Mr. Gladstone's very soul of souls. Beneath that sober reasoning, sober only because it was so resolute in its loyalty to the realities of human experience, he detected the central fire—the fire of love and adoration for a God Incarnate to Whom his entire being was dedicated. And in the same way, beneath all that appears confused and

inarticulate in the Church of England, Mr. Gladstone found his way to her deep secret—the secret that has held sway over the souls of men such as Andrewes, and Herbert, and Hooker, and Butler, and Keble and Church. He found in her that which tallied with GOD's voice as it spoke to him out of the abyss of nature, out of the tumult of history, out of the depths of experience, reason, imagination, knowledge, emotion.

Nature, history, experience, reason, emotion—these all wear an outward aspect of bewildering contradiction, which it is easy to exaggerate into a denial of positive Truth; yet all of them, if treated with a loyal confidence, yield an undeniable witness to the authority of a rational and imperative Will of GOD. Taught by them, we are not surprised to find that Revelation makes its manifestation of GOD felt through a kindred medium and after a like fashion and method. Its voice is none the less authoritative, because it needs effort to arrive at it. Such a Revelation gains grandeur from its continuity with the entire sum of things. The counter-conception of an Infallible Chair, clearly pronouncing on every problem so as to save us from all the strain and stress of arriving at it, isolates GOD's method in Revelation from those which He employs in every other department of life. This is what Butler so deeply apprehended. He felt sure that Revelation could never be strengthened by being isolated from Nature. What GOD is in Nature, that He is in Revelation. The soul as it moves from level to level of existence must still find the same GOD facing it, acting after the same principles, fashions, methods.

This is the soul's education, as it passes up from step to step. The definition of authority is more complicated,

no doubt, but the evidence is none the less convincing ; for the consistency of the two spheres of Nature and Revelation with one another gives coherence and solidity to each in turn.

The Church of England, with its mixed appeal to authority and to individual judgment, corresponds, in its very perplexities, to natural experience.

So Butler believed and taught : and the Faith of the great human-minded Bishop, deep rooted in the facts of life, passed down, as a mighty heritage, to the greatest of his disciples. Strong in that Faith, Mr. Gladstone committed his whole being, body, soul, and spirit, to the Catholic Creed and the Catholic Worship, as these reached him through their English characterization.

Once committed, he, with characteristic fervour of conviction, knew no other mistress than that Church, and needed no other ; but gave to her the unflagging service of a heart aflame with the love of GOD.

GLADSTONE AND RUSKIN

WE felt at Westminster Abbey, at the funeral of Mr. Gladstone, that we were burying the last of those prophets who came down to us from an earlier and greater generation than our own. But let us not forget that there is still one left, though buried in silence up by Coniston Lake; and the long silence is all the more pathetic as we recall the exquisite speech which was the characteristic of John Ruskin. There he waits for the end that is so long in coming; and for us he is already passed away. Perhaps it may be well for me to recall the first occasion on which Mr. Gladstone and John Ruskin met. It was curiously far on in both lives, but somewhere about the year 1881. Mr. Ruskin had written an article in the *Nineteenth Century* which had profoundly stirred Mr. Gladstone, and it was suggested that it would be a happy opportunity for Mr. Ruskin to be invited to Hawarden. He accepted, and I found myself at Broughton Station arriving with him by the same train. As we drove up I discovered he had the darkest view possible of his host, imbibed from "the Master," Carlyle, to whose imagination he figured apparently as the symbol of all with which he was at war. Ruskin was therefore extremely timid and suspicious, and had secured, in view of a possible retreat, a telegram which might at any moment

summon him home: this telegram loomed largely the first day, and we were constantly under its menace. But as hour by hour he got happier, the references to its possible arrival came more and more rarely, and finally it became purely mythical.

The amusement of the meeting of the two lay in the absolute contrast between them at every point on which conversation could conceivably turn. The brimming optimism of Mr. Gladstone, hoping all things, believing everybody, came clashing up at every turn with the inveterate pessimism of Mr. Ruskin, who saw nothing on every side but a world rushing headlong down into the pit.

They might talk on the safest of topics and still the contrast was inevitable. We heard Gladstone get on Homer and the *Iliad*, and a sense that there, at least, all would be well came over us; what was our despair when we realized that in the poetic record of some pre-historic exchange Mr. Gladstone was showing how thoroughly Homer had entered into those principles of barter which modern economic science would justify. As he paused in an eloquent exposition for a response from his listener, Mr. Ruskin said in a tone of bitter regret, "And to think that the devil of Political Economy was alive even then."

At another time, Walter Scott was uppermost. Here indeed we thought was common ground; but Mr. Gladstone unfortunately dropped the remark that "Sir Walter had made Scotland," and on Mr. Ruskin's enquiry as to the meaning of the phrase, imagine our anxiety when Mr. Gladstone began telling us of the amazing contrast between the means of communication in Scotland before Sir Walter wrote compared with the present day. He

poured out stores of most interesting characteristic memories of his own of days when one coach a week ran between this town and that, and of the strange isolation of the human life hidden away in the Highlands, and with this he triumphantly compared the number of coaches and char-a-bancs, etc., that were conveying masses of happy trippers up and down the Trossachs. Mr. Ruskin's face had been deepening in horror, and at last he could bear it no longer: "But, my dear Sir," he broke out, "that is not making Scotland; that is un-making it!"

These ruptures of interest were bound to occur. The one trusted the democratic movement, however chaotic and vulgar might be some of its manifestations; the other had learnt from his master, and faithfully repeated his lesson, that the only hope for the great mass of mankind lay in obedience to the strong will of the strong man who would know so much better for them than they would themselves what it was their true life needed.

But the beautiful thing of it all was, that in spite of every collision, they learnt to like and love each other better and better.

Mr. Gladstone retained throughout the tone of courteous and deferential reverence as for a man whom he profoundly honoured. And Mr. Ruskin threw off every touch of suspicion with which he had arrived, and showed with all the frankness and charm of a child his new sense of the greatness and nobility of the character of his host. He made himself absolutely at home, showed himself obviously happy, talked in his most delicious freedom, and finally, on departing, as he stood at the hall steps, begged publicly to recant all that he had ever said or

thought against Mr. Gladstone, and pledged himself to withdraw from print some unhappy phrase which he had used about him and which it now stung him with shame to remember. It was a complete victory, and all the more noticeable just because the two talked a different language and moved in different worlds. I drove away with Mr. Ruskin again to the station after three days' visit, and he poured out freely to me the joy of his discovery, but was a little nervous as to how he was going to explain it to "the Master" when he got back to Chelsea. I met him again at breakfast in Downing Street, when he was in radiant force, and I shall never forget Mr. Gladstone's look of puzzled earnestness as Mr. Ruskin expounded at length a scheme he had for enforcing our social responsibility for crime. We all of us were guilty of the crimes done in our neighbourhood. Why had we not sustained a higher moral tone which would make men ashamed to commit crime when we are near? Why had we allowed the conditions which lead to crime? We ought to feel every crime as our own. How good then would it be if London were cut up into districts, and when a murder was committed in any one district the inhabitants should draw lots to decide who should be hung for it. Would not that quicken the public conscience? How excellent the moral effect would be if the man on whom the lot fell were of peculiarly high character! Mr. Ruskin felt sure there would be no more murders in that district for some time. He conceived that even the murderer himself would be profoundly moved as he silently witnessed the execution of this innocent and excellent gentleman, and would make a resolution as he walked away that he would abstain from such deeds in

future. What was Mr. Gladstone to say to this? Was he to confute it, or show the difficulties of its practical working? Or again, there was a newspaper which Mr. Ruskin had devised in which the news, all of it, was to be absolutely true. The difficulty was that it would have long ceased to be news before it could be certified to be true; everything in the paper would be months after the event, and everybody would probably have long forgotten what it was talking about. But still, when it did come three months late, there would be the comfort of knowing that it was at least true. And instead of police news there would be sketches of all the people best worth knowing in the neighbourhood, with notes of their moral characteristics. Ruskin had more than any man the platonic charm which mingles humour and seriousness so that the two are inseparable. And this was the form of humour that was least congenial to Mr. Gladstone. Not at all, as is so often said, that he did not enjoy humour; few people enjoyed more heartily a good piece of fun, or laughed with a larger freedom. But when Mr. Gladstone was serious he was serious; while Mr. Ruskin, like Plato, had ever a quiver of irony and wit stirring within everything that was most serious, so that it was impossible to separate the two. This caused the bewilderment.

So the two prophets met and were knit together by an affectionate reverence for one another which never failed. Each was to go his own way and do his separate work, and it was impossible that they should co-operate together. But for all that, they learnt to know that they were fighting on the same side in the great warfare between good and ill; that they had the same cause at heart; that they both trusted in the supremacy of

conscience over all material things, and in the reality of righteousness, and in the hatefulness of lust and cruelty and wrong. Their spirits drew together though their ways lay so far apart; and this because, for both, life had its deep root in piety and had its one and only consummation in God.

JOHN RUSKIN, SOCIAL REFORMER *

THIS book of Mr. Hobson's is well-timed, and excellently done. Everybody who cares for the work and the worth of our last living prophet should read it. Mr. Hobson has set himself the perilous task of shattering the superstition "that a man like Ruskin, who writes well, cannot think clearly or deeply." He is bent on showing how "the very qualities which have pleased his readers most, the superb freedom of passionate utterance, the immense variety of swift and telling illustration, the gifts of rhetorical exaggeration which he employs, have served to conceal from sober-minded thinkers the close and accurate texture of his deeper thought."

There is always one supreme name in history, under whose shelter this claim for combining rhetorical splendour with logical vigour can be made. It is the highest name in all literature. Plato, of set purpose, deliberately enveloped his philosophy within a veil of passion and beauty. He justified this out of practical necessities which require the adhesion of a man's moral character and temper, if he is to understand the logical movement of an argument. And he found its ultimate justification in the fact that the purest act of thought, in laying hold of the Absolute,

* *John Ruskin, Social Reformer.* By J. A. Hobson. London : Nisbet. 1898.

was no cold process of reasoning, but a motion of intelligent love. So his dialectical system remains enclosed within the glamour of his exquisite literary work. And, to this day, the British Philistines, headed by their chief banker, Mr. George Grote, believe, in consequence, that Plato had no philosophical system, and only threw out brilliant and amusing suggestions, without regard to consistency or coherence. As if Plato were not fifty times more coherent and precise in his terminology than our own Locke; or as if he, who was the great master of dialectical argumentation, would not have riddled through and through the inconsistencies of Jeremy Bentham or Herbert Spencer! Of course, not every one who is splendid as a rhetorician is for that reason an acute logician, on the ground that Plato was both. Ruskin has to prove that his own case falls under the protective cover of the immortal Hellene. And this is what Mr. Hobson has undertaken to do; and has done it thoroughly.

With Ruskin, as with Plato, the particular situation and moment in which they find themselves create the call for the rhetoric. They are both in violent protest against a prevailing logic: and, while sure, by prophetic intuition, that the real logic lies on their own side, they cannot as yet get it out in accurate expression which shall equal, in obviousness, the apparent precision and lucidity of the sham logic against which they are fighting. And this drives them wild. The world is so easily taken in by logical lucidity. Its obvious clearness seems to prove itself. No effort is needed. It is all plain as a pike-staff (if anybody has ever seen a pike-staff; I am not sure whether I have). In reality, such lucidity is probably a condemnation of the logic; for no logic that

goes to the heart of things is likely to look very lucid, and will never appear plain to the plain man. Things are very difficult; and their secret will never be secured without effort and struggle. Philosophy is bound to be a very tough job. So the men who feel this, and who know that in matter of lucidity the true logic will always be worsted by the sham, fling themselves in fury against the imposture which is so charmingly simple and wears an air of such triumphant outward consistency. They have to wreck its absurd reputation by gibes, and jeers, and jokes, in order to break it up, and to force men to take a little more trouble to think things out. So Plato tumbled the Sophists up and down the stage. So Ruskin shot all "his winged arrows of fire" at the complacent Sophists, who held the field with such intolerable assurance in his day. But this was not because he felt that, having no case, he must abuse the plaintiff. On the contrary, it was because he was so certain of the strength of his logical case, that he must, at all costs, force dullards to attend to it.

Mr. Hobson, moreover, allows that, even for Ruskin's lovers and friends, there is, in the Master, a certain strain of perversity and of waywardness in what he calls "the intentional disorder of his reasoning" in places.

Let the book be read to see how thoroughly the task has been fulfilled. For the moment, I would only venture to note two special points raised. (1) Does the term Usury cover all the forms of modern interest? This question is becoming more and more vitally pressing for every one of us; and Mr. Hobson tackles it gallantly in his criticism of Ruskin's assertion that it does. That criticism must be studied at length, to do it justice. It

turns on the problem, Is money fertile? No! says Ruskin; therefore if you get back the exact sum you lent, you have got all your due. You have no right to accept an increase on it. But is not this to take too mechanical a view of money? is the rejoinder. Are you not yourself protesting against this mere mechanical view? Money is what it represents. And that which it represents is fertile; does increase. If your loan served to contribute to that increase, then, you may be entitled to have some share in the increase that has come about through your aid. What that share ought to be, if you have done nothing but lend the money, is another matter and must be determined by rules of justice: and by these rules, you, who have done so little of the work, may deserve very little return. But your act, whatever its moral worth, has been fertile: and you are not positively unjust in sharing in that fertility. This system of combining capital for a profitable purpose may have very evil results of its own, in that, for instance, it enables an enormous mass of people to live easily and luxuriously in idleness; but our present question is whether this gross evil is due to anything that can be called Usury. Usury begins, I suppose, at the point where the personal difficulties of the borrower enter into the determination of the interest asked. In a great mass of modern commerce, the borrower is in no difficulties whatever: he simply wishes to put his present position to profit, by securing the aid of some additional capital. He is at perfect liberty to choose whether he will borrow or not, and at what interest.

But over a terribly wide area of industry, it is quite otherwise. It is stress of competition that compels borrowing; and this compulsion is merciless, and drives

hard; and the man works encumbered by a load of debt which fetters his every effort, and kills his spirit. This is the region in which to look for Usury. Mr. Hobson's analysis forbids us to rest the attack on Usury on the ground chosen by Ruskin—*i. e.* the sterility of money.

(2) The second point I will touch on is this—In attempting to place Ruskin as a Social Reformer, Mr. Hobson singles out some characteristics which draw him closer to the Christian Socialist than to the Socialist of the School and the Street. These are (1) his emphasis laid on the motive of Charity rather than of justice, and (2) his enthusiasm for authority and subordination. I quite understand Mr. Hobson assuming these two notes to be typical of much Christian Reform. But I entirely decline to accept them as necessary or essential to it. The movement that sprang from Maurice and Kingsley appealed to Righteousness and to Brotherhood, not to Pity and Authority. And the spirit that has come from them to us of to-day is passionate with the instinct both of Freedom and of Justice. We have learned our lesson that salvation comes from within; that men must work out their own deliverance, and their own life; that no one, however pitiful or charitable, can do this for them; that pity and charity approve themselves best by their willingness to admit others on to their own level of liberty, so that all may be equally free to put out the force that is in them, and to find the opportunities in which that force may be used. We have breathed deep breaths of fraternity; and we desire, now, to see social redemption attained through the exercise of a common Brotherhood in the equalities of free Service.

THE MISSION OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT *

“It was at Rome that we began the *Lyra Apostolica*. The motto shows the feeling of both Froude and myself at the time. We borrowed from M. Bunsen a ‘Homer,’ and Froude chose the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, ‘You shall know the difference now that I am back again.’”

So wrote Dr. Newman in the *Apologia*, and the words give exactly the note of the temper with which the book still tingles from cover to cover. It sprang out of a critical hour in which the forces of an historical movement first found speech. It was an hour of high passion, that had been gathering for some onset dimly foreseen, and had now, at last, won free vent, and had flung itself out in articulate defiance. After long and restless uneasiness, the die was cast; the venture was to be run. The world was to be made aware that things were not going to run smooth with it; that its victory was not so sure as it seemed; that there was an adversary in the field who had counted the cost, and was not afraid to challenge it to arms. Too long had the battle been slack and half-hearted, until men had almost forgotten that there was any battle to be fought. It had been as a battle fought in a dream,

* Introduction to *Lyra Apostolica* (Methuen).

purposeless and unreal. Friend and foe had mingled in shadowy confusion. No one was in earnest. The war-cries sounded thin and absurd. The heart had gone out of them. There were no chiefs to rally the hosts on whom the panic of a nerveless impotence had fallen.

So it had been.

But now all is to be changed. Trumpets are to blow. Banners are to wave. Chiefs are charging. The battle goes forward. It is to be grim work again. Keen the call and swift the onset. Once again men must do, and dare, and die.

So felt Hurrell Froude and Newman on the day on which they borrowed Bunsen's "Homer." And every poem that Newman sent home for the *British Magazine* bore the mark of a man who had flung himself into a Cause, and was ready for all the unknown sacrifices which such a Cause might demand of him. "I began to think that I had a mission." "We have a work to do in England." "I speak, throughout these compositions, of the vision which haunted me." So he writes of himself, looking back on the tempestuous time. And when he was struck down by fever, alone in Sicily, he kept murmuring: "I shall not die! I shall not die!" And, again, he burst into sobs, weak from illness, and cried: "I have a work to do in England!" "Now it was that I repeated the words which had ever been dear to me from my school days, 'Exoriare aliquis.'" He was "aching to get home" to the call which he felt to be somehow waiting for him. On the first Sunday after his arrival, the voice of Keble preaching the famous Assize sermon in the University pulpit at Oxford rang out the call to arms for which his soul was athirst.

The book, therefore, has throughout a touch of defiance, a breath of war.

The ark of God is in the field,
Like clouds around, the alien armies sweep.
Each by his spear, beneath his shield,
In cold and dew the anointed warriors sleep.
Oh! dream no more of quiet life.

There is even felt, breaking through its solemnities, something that Newman himself recognized as fierce. He speaks in the *Lyra* of "learning to hate, before daring to love."

And this is typical of the strain of his mood. He was preparing "for the spoiling of goods and martyrdom," and was inclined to desire this as "a blessed termination" for the Bishops of the Church.

He was resolved to shatter the dream of those who would fain

Give any boon for peace!
Why should our fair-eyed Mother e'er engage
In the world's course and on a troubled stage,
From which her very call is a release?
No! in thy garden stand,
And tend with pious hand
The flowers thou findest there,
Which are thy proper care,
O man of God! in meekness and in love,
And waiting for the blissful realms above.

Alas! for thou must learn,
Thou guileless one! rough is the holy hand!
Runs not the Word of Truth through every land,
A sword to sever, and a fire to burn?

If blessed Paul had stayed
In cot or learned shade,
With the priest's white attire,
And the saints' tuneful choir,
Men had not gnashed their teeth, nor risen to slay;
But thou hadst been a heathen in thy day.

We are in a different atmosphere from that of the *Christian Year*; though there, too, the tone and teaching are often severe; but in the *Lyra* there is added to the severity the sense of alarm, anxiety, revolt, even scorn. This contrast is felt in the actual structure of the verse, which has a sharper edge, a swifter pace, than in the earlier book. The more intense and compacter language of the *Lyra* signalizes the pressure and the stress of a crisis.

With the defiance goes also a strong note of confidence. The men who write, however dark their outlook seems to be, speak as those who see their way, and have made their choice, and have found their speech, and have no doubt at all about the issue. There was a certain rapture of recklessness about them at the time, such as belongs to young souls who have let themselves go under the inspiration of a high adventure. They have burnt their boats. There is no going back. Forward all hearts are set. The opportunity is come. It is now or never.

Hurrell Froude was the embodiment to them of this spirit of confidence, with its tinge of audacity. He had the glow and the fascination of a man consecrated to a cause. He wrote very little of the book, but his touch is on it everywhere. And in a poem like "The Watchman," with its splendid swing and its radiant courage, we can see how the subtler brain of Newman was swept by the fire and force of the man who was to him like an inspiration—

Faint not, and fret not, for threatened woe,
Watchman on Truth's grey height!
Few though the faithful, and fierce though the foe,
Weakness is aye Heaven's might.

Infidel Ammon and niggard Tyre,
Ill-attuned pair, unite;
Some work for love, and some work for hire,
But weakness shall be Heaven's might!

Quail not, and quake not, thou Warder bold,
Be there no friend in sight;
Turn thee to question the days of old,
When weakness was aye Heaven's might.

Time's years are many, Eternity one,
And one is the Infinite;
The chosen are few, few the deeds well done,
For scantness is still Heaven's might.

And with Froude, too, is to be associated much of the stress laid on personal discipline which so deeply marks the poems, and which was so congenial to both Newman and Keble. The knight who would gird on his sword for this fray must have the spirit in him tempered by fire, and the body chastened by patient training.

Wash thee and watch thine armour, as of old
The Champions vowed of Truth and Purity,
Ere the bright mantle might their limbs enfold,
Or spear of theirs in knightly combat vie.

Chivalry is ascetic. The confidence of the young warrior is no loud boastfulness of the flesh. It springs out of

austere self-subdual, out of watching, and fasting, and scourging. No undisciplined zeal can be tolerated in the cause that they have in hand: no loose and reckless courage will carry it through. One of the most striking and vivid poems flings its rebuke against the untempered spirit which says with Jehu, "Come and see my zeal for the LORD."

Thou to wax fierce
 In the cause of the LORD,
 To threat and to pierce
 With the heavenly sword;
 Anger and Zeal,
 And the Joy of the brave,
 Who bade *thee* to feel,
 Sin's slave.

The Altar's pure flame
 Consumes as it soars;
 Faith meetly may blame,
 For it serves and adores.
 Thou warnest and smitest!
 Yet CHRIST must atone
 For a soul that thou slightest—
 Thine own.

And poem after poem of Newman's turns on the self-repression which is the essential note of every true soldier of GOD. Not only do the lower desires need to be brought severely under rule, but the purest and highest instincts fall under the punishing rod and the purging fire.

The Gospel Creed, a sword of strife,
 Meek hands alone may rear:
 And ever zeal begins its life
 In silent thought and fear.

Or again :

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he, who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

The exquisite poem named "Chastisement," which is charged with so much that is characteristically personal, is so familiar that it hardly needs to be quoted : but, perhaps, it may be allowed us to remind ourselves of the lines on "Discipline," which bear witness to their continued and unresting expectation of an ever-deepening self-distrust.

When I look back upon my former race,
Seasons I see, at which the Inward Ray
More brightly burned, or guided some new way ;
Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space,
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace.
And next I mark, 'twas trial did convey,
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
To my tormented soul such larger grace.

So now whene'er, in journeying on, I feel
The shadow of the Providential Hand,
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my breast,
Searching to know what He will now reveal,
What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,
And girding me to work His full behest.

All the heart of the men comes out in this cry for control, for austerity. It expressed their revolt against the glib and shallow tolerance of the popular religion, and the loose and boneless sentimentality of the prevailing Evangelicalism. They were determined to show that religion was a school of character, keen, serious, and real, which claimed not merely the feeling or the reason, but rather the entire manhood, so that every element and capacity were to be brought into subjection under the law of CHRIST, and to be governed in subordination to the supreme purpose of the redemptive Will. No labour could be too minute or too precise, which was needful to bend the complete body of energies under the yoke of this dedicated service. Hurrell Froude's *Diary*, edited by Newman and Keble, startled the easy-going world of the Thirties by its exhibition of the thoroughness and the rigour and the precision with which this self-discipline had been carried out. Such a temper of mind was, of course, capable of becoming morbid, strained, unnatural. And, in the hands of smaller men, it would rapidly show traces of this. But here, in the *Lyra*, it is still fresh and clean; and the men themselves, who are under its austere fascination, are so abounding in vitality, and so rich in personal distinction, and so abhorrent of anything pedantic or conventional, that the record of it cannot but brace us into wholesome alarm. Again and again, these arrow-flights of verse will be found to pierce through joint and marrow with the same terrible precision with which so many sentences in the Parochial Sermons smite and sting. The armour of our self-complacency shivers under the swift shafts. We are convicted of self-will there where we most trusted our spiritual sincerity.

Even holiest deeds
Shroud not the soul from GOD nor soothe its needs.
Deny thee thine own fears and wait the end.
Stern lesson! Let me con it day by day,
And learn to kneel before the Omniscient Ray,
Nor shrink while Truth's avenging shafts descend.

The stress laid on "works" by this stern life of discipline did not for a moment, in these days of fresh-hearted faith, beguile them into any Pharisaic arrest of spiritual movement. It bred in them no comfortable self-content. Rather, its increasing strain only served to bring out its impotence to achieve, and the need of tireless advance, under the pressure of the schooling Will of GOD.

"LORD, I have fasted, I have prayed,
And sackcloth has my girdle been ;
To purge my soul I have essayed
With hunger blank and vigil keen ;
O GOD of Mercy ! why am I
Still haunted by the self I fly ?"

Sackcloth is a girdle good,
O bind it round thee still :
Fasting, it is Angels' food,
And JESUS loved the night-air chill ;
Yet think not prayer and fast were given
To make one step 'twixt earth and Heaven.

And who were the foes against whom this chivalry had set its array ? And what was the cause for which they had consecrated their high service ?

Newman has given the foe a name ; and has, under attack, defended and explained his choice of the name.

He called them " the Liberals " ; and any one who desires

to enter into the spirit of the *Lyra* must read, in the special note appended to the *Apologia*, the significance which the word bore to the writers.

We must remember what the Liberalism of the Thirties was, if we would understand the indignation with which these men set themselves to repudiate it. It was the Liberalism of rational enlightenment. It believed that the evils and sorrows of humanity would fade away before the instructed intelligence. It was hard, confident, aggressive. It had the easy air of superiority which belongs to those who have never faced the deep underlying issues of life. It omitted these from its calculation. Everything, for it, was on the surface; was plain; was uncomplicated. The cool reason, the average common-sense, the ordinary experience of the man in the street, were its sufficing standards. It abhorred mystery. It had no touch of reverence, awe, mysticism. It was frankly utilitarian. It was at the mercy of a bland and shallow optimism. Not that it was not doing an immense deal of practical good. It was opening doors of freedom. It was breaking down barriers. It was spreading knowledge. It was extending the range of social happiness. It was widening the old horizons of philanthropic effort. It was relieving men from the burdens and terrors of ignorant bigotry. It was insisting that institutions should do the work for which they were intended. It was bent on applying the test of real use for the public welfare to all the resources of Civilization, which were locked up, too often, by the selfishness of prejudice, and the idleness of indifference.

But, in spite of all this beneficial activity, Liberalism was felt, by those ardent young men at Oxford, to be their

enemy. And it was this, because it left out that which to them was the one fact of supreme importance—the soul.

Liberalism, as it was understood in the days of Lord Brougham, and of Benthamism, knew nothing of the soul's enthralling drama—its tragic heights and depths, its absorbing wonder, its momentous agonies, its infinite pathos, its tempestuous struggle, its mysterious sin, its passion, its penitence, and its tears. All this Liberalism passed over, as of no account. It was for it a veiled world, into which it possessed no way of entry. It came not into its secret, and, moreover, it was content to be excluded. It was inclined to sweep it all aside, as the rubbish of superstition. It was unaware of its own blindness. It was confident in its own adequacy to set human life straight, without regard to this disturbing matter.

It was this shallow self-sufficiency which stung the strong soul of Carlyle into fierce revolt. In him, the elements which rational enlightenment fancied it had disposed of, re-asserted their volcanic intensity. Through his voice, humanity defied the comfortable bribes of utilitarianism, and revealed itself once again as the passionate Pilgrim of Time, for ever seeking an unknown and eternal Goal. And this recoil of Carlyle, prophetic in its force, yet empty of any Gospel-message, had its parallel at Oxford in a shape which he himself could not recognize, and, because he could not recognize, savagely abused. The recoil began with John Keble. It was he, as Newman says, who first initiated the movement counter to what was known as "the march of mind." The "march of mind" had been mainly represented in Oxford by the famous College of which all the writers of the *Lyra*

became Fellows. Oriel had been the centre of intellectual reform, under Copleston and Whately. Its Common-Room constituted that "Aristocracy of Talent," against which Hurrell Froude plied his jokes and scoffs. "Poor Keble," he ironically said, "he was asked to join the aristocracy of talent; but he soon found his level." Every fibre of Keble's soul revolted against any temper that would smoothe over the dark realities of sin, or would cheapen the tremendous issues of human character and human choice, or would rob earth of its imaginative mystery, or would trifle with the awful significance of word or deed in the light of Doom. Truth was, for him, no thin logical consistency, but a Vision of Eternal Reality, which smote in upon the conscience of man with the solemnity of a moral challenge. Liberalism embodied, according to Newman's analysis, the spirit of rationalism, and the claim of the human reason to sit in judgment upon dogmatic revelation. And, against this, Keble recalled to men the teaching of Bishop Butler on the moral nature of the evidence by which spiritual convictions were reached. To the mere reason, this evidence could not get beyond suggestive probabilities; but these probabilities were used, by the living spirit of man, as an indication of the personal Will of God, which could be read by the soul that was in tune with that Will. So probabilities became certitudes. "I will guide thee with mine Eye," was Keble's favourite example of the mode in which Divine truth touched the soul. By deep glimpses, by rare flashes, by a momentary glance, the Eye of God could make us aware of Truths far beyond the understanding of reason. Such Truths possessed authority, which we could not dissect or critically examine. They

were revelations of the mind of Him with Whom we had to deal. So Authority was the keynote of Keble's thinking, in antithesis to the Reason of Liberal enlightenment. And Authority was shown, as Mr. Balfour has again shown us in our own day, to rest on profound instincts of human nature, which had their roots far down out of sight, and defied rational analysis. Emotion, Imagination, Association, Tradition, Conscience, all played their part in the creation of that temper which found its joyful freedom in surrendering to Authority.

Keble's close and penetrating studies of the Imagination as it discloses itself in great poetry had made him intensely appreciative of the high powers at work upon man's life, which the mere logical understanding was hopelessly incapable of handling. His own poetry, which found its inspiration so much in the intangible wonder of childhood, and in "the light that never was on sea or land," abhorred the matter-of-fact hardness which reduced everything to the level of things that could be tabulated and explained.

And Keble was dominant, let us remember, over those with whom we are concerned. Every record of the stirring time which has lately appeared has served to remind us of this dominance. He was the oldest of them. He had an incomparable reputation. His beauty and strength of character won their enthusiastic affection. And his courage and tenacity were masterful. There is a curious superstition that he was merely gentle and quiet and meek. As a fact, his meekness (which was almost a passion) was the veil of a singular force of character, which showed itself in impulsive boldness and in the inflexibility of a soldier sworn to hold the fort. In all emergencies

his judgment went instinctively toward the course that was most daring, and most dangerous. It was natural to him to take the line that would cost most, and that would demand the severest strain. He had the warrior's sternness, and the martyr's fire. There was a good deal of fight in what was known as "the Bisley school," led by Keble and his brother Thomas. They were not at all afraid to pit themselves, with some fierceness, against the prevailing fashion of thought. Let us hear how John Keble can set the war-horn to his lips, and bid it speak with no uncertain sound.

Israel yet hath thousands sealed
Who to Baal never kneeled.
Seize the banner, spread its fold!
Seize it with no faltering hold!
Spread its foldings high and fair,
Let all see the Cross is there!

Or again, in his noble memorial to Hooker:

Voice of the wise of old!
Go breathe thy thrilling whispers now
In cells where learned eyes late vigils hold,
And teach proud Science where to veil her brow.

Voice of the meekest man!
Now while the Church for combat arms,
Calmly do thou confirm her awful ban,
Thy words to her be conquering, soothing charms.

Voice of the fearless Saint!
Ring like a trump, where gentle hearts
Beat high for Truth, but, doubting, cower and faint:—
Tell them the hour is come, and they must take
their parts.

And Newman at this time was feeling the full influence of John Keble. In his fever in South Italy he tells us how he saw that he was himself but as a cold mirror through which the ideas and convictions of Keble passed. Their colour, their heat was not his own. This self-analysis was, no doubt, morbid and exaggerated: he was sickening fast unto the malaria. But the thought, nevertheless, would have been impossible, unless the facts were such that they allowed themselves to be put in that way. It is under Keble's inspiration that he flings his rebuke against "Liberalism"—the Liberalism that is as Jehu who destroyed Baal and yet kept the golden calves.

Ye cannot halve the Gospel of God's grace—
Men of presumptuous mind! I know you well!

And as we read the series of poems by Bowden, Newman's dear and intimate friend, on the Religion of the Majority (cxlii.), National Property (cxliii.), National Degradation (cxliv.), and Prospects of the Church (cxlv.): or again, the long poem of Isaac Williams called Expostulation (cxiii.), in which the claim for freedom appears as the voice of Antichrist, we are aware of the same atmosphere and the same mood. If we desire to learn whence these are formed, we have but to read the sequence of poems by Keble which fill the last quarter of the volume. The warmth of his indignation gives fire to his verse. The lines are compact, firm, decisive. The passion is concentrated, and charged with flame.

"Let us depart";—those English souls are seared
Who for one grasp of perishable gold
Would brave the curse by holy men of old
Laid on the robbers of the shrines they reared.

Let us depart, and leave the apostate land
 To meet the rising whirlwind as she may,
 Without her guardian Angels and her GOD. (cxiv.)

And, again, in the poem on Elijah and the Messengers of Ahaziah (cliv.):

Oh! tell me not of royal hosts :—
 One hermit, strong in fast and prayer,
 Shall gird his sackcloth on, and scare
 Whate'er the vain earth boasts :

And thunder-stricken chiefs return
 To tell their LORD how dire the Church's lightnings burn.

These were the fiery words which roused the slumbering Church at the moment when the Whig Reformers, the types in statesmanship of all that was secular and superficial and unreverential in "the march of mind," were undertaking to set the Bishops' houses in order for them, and to carry out utilitarian improvements in the Church's system according to the mind of Erastianism and by the power of Parliament. It was the summary abolition of Irish Bishoprics by the authority of the State which gave the signal for the war which Keble proclaimed in the Assize Sermon, and which fills the *Lyra* with the clash of arms.

Liberalism, then, understood in this sense, was the foe. And the Cause for which the trumpets blew was, above all things, the Cause of the Church.

Everything combined to emphasize, at that critical hour, the significance of the historic and national Church of England. Not only was it the immediate object of attack, and of spoliation, but its own adherents had lost belief in its reality and in its gifts. The very memory of its claims seemed to be perishing. Men crept about, trembling for

her safety, not daring to hope, weak-kneed, apologetic, ashamed. They were prepared to bargain away her rights, to let her sink to a humbler level, to see her pinched and starved, if only she be allowed to survive in beggarly meanness. It was a day for compromising, for coming to terms with the loud and arrogant world, which dismissed so contemptuously her obsolete dogmas and out-of-date assumptions. So Churchmen whispered one to another. The air was tainted with the cowardice of a great surrender. The defence was undermined, just when the peril was direst. To realize the general despair about the Church that was shaking men's souls in 1832, it is good to glance through the pages of a book like the *Greville Memoirs*, in which a man of the world records his profound sense of the imminent ruin that threatens Church and State; or to read the petitions and declarations of the early Irvingite movement, in which spiritual men sent out their cry of desperate dismay, to show why they could only hope for some new outpouring of the Spirit into a new Apostolate and a new Catholic Body.

It is this situation which accounts for the heat that burns through the *Lyra*. These men have set themselves to revive the conception of a Catholic Church in those who profess to believe in her.

They have got to shatter their fears; to break in pieces their timid apologetics; to scout their compromises; to denounce their retreats; to shake them out of their lethargy; to rally them from their panic; to drive them into irrevocable decisions; to deprive them of the opportunity of surrender. Such a work can only be done by vehemence, by force, by strong utterance and fiery onsets. The language used must be sharp and clear. Dilemmas

must be pressed home. Alternatives must be excluded. We are in the temper of Elijah's challenge. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the LORD be GOD, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." The timidity of the faithless must be scorned into recovery by the rehearsal of the full splendours of the Church which they would betray. Far from conceding this and yielding that, every claim of hers must be asserted in its paramount validity, every honourable endowment of hers must be boldly proclaimed, all her terror must be vigorously upheld. She must come forth in her comeliness, in her majesty, in her strength, beautiful as an army with banners, rejoicing as the sun to run her course. Not by minimizing her Creed, but by magnifying her name, is the peril to be repelled, and the day to be saved. The note, which rings out again and again, is struck by Keble with emphatic distinctness in the stanzas on "The One Way."

One only Way to Life;
 One Faith, delivered once for all;
 One holy Band, endowed with Heaven's high call;
 One earnest, endless Strife;—
 This is the Church th' Eternal framed of old.

Smooth open ways, good store;
 A Creed for every clime and age,
 By Mammon's touch new moulded o'er and o'er;
 No cross, no war to wage;—
 This is the Church our earth-dimmed eyes behold.

But ways must have an end,
 Creeds undergo the trial flame,
 Nor with th' impure the Saints forever blend,
 Heaven's glory with our shame:
 Think on that hour, and choose 'twixt soft and bold.

Newman, who has denounced the attack of Liberalism so vigorously, finds the weak and worldly defence of the traditional Conservatism as repulsive and as dangerous. "My soul is among lions" is the text that he quotes over the poem named Conservatism (cxxi.), "and I lie even among the children of men that are set on fire, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword." The degradation of the alliance lacerated him.

How long, O LORD of grace,
Must languish Thy true race,
In a forced friendship linked with Belial here;
With Mammon's brand of care,
And Baal pleading fair,
And the dog-breed who at Thy Temple jeer?

How long, O LORD, how long
Shall Cæsar do us wrong,
Laid but as steps to throne his mortal power?
While e'en our Angels stand
With helpless voice and hand,
Scorned by proud Haman, in his triumph-hour.

Newman was, at this time, in the full tide of brimming confidence in the Church which he was so passionately bent on serving. Here, again, he was under the sway of Keble, whose belief in the Catholicity of the Church of England was deep and traditional, based on the teaching of the great Caroline Divines, and Anglican in every nerve and fibre. And, with Keble, were Hurrell Froude, radiantly sure of his position; and Bowden, over whose grave Newman wept bitter tears, thinking of the secret misery in his soul which his friend had never suspected or shared; and Isaac Williams, whose Anglican instincts

drew away from Newman as soon as the first symptoms of restlessness began to show themselves. Robert Wilberforce, last of the band, had that in him which would afterwards lead him the same road as Newman: but he wrote very little in the book, and was still young and unformed.

So it is that the *Lyra* springs out of the heart of a faith in the true mission and the authority of the Church, which knew no question, and felt no hesitation. It is the song-book of English Catholicity, in its most militant and defiant mood, sure of its message, confident in its claim. It is the logical expression of a Church charged with national memories, rooted in the soil, in possession of its own immemorial inheritance, imbedded in the traditions of our English countryside. We can hear the very voice of Keble speak to us in Newman's well-known poem, the first in the book:

Where'er I roam in this fair English land,
The vision of a temple meets my eyes:
Modest without; within, all glorious rise
Its love-enclustered columns, and expand
Their slender arms. Like olive plants they stand,
Each answering each in home's soft sympathies,
Sisters and brothers. At the altar sighs
Parental fondness, and with anxious hand
Tenders its offering of young vows and prayers.
The same and not the same, go where I will,
The vision beams! ten thousand shrines, all one.
Dear fertile soil! what foreign culture bears
Such fruit? And I through distant climes may run
My weary round, yet miss thy likeness still.

There is no touch of Roman inclinations from end to

end of the book: no straining and fretting at Anglican limitation. The Vincentian Rule of Faith is sufficient to condemn novelties and aberration, whether Romish, Swiss, or Lutheran (*cf.* xcix.). Oddly enough, there does not happen to be a single poem on the Blessed Virgin. This must have been accidental; but the accident itself shows how remote the book is from even the instinct that leads to any over-pressure in the direction.

The typical reserve of the English Church is exquisitely caught in the poems on the Departed; and especially in the famous lines—

They are at rest:

We may not stir the heaven of their repose
By rude invoking voice, or prayer address

In waywardness to those,
Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by.

We know from the *Apologia* how very slight was Newman's contact with the Roman Church abroad: and how he first learnt to soften the severity of his traditional condemnation of her under the influence of Hurrell Froude. The change is to be felt in the transition from the two sonnets on Rome (clxxii.), and the Cruel Church (clxxiii.), to the next ode, called "The Good Samaritan."

O that thy creed were sound!

For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of service, in thy SAVIOUR's holy home.

I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,
But the wide porch invites to still retreats,
Where passion's thirst is calmed, and care's unthankful gloom.

There, on a foreign shore,
The home-sick solitary finds a friend :

Thoughts, prisoned long for lack of speech, outpour
Their tears ; and doubts in resignation end.

I almost fainted from the long delay,
That tangles me within this languid bay,
When comes a foe, my wounds with oil and wine to tend.

It was the Catholic Church established in England, rudely threatened from without, unbefriended from within, which the writers set themselves, without reserve, to rescue from contempt. And poetry was their natural method, because they ardently desired to show that she was not the commonplace, smug, prosaic affair which contemptuous Whigs imagined that they could handle as they chose. Nay! she could appeal to the imagination, and to the conscience, and to the heart. She had in her the secret of romance, the charm of antiquity, the weight of historic authority, the pathos of a troubled and a stormy past, the beauty of a venerable martyr, the honour, the majesty, the radiance of the Church of CHRIST against which no gates of Hell should e'er prevail. Here, in it, the dream of the soul found full expression. Here was a kingdom, real and strong and living, which could hold its own against the pressure of all the rising kingdoms of the world.

So they said : so they sang : this volume of verse is the record of their great and fiery passion. And there are three notes which they especially emphasize in this Church of their desire, and which they pit against the invading worldliness, whether of its foes or its friends.

First, Authority. Liberalism was, to them, rationalism ; and rationalism meant the adequacy, the supremacy of the

present mind, in its momentary modern shape, to judge all things in heaven and earth. Against this they set, as we have said, the Butlerian argument from probability, which appealed to the multiform nature of the evidence on which spiritual convictions rest, and to the moral character of the judgment which has to draw the conclusions. And, in estimating these probabilities, and in drawing the right conclusions, the weight of ancient learning and the moral authority of saints count for more than the casual and undisciplined opinions of to-day. The Church of England appeals to this high standard of truth. She invites the aid of the great doctors and theologians in delivering her creed aright. All the splendid names of the past are hers. She speaks the language of Clement, and Cyprian, and Athanasius, and Basil, and Augustine. The sonnets in honour of these teachers are characteristic of the scholars who have become the Church's champions, and of the movement which dates itself from a University. And the fervour of their "new learning" is felt in Newman's wistful words when, at Messina, he can hardly allow himself to be stirred by classic memories :

Though wedded to the LORD, still yearns my heart
Upon these scenes of ancient heathen fame.

And in his vigorous poem over the Greek Fathers
(xci.):

Let others sing thy heathen praise,
Fallen Greece! the thought of holier days
In my sad heart abides;
For sons of thine in Truth's first hour
Were tongues and weapons of his power,
Born of the Spirit's fiery shower,
Our fathers and our guides.

It is in this poem that he gives to Athanasius the epithet that has clung to him, "Royal-hearted Athanase."

To this rich armoury of argument, in the Fathers of the Undivided Church, they turned for help against the thin reasonings of a superficial enlightenment; and few pictures are more beautiful than that in which Keble images the scholar among his books as a soldier of the later times, taking down his father's weapons to feel their edge and try their metal. It occurs in the address of the Churchman to his Lamp (lxiv.).

Come, twinkle in my lonely room,
Companion true in hours of gloom;
Come, light me on a little space,
The heavenly vision to retrace,
By Saints and Angels loved so well,—
My Mother's glories ere she fell.

Yet by His grace, whose breathing gives
Life to the faintest spark that lives,
I trim thee, precious Lamp, once more,
Our fathers' armoury to explore,
And sort and number wistfully
A few bright weapons, bathed on high.

Secondly, they looked to the Church for Discipline over against an age that revolted from all restraint. This revolt had, indeed, its justification in throwing off the fetters of prejudice and tyranny. But in refusing restraint from without, it naturally was apt to ignore the compulsion set by conscience and by the law of true liberty upon individual passion. Carlyle was sounding his loud protest against the liberty of the fool to make a fool of himself. He was demanding, in his "purple" manner, the strong

hand of the true Ruler of men. Our poets were recalling men to the same verity. All life of the soul is won through restraint, through repression, through austere law. Only, instead of the strong Ruler, they offered the discipline of the Church. The Church was the true school of character. In her lay the authority to interpret and apply the moral law of the soul's freedom. With her was the seat of judgment, the rod of correction, the privilege of acquittal. She held the keys. She banned or pardoned. She had her careful and experienced system, by which the soul slowly won self-mastery. She had balm for wounds; warnings in peril; alternation of severity and comfort.

Here was the deeper conception of freedom than that of mere freedom from restraint. In the Church, the life of the soul found the liberty of a spiritual growth according to the law of a free divine Society.

Thirdly, they turned to the Church as the home and refuge of Mystery. Human life was losing all its mystery under the hard and dry light of a practical utilitarianism. The earth was stiffening into a blind piece of mechanism under the handling of necessitarian Science.

In defiance of this naked materialism, the Tractarians brought forward the rival conception of Sacramentalism. For them the visible and the tangible were but the symbols of a transcendent life, the vesture of the spirit, through which its motions made themselves felt. They rejected absolutely the notion of a material earth, isolated and complete, working by cast-iron laws, in the mechanical deadness of unintelligent force. On the contrary, it was alive with a life not its own, which alone gave it meaning; and this life was personal, intelligent, sympathetic, communicable to man. In and through Nature, spirit spoke

with spirit, man came in touch with GOD. The Church gave him the true cue by which to interpret the external world, through its sacramental use of material vehicles by which to realize spiritual power. Sacraments were no accidental ecclesiastical form. They were in harmony with the being of things. The world was sacramental. That which was a truism inside the Church, Wordsworth had long ago verified in his own experience. Nature was the symbolic utterance of the unseen GOD. And, just as to him, listening to the cuckoo as it recalled the days of happy boyhood,

the earth he paced,

again appeared to him as

an unsubstantial fairy place,

so, to Newman, possessed by the sacramental idea, the earth appeared no solid mass, but a moving vision, within which angels passed and repassed, in pliable intercourse, in quivering transitions. Their hands were about him; he could all but see their faces; the breath of their presence made him ever grave. He has told us in the *Apologia* of his mood at this time. He had never read Bishop Berkeley; but he had arrived at the Bishop's idealism, out of which all the substantiality of what we mean by "matter" had vanished away. It was in this mind that he wrote the beautiful sonnet—

Are these the tracks of some unearthly Friend,
His footprints, and his vesture-skirts of light,
Who, as I talk with men, conforms aright
Their sympathetic words, or deeds that blend
With my hid thought;—or stoops him to attend

My doubtful-pleading grief ;—or blunts the might
Of ill I see not ; or in dreams of night
Figures the scope in which what is will end ?
Were I CHRIST's own, then fitly might I call
That vision real ; for to the thoughtful mind
That walks with Him, He half unveils His face :
But when on common men such shadows fall,
These dare not make their own the gifts they find,
Yet, not all hopeless, eye His boundless grace.

He is quite fantastic in his speculation over the Angels who inhabit Nations ; and more especially over the particular Angel who makes "John Bull" to be what he is. He gave exquisite and characteristic expression of this belief in the sermon on the Angels, for Michaelmas Day 1831 ; and the same strain of thought is familiar enough to all in the last lines of "Lead, kindly light" :

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

The Oxford Movement was an effort to recover the sense of mystery in life ; and now that we have all, gnostic and agnostic alike, recognized the impossibility of cutting life down to the four-square limitations which seemed all-sufficing in the days of Brougham and Macaulay ; now that the thunder of Carlyle and the glamour of Ruskin have passed into the common imagination ; now that the poets have once more shed the gleam of consecration upon land and sea ; we can enter into the struggle of sacramentalism in its stubborn repudiation of the prevailing mechanism, and can easily forgive the heroes of the resistance, if, in the storm of the conflict, they now and again fell into fantastic exaggeration.

Authority, Discipline, Mystery—these are the three ruling motives in their uplifting of the ideal Catholic Church. The book lies there, a perfect record of the temper with which a united band of friends set out on a high venture in an hour of peril and distress. They were held together by all the glowing confidence which belongs to a chivalrous company, who have sworn themselves to a cause which they will serve unto death. The hour was one of strange intensity. The men were nobly endowed. They had imaginative and intellectual gifts of a rare order; and these had been trained under the fine discipline which Oxford scholarship still retained. Above all, they spoke out of the heart of a moral awakening, which lent exultation to characters aflame with the ardour of righteousness; and which touched to its finest power the insight and the conscience of the greatest master of spiritual truth that this century has seen. Two of them were in reality poets, Keble and Isaac Williams; while Newman carried to its highest point the capacity of a man of genius to express himself in verse. A book that is born out of such travail has a singular fascination. It is instinct with a passion that endows it from end to end with the power to smite home. It is thrown off at one blow, as it were. Through all its varied music there is the tenacious coherence that belongs to a single motive, and a dominant purpose, and a common inspiration. The colour, the emotion, of the hour hold throughout. The utterance is keen and incisive, yet delicately refined. The occasion is noble and historic; yet its high themes, reaching from earth to heaven, permit of and absorb an infinite richness of human feeling and personal interest. Thus everything conspires to make it notable.

True, the fierceness of the battle-strain tends to limit its significance to the special crisis out of which it was born. We feel that their warfare often is not ours. We wonder at their heat: we recoil from their strained language. The terror of the day is passed; and the long war between the Church and the world has taken other shapes for us. But it was through the stress of their conflict that the poetry rose so high; and their nobility of spirit, as it reveals itself through their verse, may well shame the languor and the cowardice with which we bear our part in the age-long strife. Nor only this. For the most perfect poem in the book tells how, even in the heat of strife, these men attained a haven of hope and tenderness and peace such as we, in our genial tolerance, but rarely touch. In the stanzas to the Winter Thrush, Keble reaches his highest level. The poem is charged with the very spirit of Wordsworth. It lifts us above the tumults and the fears of the hour, and takes us out into the large horizon and sweet breath of kindly Nature. We are rebuked for our doubts and our despair. The last word, and the best, is given to love.

Sweet bird! up earliest in the morn,
Up earliest in the year,
Far in the quiet mist are borne
Thy matins soft and clear.

That sunny morning glimpse is gone,
That morning note is still;
The dun dark day comes lowering on,
The spoilers roam at will;

Yet calmly rise, and boldly strive;
The sweet bird's early song,
Ere evening fall, shall oft revive,
And cheer thee all day long.

Are we not sworn to serve our King?
He sworn with us to be?
The birds that chant before the spring
Are truer far than we.

EDWARD WHITE BENSON *

No one can doubt that this is a fine record of a noble life. And the character of the man portrayed justifies the fact that the portrait should be drawn by his son. For nothing is more noticeable than the paramount interest, throughout the record, of the personal equation.

Of course the more positive and objective elements are important enough. We are taken up into great affairs; we move through momentous crises. All his life long he was doing work of a large and influential type. The period through which he passed was crowded with public incidents and with profound intellectual changes. Into the thick of them he was thrust. He had to think, speak, act, in a way that determined the course of events. But, after all, it remains that the *man* himself is more vitally interesting than anything that he ever said or did. The book reveals him; and in that lies its strength and its charm. The incidents are but the material through which the personality emerges. From cover to cover this dramatic display of individual character holds all the attention. The son's sure and skilful hand is excellently employed in achieving such a result.

And the man, so revealed, has something about him which enthralls. That is not too strong a word. He

* *The Life of Edward White Benson.* By A. C. Benson. London: Macmillan. 1899.

enthralls by his intense and vivid vitality, alert, dramatic, energetic. Wherever he is you feel the vibration of his presence. He is always electrical, sensitive, radiating, forceful. Sparks crackle and dance, as he is touched. In his earlier days this characteristic is excessive, nor was it ever without its alarm. And here, perhaps, the affection of a son whose reverence can afford to be candid has almost over-emphasized the terrors. Mr. Arthur Benson knows so well the beauty and the tenderness of his father's heart that he seems now and again to parade the frankness with which he can note defects of temper. He is too anxious to show that he is not afraid to be honest. He gives instances of vehemence or of harshness which no doubt take their proper proportion in his own intimate perspective, but which, when taken out of the perspective and thrown into prominent relief in the cold nakedness of print, leave on those who have no personal intimacy to mellow down the bluntness of the record a more unpleasant impression than they are really intended to convey. One or two of the stories told sound simply rude or cruel.

However, a hasty masterfulness there certainly was; and he could terrify; and he did not allow for certain weaknesses; and he had the power of anger. But his life is the story of a gradual victory over this vehemence. The change that passes into him after he has left Wellington is distinctly felt in the book. He himself became profoundly aware of the perils that beset anger, however righteous. He had trusted it as a weapon of God, and had found it break in his hand. What man is fit to wield GOD's wrath? Anger, he would earnestly plead, is not part of the Christian's true armoury. The work that it may do for GOD can always be done better, even if at the

cost of more time, without it. I can vividly remember the personal intensity with which he urged this plea in Retreat, as out of the living experience of one who could speak of what he had tried and known. Still, to the last the restraint of equal debate tried him sorely: and his sense of the strain that it imposed on him withheld him, it would appear, from much open converse with men who differed from him, and seriously hampered him in the House of Lords.

What it cost him to conquer this masterfulness of temper comes out in a touching note to his wife, July 14, 1878:

"So this is my birthday. Nine and forty years, like the knights and squires of Branksome, but not of name or of fame. Only of work, such as it is according to my very poor notions of working, and service according to my very poor notions of service. . . . I think the most grave and altogether best lesson which I have learned in nine and forty years is the incalculable and infinite superiority of gentleness to every other force, and the imperious necessity of humility as a foundation to every other virtue. Without this it appears to me the best characters and noblest have to be taken to pieces and built up again with the new concrete underlaid—and without gentleness things may be done, but oh, at what needless cost of tears and blood too" (ii. 736).

This transformation, this enrichment, of character is the key to the life. The force, the nobility of type, the swift passion, the glow—these are all there from the start. But they have something yet to gain, all through the Wellington time. The gifts overwhelm rather than win. His exquisite power of translation, and his passionate delight in the delicacies of language, thrilling as they

were in their effect upon those whom he so loved to teach, must have swept them like a storm, under which they bent and shook. What his power as a great school-master was, is given by Dr. Verrall on p. 215 of the first volume, in a memoir of singular beauty and insight, every word of which is worth reading. Dr. Verrall has not spared himself or his own boyish infirmities in the brave desire to exhibit perfectly the full moral force of his headmaster, brought to bear upon him with such compelling strength, yet with such subtle attention to the involution of a boy's intellectual growth. It is a splendid picture. "His grave is now as the grave of our father. We learned from him the power and the weakness of language, the beauty and the courage of life." So the reminiscence closes: and the tribute is absolutely sincere. Yet, as Mr. Arthur Benson notices, it needed a sensitive and gifted boy to receive this vehement inspiration. To such

"He was the vivid, idealizing master and leader, magnifying both opportunities and defects, seeing boundless possibilities in the simplest words and acts, both for good and evil, and with a vitality which rippled, to the extremest verge, the society in which he moved" (i. 227).

But the power could not temper itself to "shorn lambs"; it was unmeasured in its demands; and this lack of measure might justify a recoil, a refusal, a repudiation, in those whom it failed to spur or to enkindle, by the very extravagance of its hopes.

"Those who looked on life more coldly and impartially, thought that in his view there was a want of balance and proportion; those whose nature was small and poor saw in the

richness and luxuriance of his nature, insincerity and exaggeration ; those whose characters lacked force and purpose were frightened rather than inspired by the vividness and alacrity he required " (*ibid.*).

Nor was this effect confined to the unworthy :

" It was always somewhat difficult, even to those who admired and loved him best, to move without affectation in the high atmosphere both of thought and emotion in which my father naturally moved. I can recollect being paralyzed as a child by having my meagre conversational stock criticized, and by being required to produce from my lessons or my reading something of more permanent interest. I still think this is a mistaken view of the parental relation, but for the mental stimulus it gave me I am grateful yet. Later, when travelling *en famille* with my father, worn with heat and dust and railway-trains and the *dura navis*, his own fatigue would take the form of indignant exclamations that we did not gaze with more avidity on what we could see of Paris through the door windows of a crowded omnibus.

" Yet of this high pressure of thought and emotion he was certainly not conscious. He thought that all were made of same fire and dew as himself. It was always a certain strain to be long alone with him, to converse with him, however much interested in the subject one might be. What was natural to him tended to be affectation in another, and his forceful temperament demanded companionship without allowing intuitively for strain " (*ibid.*).

That is as admirably as it is frankly said. Nor would the criticism have been unjustified even to the day of the Archbishop's death. Only there is felt to be, after Wellington, a power at work within him which mellows and sweetens and spiritualizes this tendency to overbear.

The very face bears witness to the change. Framed as

it was always on such superb lines, it gains immeasurably in beauty as the years pass over it. The best witness in the world to such a change notes its reality and its depth in a most delightful bit of memory recorded on p. 587 of vol. i.

“My mother writes: ‘There was nothing in its way more remarkable than the development of the beauty of his face as time went by. As a young man it certainly gave good promise, but eagerness and vivacity were the chief things that his face then expressed. A photograph of him taken at thirty bears scarcely a trace of resemblance to the last one taken by Elliott and Fry. It is impossible even for those who knew him well to trace the course of the development. With most faces there is a great change, but though in many cases new lines of power, or thought, or softening can be seen, it is seldom that the absolute beauty develops so markedly. He had always very rich curves in the mouth. In fact it was scarcely like an English mouth at all, but more Italian in its beauty. The nose was always fine, but the sharp delicate *receding* cut of the nostril seemed to get sharper and finer as time went on. The brow developed extraordinarily, large bumps grew over the arch of the eye, specially during the last fourteen or fifteen years of his life. He took to growing his hair longer of later years, which increased his likeness, often noticed, to John Wesley. When he first came to London the artist world was much excited about him, and more than one wanted to paint him. At the first Academy soirée at which he was present, one who was there told me that groups as he passed would eagerly turn round to look at him. I used to be afraid that when his hair grew whiter it would not furnish a strong enough background to the marked features, and I think Herkomer felt this. When we asked him seven or eight years ago to paint the portrait which according to immemorial custom each Archbishop had to leave at Lambeth, he urged speed. “I can

wait," he said, "but the subject cannot." Yet this proved not to be so. It is seldom, I think, that the growing development of a face strikes the members of the family—yet of late years we have often talked to each other of the changes which seemed to us all very rapid.

"One cold day at Milan, on our way home from Florence, we were standing just outside S. Ambrogio—he was wearing a large black cloak, and flung it round his shoulder in an Italian manner, and was looking up at the façade of the church. A woman who was passing caught sight of him, stood still to look, and exclaimed, "Che bel prete!"

"I shall never forget one night in the summer of 1894. I had been ill, and was still somewhat of an invalid and was unable to go away with him to pay a visit to which we were both looking forward. This depressed him a good deal, and we had various other anxieties just at that time. He used always to work late, and this night he came into my room about twelve o'clock, leaving his door open. My room was dark, and as he stood talking to me the light from the other room streamed out on him. He was deeply depressed: "I feel as if it were all closing in," he said. I tried to take the points one by one and show that they were not so very bad after all. He stood silent for a few minutes, and I could not think of the anxieties or of anything but the extraordinary beauty of the picture. He was in a purple cassock, and the light caught the colour. There was a warm tint on his face from the inner room, and his white hair shone and sparkled like frost. His features were grave almost to gloom and the splendid lines of his profile were thrown into relief by the strong light and deep shade.'"

And what is the moment at which the transformation begins?

Certainly, the chancellorship at Lincoln. It is at Lincoln that the spirit in him takes a deeper tone. He passes out of the narrow academic limitations into

touch with the life of the Church as a body. Not, indeed, that he had not been a Churchman before this. On the contrary, his innermost devotional ardours had been, from his very boyhood, set Churchwards. They were pronouncedly ecclesiastical. Few things are more interesting in the Life than the record of the affectionate intimacy of himself and Lightfoot, knit by the bond of the Canonical Hours. The letter to J. B. Lightfoot, on the formation of a small society for holy living, headed with its *Non nobis Domine*, admits us into the innermost secret of a young life inflamed with the ardours of catholic devotion. The sacrificial effort of the confederated lives is to rest on nothing which they are not as Christians already pledged to do. "At Baptism, you and I, before the Blessed Trinity, before all Angels, and the whole Church in heaven and earth, made three solemn vows." It is these vows which they will set themselves to keep.

"We promised to renounce . . . the vain pomp and glory of the world. Have we even attempted this? Again . . . the Kingdom of God was for the *Poor*. . . . Let us league with all our souls and hearts, and powers of mind and body, that it may be no more God's witness against us, 'My people perish for lack of knowledge.' Let us determine while our hearts are still warm, and unchilled by the lessons of the world, to teach the *Poor*. . . .

"We may begin this work now. Let our prayers rise up a continual incense before God, for the extension of His Kingdom, and the revival of the Church in our day; many outward ordinances want amending, a whole order of ministers in the Church has become extinct. Fasting and other spiritual helps are cast aside" (i. 51, 52).

So the passionate outburst pours on, in the blessed

hopefulness and thoroughness of a youth that has consecrated itself to GOD; and every syllable tingles with the spirit of the Church, down to the closing cries of entreaty *Ora pro me. In Christo salus. ORA. ORA. ORA PRO ME MISERO.* So again to his friend from boyhood, J. F. Wickenden, in September 1849, he is on fire with his first discovery of the Prayer for the Dead in the Alexandrine Liturgy of St. Basil:

“Remember, O Lord, all those who are already at rest; Grant rest to their souls in the bosom of our Holy Fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; gather them together in a green pasture, and lead them forth beside the waters of comfort in a paradise far from all grief, sorrow, and mourning, in the glorious light of Thy Saints” (i. 81).

And, after several other quotations, he writes:

“Maybe I am rather rash in sending you these now, while I am hot about them; however, I have not used them yet, nor do I intend doing so until I have thought a good deal more coolly about them than at present. However, I want to hear your opinion about them; that they are beautiful is beyond doubt, though there are some expressions which we should both, I fancy, agree to alter” (i. 82).

This instinctive delight in the ancient catholic mould of prayer determined his devotional life from first to last, even when he was most vehemently severing himself from that Tractarianism which was filled with the same spiritual delight as he in our rich heritage of liturgical devotion. It shows itself with singular humour in the sharp criticism of the Presbyterian Service to which he had been taken in Scotland.

All this was in him, then, from the days of these earliest

ardours, when his boyhood kindled into worship. But it remained for Lincoln to set currents free which had been hitherto hardset. His soul opened, the harshness relaxed, the character was enriched, and a certain warmth and graciousness are felt, where before there was terror.

X Two influences seemed to have specially conspired to work the change. First, the old Bishop of Lincoln showed to him the wonderful treasures of tenderness, of generosity, of spiritual sincerity, of high sacrifice, of intrepid single-heartedness, which could be consistent with the intense ecclesiastical conservatism of a man who could be the very heart of the antagonism to Dr. Temple's appointment to the bishopric of Exeter. Benson had himself put out in the *Times* the noblest and most passionate appeal that was made on behalf of the great chief whom at Rugby he had adored. Yet his whole heart loved this Christopher of Lincoln—loved him for his splendid capacities of spiritual heroism, for his personal sanctity, for his intensity of purpose, for his utter surrender to GOD. A Churchman in every fibre of his being, he was also the very soul of chivalrous honour and of undaunted faith, with the touch of a prophet upon him, giving dignity to what might have been otherwise pedantic and bookish in a mind so remote from the culture and temper of the age in which he lived. Generations of old dead ecclesiastics lived again in him. He was a living example of what their greatness had been, even if he illustrated also, with equal vividness, their proverbial limitations. It was a splendid type of consecrated scholarship: and then round about it was the family with that unmistakable force which is characteristic of the Wordsworths—a force of their own, totally unworldly, unaffected by circumstance, with a childlike incapacity

for fear, untrammelled by the shadow of self-consciousness, with the large freedom that belongs to natural things. Into the full pressure of this force Benson passed. He revelled in the keen intellectual vigour of a family so devotedly and affectionately domestic. This combination was exactly what he delighted in. The influence of Riseholme passed into his life: and the letters to Elizabeth Wordsworth are a delightful record of the passage.

Secondly, Lincoln brought him into touch, not only with the Apostolic man at the top of the hill, but with the working man at the bottom. In that great Bible class of his he set free his human and pastoral impulses, unfettered by scholastic formalities. He met men face to face: he spoke from soul to soul. It was a novel experience to him to find himself handling life in the rough, moving in an atmosphere where independent and crude common-sense worked out its modern problems without any regard to the traditions of culture. He felt the force of the appeal made by the simplicities of elemental manhood. His shrewdness set itself joyfully to cope with theirs. He let himself go with an abandonment that won their hearts. He never got nearer to the flesh and blood of average men than he did in those few years at Lincoln. And this told on him. It opened fresh doors. It taught him his powers. It softened and enheartened him. The famous class of great ladies, for which he did so much in later days at Lambeth, could never have been what it was if it had not been for the earlier class of artisans at Lincoln.

The spiritual transformation that was begun at Lincoln was completed at Truro, sanctified as that time was by his lifelong sorrow over the loss of his eldest boy, Martin.

And here I have my one serious complaint to make against the author of the book. I cannot for a moment allow that enough is made of the five years in the Cornish bishopric. It appears merely as a bright and happy interlude before the main work of his life came to him. And, in a sense, it can wear this character. It was so quick : it swung along with such a rush : it was followed by years of strenuous and vaster labour, in searching the light of the supreme throne. The enormous range of industry that is inevitable to the archbishopric involved the larger space that had to be allowed for its record. Yet, when all has been said, it remains that the spiritual value and significance of the Cornish period were unique. Never again, in the after-years, weighted by measureless responsibilities, was he able to give full fling to the joyous outbreak of all the strength and beauty that he had in him to give to the Kingdom of GOD. Down there, on that hidden headland, he could allow his exuberant energy of work free play, unhindered by the anxieties which encumber a great position under incessant criticism. His buoyant idealism was kindled by the poetic contrast between the thing that he found to hand and the thing that he meant to do. All his creative faculty of organization was evoked, with its equal delight in the depth of the foundations to be laid, and in the perfection of the smallest detail to be foreseen. His warmth of feeling responded to the imaginative emotion of the Cornish. Strange memories, archaic visions, hovered mistily over uplands and hollows ; the Past, in its fascinating shadowiness, in its weird oddities, met him at every turn of the road in the quaint form of suggestive aloofness which most appealed to his swift curiosity. Everything that he

undertook went through with enthusiasm. He had all the joy of multitudinous beginnings; and he left before the drag had begun of seeing to the continuance of what had been begun, among a people who are quicker to welcome than they are stable to sustain.

Above all, Cornwall gave him the rare opportunity of fulfilling the dream which had been his from boyhood. He had been possessed by the ideal of corporate life in a cathedral chapter with a peculiar intensity: and lo! he was set not only to build the first new cathedral that had been built since the Reformation in England, but also to scheme and complete the first cathedral chapter that had to be organized afresh on the traditional lines, in view of the immediate needs in their modern shape which it was the primal office of a cathedral to meet. Has it ever before been given a man so exactly to face the very task which his entire being aspired to undertake? It is, perhaps, a challenge from which most of us would flinch. Who would not shrink to whom it was suddenly said, "Here is a clear field. Go forward, and prove the worth of your life's dream, without let or hindrance"? But Benson's splendid buoyancy rose to the challenge. Into the cathedral, and all that it embodied and involved, he flung his whole heart and soul. The extracts given in the book from addresses and sermons are alive with the passion of the hour. They give some impression of what his quivering personality meant to an outlying people, quick to catch fire, sensitive to the rarity with which a man of this calibre threw in his whole lot with them. The whole time was one prolonged rapture of welcome and of joy. Round him gathered a band of young men to whom he was an inspiration. We hear of one or two of them in the

book who were specially dear. But there were others, in many directions, and of many types.

And, then, who can find words to tell of the depth of affection which she woke in Cornish hearts, whom I have forborne from mentioning, because it is so impossible to mention her without saying so far more than she would tolerate or forgive? Let it only be understood that those gifts of his wife, which are to those who know them incomparable in their charm, never verified their power more richly than in Cornwall.

And, then, there was the abundant call made upon his priestliness, upon his spirituality, upon his beautiful spirit of adoration, upon his pastoral love. The impulsive religiousness of the people touched him, drew deeply upon his resources. And there were the ordinations, with all their fertile intimacies of spirit. And there was the intense spiritual passion of his chaplain and successor, to stir and to free him. Everything combined to make those five years the sealing years of his character and life. They were to him like fairy years, aglow with wonder. Did he ever expand so liberally, or grow so rapidly and vividly, as in the interval? The photographs before and after Truro bear the marks of the great change. Lambeth proved him to be, in some ways, a greater man than, perhaps, the conditions of Truro allowed for; but was he ever again so entirely himself at his very best? And was it not then that he became all that he proved himself to be at Lambeth? The Life is written to show us the *man*, not to record history. And it is in view of the man's own revelation of himself and of his powers that Truro is no interlude, but of supreme importance.

Just at the close of the time he came to take a Retreat

for Oxford Tutors in Keble College, and it is impossible for any who were there ever to forget the magical effect of his presence and of his teaching. We knew ourselves to be in the hands of a prince in the spiritual domain. Never had we heard the language of St. Paul and of St. James made to feel so like a "living creature." The salient words and phrases opened out unanticipated secrets. Every syllable became pregnant with some new inspiration. And then it was that he told us something of the story of his own self-mastery, and how he had learned the supremacy of love over power in CHRIST JESUS. Never again did I hear him teach, with such sure force and fascination, the deep things of GOD. That Retreat, we always believe, had its say in determining the offer of the Primacy. For we were enkindled; and when, just at the crisis of decision, we heard that, after all, the profound respect felt for Bishop Harold Browne was rendering it impossible to pass him over, we wrote eager letters to the late Dean of St. Paul's, praying for this chief to be given us, who would place himself in the forefront of all the new spiritual movements expressed in Missions and Retreats, and would be the living captain of the younger men. The appeals reached the Prime Minister's ear at the moment when the fateful determination was being taken, and it may not be vain of us to think that they may just have made the difference in the final decision. However that may be, I am certain that the buoyant radiancy of his spirit was then at its height. And the height had been attained at Truro. Afterwards, masterful as he proved himself in many directions, one never quite missed the tone of fatigue in the voice and of anxiety in the spirit, which told of the awful pressure of great affairs.

The story of the Primacy is told at length in the book, and we can see there well enough the special directions in which his stress was laid—the pulling together of the forces of the Church; the emphasis on the missionary responsibilities of the Church as a body; the keen desire to secure reform in abuses of patronage, and in slackness of discipline; the insistence, not without wrath, on the attention due from the Bishops to their civil duties in the House of Lords; the skilful energy put out towards the Church in the East, expressed through the Assyrian Mission, and so carefully considered in the matter of the Anglican Bishop *in* Jerusalem; the mingled subtlety and strength with which he worked out the ecclesiastical connection between Canterbury and the colonial bishoprics. Perhaps the book might have brought out more prominently his direct reversal of the policy which had hitherto determined the relations between the Metropolitan and his Provincials. Archbishop Tait had ruled by diplomatic management and by a strong hand. The Bishops were excluded, as far as possible, from consultation. Matters of policy were determined beforehand by the chiefs, and then were submitted for assent. The new Archbishop set himself at once to secure regular and systematic co-operation between the entire body of his Bishops. He drew them together for special days of Conference and Prayer; he aimed at concerted action; he had a statesman's eye for large policies, and deep were his complaints at the tendency of the Bishops to absorb their energies in diocesan business. The famous outbreak against the influence of Samuel Wilberforce has, of course, an ironical exaggeration in it. He does not really mean that we shall "execrate his memory." It is stupid not to recognize the intentional

excess in the phrase ; but he uses the irony of excess in order to express the intensity of his feeling against a diocesanism which, out of the very heat of its local energy, is liable to become as dangerous a vice as the parochialism of an energetic parish priest.

And then, of course, full and lengthy justice is done to the heroic moment of the Lincoln Judgment—" the most courageous act that has come out of Lambeth since the days of Laud." Nerve, knowledge, skill, it most certainly showed. The severest strain on his personal courage lay in the decision to undertake the Trial. The success of the Judgment has blotted out the terrible uncertainties that beset this decision. It was a venture almost wholly in the dark ; no one could foretell the result. Could a distracted Church, heated with passion, endure the strain of so critical an experiment ? No one could exactly define the authority of the court, still less could they determine its relation to the secular courts. The Archbishop could only hope to be obeyed, if he judged the case freely, without subservience to Privy Council decisions ; yet he could only hope to see his Judgment legalized if the Privy Council could be found to be in accord with it. The pressure against the venture came from many whom he was most accustomed to trust. The indignity done to Bishop King by such a trial was enough to kindle a fire of indignation, and the mean and unreal character of the artificial attack justified its dismissal as contemptible. The Archbishop hardly seems to have allowed enough for this, nor for the misery to those who loved him of seeing a man like Bishop King submitted to so cruel a process by such unworthy means. And he is unfair to the suspicions entertained by the High Churchmen against

the court—suspicions which were natural enough to those who knew and remembered how easily the judgments of secular courts could be palmed off upon them as of spiritual authority, because they were transmitted through spiritual organs. This is a peril from which we have not yet escaped; and it was always a pressing danger in the days of Archbishop Tait. They knew that nothing could be more cruelly deceptive than to have a Father in GOD claiming spiritual obedience for a decision in which they recognize, in spite of all disguises, the familiar voice of the Privy Council. How could they tell, then, of the subtlety which would enable the Archbishop to deliver a Judgment of his own, in spite of the decisions which had been given; or again, of the meekness which would induce the Privy Council to bow under an ecclesiastic's over-ruling? The Archbishop clung to his strong point—"if he declined jurisdiction, he might be compelled by a *mandamus* from the Queen's Bench to exercise it; if he exercised discretionary power to veto the case, he was assuming that he possessed jurisdiction, and this might on appeal be denied.' There is a capital sketch of ugly possibilities drawn up by him on p. 329, vol. ii.:

"It would be an ugly chapter of Church History if it should run thus in the heading:—Abp. declines to admit his own jurisdiction—Privy Council decides that Abp.'s jurisdiction is undoubted—Abp. in exercise of his jurisdiction declines to hear the case—Privy Council again applied to, to compel Abp. to hear case—Privy Council decides that Abp. should hear the case—Abp. hears accordingly and decides in two particulars against plaintiffs—Privy Council applied to, to reverse judgment of Abp.—Privy Council reverses it.

Postscript by the Archbishop:—

Of course nothing can stop *this*—they *would* apply.”

And again, on p. 337 there is an exceedingly clever list of reasons given him for dismissing the case:

“I am to dismiss the case because the complaints are unworthy of consideration.

I am to dismiss the case in order to use my ‘discretion.’

I am to dismiss it because otherwise my Suffragans will be embarrassed by many complaints.

I am to dismiss it to save my reputation as a strong Archbishop.

— To dismiss it because the complainants went straight to my Court instead of going first to persuade the Bp. of Lincoln.

— To dismiss it because I shall be thought to be influenced by lawyers.

— To dismiss it because the lawyers all think I ought to hear it.

— To dismiss it because it is an indignity to the Bp. of Lincoln to hear it.

— To dismiss it because he himself will not plead if accused by such persons.

— To dismiss it because the Bp. of Oxford refused to hear the case against Mr. Carter and his discretion was upheld.

— To dismiss it because all the High Church party will rally round me if I do.”

Probably now every one would agree that he decided rightly; but, nevertheless, it is only in view of his extraordinary skilfulness in the Judgment that followed, that this agreement has been reached. It is the Judgment that has justified the tremendous venture. We are at this moment learning how the reverse result can damage the authority which has not the like skill to make good its risky claim.

The famous Judgment revealed to an astonished public the superiority of the ecclesiastical expert who knows what he is handling, over the lawyer who deals with it from outside. It beat the lawyers on their own ground. It was obviously a finer and truer estimate of the case than any which they could form; it was based on far more delicate and complete knowledge; it brought instincts into play which were vital in determining the probabilities, and of which your lawyer, as such, is incapable; it judged matters in their right historical perspective, and lawyers have no historical perspective. Yet the Book of Common Prayer is above all things an historical, not a legal document; it is a sealed book to any but to those who can estimate the process and the pressure through which it took its precarious form. Above all it asks to be considered in the light of that vast liturgical background to which it appeals, and to understand which is a science of itself. The Archbishop was in all this wholly beyond the criticism of the excellent gentlemen who brought to bear upon the delicate mystery of Christian Worship the temper and experiences of a law-court. He walked round them; they had to let him alone.

Still it has to be confessed that this victory was achieved at the cost of some questionable subtleties. The Judgment, in deference to the lawyers, accepts practically the same rigid view of the Act of Uniformity which has of late caused such serious trouble, and which is, surely, rendered obsolete, morally and historically, by the total abandonment of all the conditions to which it was intended to apply, and of the principle which it existed to assert. The Act of Uniformity is the antithesis, the alternative, of toleration; but we have all adopted

toleration. It is in order to obviate the rigidity of this Act that the Archbishop has to press a theory of Ceremonies and Ceremonial use which is uncomfortably artificial, allowing the Chalice to be mixed, the Altar candles to be lighted, before the Office begins, so that thus there is no Ceremony introduced.

However, it saved the day; it saved the position; it broke up prosecutions; it gave a valid ground on which men could agree and could act; it shattered the reputation of the Privy Council, and the strange belief that the Church was not after all the best interpreter of what its own worship meant. Its value, its authority, to strong churchmen lay in this—that however intricate some of the conclusions, nevertheless the continuity of the Liturgical ritual before and after the Reformation was treated as absolute. The whole discussion was grounded upon this basis; and this was the real matter at issue. Details were of little importance so long as the Eucharistic Action itself retained its inherent identity.

And it was unfortunate that the Archbishop should, in his Judgment, have suffered himself to minimize the dispute, and to declare that the points in question in no sense touched the validity of the Sacrament. For however true in theory this might be, it was not true in fact. In fact, he was deciding, to a Church breathless with anxiety, the continuity of its life. This was the issue challenged under the minutiae of ritual. Did the use and custom of the historical Church have any bearing on the Rite, as it stood in the Prayer Book? Was there a past behind it? Did the Prayer Book record the purification of a Form, the structure of which was already determined by paramount and unchangeable conditions,

or did it offer a new and isolated and complete ceremony, originated in the sixteenth century, and to be judged without regard to its spiritual pedigree?

That was an issue serious enough. It ran down to the very vitals of the Church. And the Lincoln Judgment was absolutely decisive on this vital issue.

But, able and impressive as his Primacy proved itself in many directions, it is still the man himself who holds our chief interest. And all the more because, throughout the Primacy, we are given the accompaniment of the diary on which the son has so largely and rightly drawn. It is as nearly perfect as a diary can be. It abounds with the very best that the man has it in him to put out. It is admirably free, spontaneous, fertile, and varied. It is charged with good matter and with brilliant phrasing. It has singularly few lapses of temper or of judgment, and no bitterness, though, now and again, it is angry. Above all, it lets us know, without any loss of dignity, his inner heart, in its fears and depressions, in its cries and humilities, in its cravings and prayers, as before God. It has beauty and pathos and passion, with much of the artist's emotion, and of the scholar's aspiration. It presents a portrait of the soul, such as one would desire the worst enemy of prelacy to ponder and weigh. I know nothing which I should be so glad to lay in the hands of any one who doubted what sort of man, and what sort of Christian, an Archbishop could be.

The personality is the dominant element in the book: and to say that, is to suggest the limitations of its value.

The character that emerges is so curiously individual that it fails to be representative. There is nothing typical

about it. It speaks for itself, and for hardly anybody else. It is built up out of a complication of experiences and interests which gave it personal peculiarity. It touched life on many sides, but the points of its contact are so individually unique that they do not explain themselves to others. Qualities met in him which did not account for their bond. He stood for a special and strange combination of capacities, generally found apart. This adds to the interest of his life, but it also detaches him somewhat from his kind. He is accidental, as it were. He is not the embodiment of what other men mean, or fail, to be. No men ranged themselves behind him, finding in him their natural exponent. Rather, men were a little puzzled. They could not trace the unity, the coherence, that makes a character intelligible. They could never tell how far he went with them, or where he would stop. He often appeared to fly off at a tangent from the main direction. His attitude was incalculable. He was apt to look strained and elaborate to the spectator who could not understand how he had arrived at this or that position. His treatment of life wore an air of eclecticism; it was too privately personal; it held together contradictory elements; it did not divulge the principle of its consistency. For, indeed, the consistency lay only in the exceptional idiosyncrasies of his character. No general principles would interpret it. This made him somewhat bewildering as a leader. In order to know what significance to give to his public utterances, you had to know him as Dr. Lightfoot, or Dr. Westcott, or Dr. Davidson knew him. Otherwise he would often seem to be giving familiar phrases an artificial meaning. He would use theological expressions, which were public property, in an esoteric sense.

This tendency was aggravated by his well-known love of Thucydidean complexities of speech. He delighted in packed epigrams, in forced allusions, in enigmatic antitheses. These were often individually brilliant; but there was no intelligible process visible by which they arrived, or hung together. They gave an appearance of incoherency. The reader, or the hearer, found himself leaping from one to the other as if he were crossing a stream on stepping-stones. As soon as he had got his breath on one, he had to jump to another, and generally at some strange angle. Progress, under these conditions, is intricate and unconvincing. You may possibly get across with effort, but you cannot recall the stages, and you doubt whether you could do it again. This style left always an impression of over-elaboration, of a series of detached fragments of suggestive thought oddly brought together, rather than of a persuasive process of reasoning that had been willingly followed. It is most interesting to see, from the book, how instinctive this habit of intricate elaboration was; for it is at its height in the expressions of himself which are most private and most spontaneous: *e.g.* in the intimate notes of affection or chaff written by him to one who was his spiritual son, A. J. Mason. Here, where the absolute spontaneity is obvious, the allusive intricacy overlays the very humour, until it requires a commentary to elucidate it.

And then, with this curious natural tendency to complication and to elaboration, there belonged to his temperament the artistic delight in a situation as such, which made him take instinctively the dramatic attitude which it evoked. Dr. Verrall's invaluable *Reminiscence* has caught this phase of the character with admirable courage and precision:

"As a Headmaster and always, to my eyes, he was, first of all and above all, an unsurpassable actor of noble parts; and this he was by virtue of two qualities—first, the extraordinary range of his social and personal interests, and secondly, his high estimate of spectacular function as an index and monitor of such interests, a visible picture of society, directly corrective through physical sensation to narrowness, lowness, and selfishness" (i. 216).

After describing the minute and punctilious arrangements for the Headmaster's entry into chapel, Dr. Verrall proceeds:

"So stately and beautiful was the thing to which they led, so ornamental to our common life, so full of a social and religious poetry, which, without knowing it, we felt. . . .

"In judging from what internal disposition this outward effect proceeded, we necessarily quit the limits of that which can be tested or proved. For myself I am convinced—and the Archbishop showed himself to me in every kind of unguarded intimacy during many years—that his grandeur in social function was simply the expression of his strangely, and in very truth incredibly vivid interest in persons and their social relations to one another. He acted well the greatness of large human connexions, because he intensely felt it" (i. 216, 217).

That is perfectly intelligible, if you had personal knowledge of him, which would explain how much was due to the glamorous influence of his imaginative appreciation of the situation. But, of course, to the outsider, there could be no tangible coherence in these successive dramatizations. They were bound to look to him unreal, and a bit fantastic. Yet they were due to sheer natural instinct in the man himself, though often they did mean that he was more mastered by circumstance than he quite knew himself,

and that he was tempted to let his imagination drape up unworthy conditions, until they assumed an unreal validity in his own eyes.

Perhaps this appears most in his intense conservatism. It is wonderful how fertile his dramatic power could work, in endowing with worth almost any public institution. True, he is acutely conscious of the spiritual callousness of the House of Lords, and of the hollowness of its support of the Church. He uses very strong language about this. The temper of the House is abhorrent to him, it paralyzes his nerves. Yet nothing shakes his belief in it. To touch it is to threaten the Church. All ancient institutions have one foe, whom they must unite to oppose, if they would hope to survive. Nothing can be funnier than his indignation at the effort to get rid of Addington, and to break up the territorial authority of the bishops. He sees in people like Lord Midleton and Mr. John Talbot, who favour some such policy, nothing but dangerous Girondists, recklessly flinging themselves into the van of the Revolution, which will then devour its own children. Do they not see that, by playing fast and loose with Episcopal properties, they are only teaching others how to deal with the estates which they now call theirs? Since then, Addington has been sold; yet Peperharrow is still intact, nor has Lord Midleton's head rolled into the basket of the guillotine on Tower Hill.

This idealizing faculty found characteristic expression in verse, with which he took infinite and delighted pains. Generally the outcome is overloaded, though there is great richness of mystic symbolism, after the Elizabethan manner. He loved the quip and fantasy of George Herbert: and so

has buried his art. But there is a beautiful sample of verse written in a game, on the motto "Whoever said so?" And one poem is simple enough to go straight to the heart, with its exquisite tenderness—that on "the Martin" (i. 646).

There are some touches, chiefly in the diary, of delightful humour—such as the comment on the pressure put on him to attend this or that function by hinting that, if not, Cardinal Manning will be invited: it is like calling "Pussy, Pussy!" in order to make a dog eat its dinner. Or again, that other famous criticism on your Roman friends,—that they talk so pleasantly and humanly until they suddenly drop a remark so strangely remote that you feel inclined to stop and say, "Are you ill?"

He was vehemently anti-Roman: and this antipathy, perhaps, grew under the influence of Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln. It made it hopeless for him to respond to the efforts of Lord Halifax over the matter of our Orders, even if he had not been upset by the method in which he was approached. He had an acute perception of the possibility of being decoyed into a false position, and he felt how the resistance of Cardinal Vaughan would prevail in the long run over the simplicity of the Pope, who was only able to show himself benignly favourable through his astounding ignorance of the English situation. It is doleful to read of an opportunity missed, and one's heart bleeds for the disappointment of Lord Halifax, whose nobleness of nature and fervency of belief had put out all their force into a splendid venture for unity; but it is difficult now to say whether greater forwardness on the part of the Archbishop could have baffled the sinister influences that finally swept over the hopes raised by Portal and Duchesne.

There is one most remarkable blank in his interests.

Living as he did through a period crowded with storms of revolutionary thought, he never appears to be even touched by them. There is no mental conflict whatever. There is no sign of his having ever been inside the philosophical atmosphere, or of his having experienced at all the problems of dialectical doubt. He never shows himself at home with them. He never has anything to say about them. All the currents of the intellectual movement were brought nigh to him through Henry Sidgwick, his brother-in-law and intimate friend. But nothing happens. He is unpenetrated, untouched. His fine scholarship delights in the products of modern criticism, but metaphysical language hardly exists for him. His faith never quivers. It is amazing that any one of his great capacity and keenness should have passed through the furnace of the mid-century without even the smell of the fire being upon him.

Naturally, the reminiscence of him given in the book by the late Professor Sidgwick, whose death is a national loss, is full of moral insight, excellently conveyed.

The conditions under which the Life has been produced have made it impossible to tell the extraordinary happiness of his home—the inimitable charm of a wife who united the keen Sidgwick brain with inexhaustible warmth of heart; the poet son; the intellectual vigour of the whole family.

But one thing there is which the Life has lifted high—the intense spirit of worship which was the core of his entire manhood. From first to last this never flags or fails. Prayer is the inspiration of boyhood, of youth, as of old age. And not only prayer, but out of his heart there break those special cries of humiliation which are known only to those who move close to the ranks of Saints. That

utter abasement of soul, which is the secret of the true spiritual life from which the world is helplessly excluded, was his familiar experience. There is no mistaking its genuine language. It is poured out in the hidden silences recorded in the diary—language as of a soul prostrate in the dust at the misery of its own insufficiency. Whenever he is alone, unsolaced by the need of action, the melancholy of a profound self-distrust possesses him. Here is none of the complacency of success, the smooth satisfaction of the ecclesiastical dignitary. It is not too often that we catch on the lips of an Anglican prelate the ascetic speech of the Saints of GOD, so startling in its intensity, so alarming by its sincerity. On October 10, 1884, he writes in his diary :

“How can one help perplexing oneself in such a place as this? I find in myself no fitness for it. I could not resist, I had no right to resist. If calls exist, called I was; against my will. An unfit man, not unfit in his humility subjective, but clearly seeing himself by God’s help as he is—yet called. Follows from that, that there is something unknown in God’s counsels for the Church and for His poor servant, whom He will not let fall to the ground for simply *nothing*, for His own love to the least—something He means to have done by one unfit for the great place. Well then, he will be fit for the thing He wants to have done. Then *make* him fit—and let, O God, whatever it be, be good for Thy Church. It is in Thy Hand” (ii. 33).

On April 24, 1885, again :

“‘Non est creatura tam parva et vilis quae Dei bonitatem non repraesentet.’

“Yesterday I saw a girl of twelve or thirteen turn out of a door and walk on before me—dirty, torn—her face was as if it

had been pressed flat, and recovered itself a little. Her knee was weak so that she seemed to throw out her left foot as far as it would go, and pull it in again by way of walking—lilting out with half her body each step, to gain the requisite ponderance. She has to live a life out under these limitations—and there was not in her look any apparent effect of an ideal, or of a reliance, yet there is in her remaining organization, and I doubt not in her spirit, quite enough to show, quite enough to take in and give out the ‘Goodness of God.’ It wants redemption—deliverance and clearance. And I doubt not that there is abundant *parvitas et vilitas* in me, who am unfettered bodily, and *have*, or think I have, an ideal, to make a still less fettered being wonder how in the world *my* limitations can possibly be got over. It can be only by λύσις and λύτρωσις; O to see and to be free” (ii. 54).

On July 21, 1895, he writes :

“My last evening at Lambeth, at least this year. Six months gone indeed like a shadow, and rather a dark one; gone yet abiding. A life with so much to do that none can be done *well*, and so complicated with traditions of what is essential that much is not worth doing—and character and ὁ ἔσω ἄνθρωπος, what becomes of *him*? and what *is* to become of him? Miserere is the only word which can be written over this half year (and nearly *all* others)—Yes, Omnium annorum meorum, Domine, omnium dierum, miserere, miserere” (ii. 649).

The voice of the soul, as it first spoke through the Psalms, is speaking again from the throne of Augustine. He was curiously sensitive to the splendour of a great historical position, but no glamour of the world has hushed the true spiritual cry. The masterful vehemence of temper may be not wholly conquered, but the deeper experience is steadily making way, and sweetening and

enriching the life that fell asleep so swiftly, in the House of God, on October 12, 1896.

In his own words, twenty years before, he sums up the change which had already then begun its work :

“The masterful feeling is quite gone, and one quite forgets how one used to think it was the work of one’s own hands, and feels that for all that may have been good one was only the merest instrument moved by a power—which in the greatest things which really were within, one often rejected. All the unhappy feeling about the reminiscences is only due to want of Love. Oh, how little one knew the value of that. How little all those years one thought about Grace and graces. Strength and Finish seem to have been one’s compassless aims. . . . But I can try that the coming years, if they are given, shall have the work of Love and Grace in them ” (ii. 736).

BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT *

"WE see not our tokens, there is not one prophet more: no, not one is there among us that understandeth any more." Sad wails out of old days of national bereavement drifted through the soul as we stood on Friday, August 2, 1901, in the splendid shrine at Bishop Auckland, and laid the body of the Bishop of Durham by the side of Cosin and Lightfoot. The exquisite grey of the unpolished Purbeck arches rose out of the rich splendour of Cosin's woodwork; and round the walls glowed the heraldries of the long succession of Prince-Bishops, and the windows into which Lightfoot had poured the light of his love and his knowledge. The noble fabric, with its storied memories, made us recall the more vividly the slight figure of the man whom we were burying as he used to crouch, in a tiny huddled heap, under the weight of his self-abasement.

How well I could remember, in days when we used to meet with Quakers and Nonconformist chiefs to pray for Peace, the swift collapse almost on to the floor, with hands clasped tight over the hidden face, with which he had responded to the congratulations of some minister on his promotion to this Bishopric. Yet this personal humiliation had its root in his intense consciousness of the

* Bishop of Durham.

dignity of the historic Princedom to which he had been called. He felt its honour and splendour in every fibre of his frame; and never did he tingle more vividly with its glory than when he stood in this Chapel, where his body was now to be laid with the wife whom he himself had buried but two months before, and with the friend of his life, over whom he had himself said the words of committal eleven years ago.

The Chapel was crowded from end to end with men. There were no women but those of the family and household. This gave massive force to the simple hymns, so that even "Peace, perfect Peace" lost its possible weakness, and sounded worthy and strong. Miners were there, with their sturdy northern faces; and grey-headed, square-shouldered employers; and a sailor or two; and one girl in academic cap and gown. The sun shone; the voices rose in full thanksgiving. Never, surely, was it more fitly sung, that "Now the labourer's task is done." The whole life had been consecrated to work—to work as an untiring act of worship. Joy and Praise dominated the service; and we knew that we had his mind with us, as we closed with a triumphant Doxology. His children were glad to welcome us with free and happy talk of him. All was well; only for us, as we crept home, the melancholy refrain rang on, "There is not one prophet more; no, not one is there among us that understandeth any more."

My first sight of him had been in Peterborough Cathedral, all but thirty years ago. I had gone with a friend, to read with him for Deacon's orders. He was giving lectures on St. John in a side Chapel; and all through the first lecture, we could hardly believe our eyes. This tiny form, with the thin small voice, delivering

itself, with passionate intensity, of the deepest teaching on the mystery of the Incarnation, to two timid ladies of the Close, under the haughty contempt of the solitary verger, who had been forced to lend the authority of his "poker" to those undignified and newfangled efforts—was this, really, Dr. Westcott? We had to reassure ourselves of the fact, as we emerged, by repeated asseverations that it certainly must be.

Then, the first interview revealed where the secret of his power lay. We had never before seen such an identification of study with prayer. He read and worked in the very mind with which he prayed; and his prayer was of singular intensity. It might be only the elements of textual criticism with which he was dealing; but, still, it was all steeped in the atmosphere of awe, and devotion, and mystery, and consecration. He taught us as one who ministered at an Altar; and the details of the Sacred Text were, to him, as the Ritual of some Sacramental action. His touching belief in our powers of scholarship used, sometimes, to shatter our self-control; and I well remember the shouts of laughter which we just succeeded in mastering until we found ourselves outside in the moonlit Close, when he confessed his disappointment at our not recalling the use of a certain verb in the Clementine Homilies—we who, at that moment, had but the dimmest conception what the Clementine Homilies might be. Sometimes he would crush us to the dust by his humility; as when, after we had gaily turned off, at a moment's notice, our interpretation of some crucial passage in St. John, he would confess, in an awe-struck whisper, that he had, himself, never yet dared to put down on paper his own conclusion of the matter.

His mind and his method became part of the life of those whom he taught, according to their power of assimilating them. It was impossible to forget or to drop them. And only under personal contact with him did one learn the full value of those particular phrases which are so characteristic of his teaching, and yet which, in cold print, do not always account for their weighty recurrence. His whole soul used to issue through them, as he spoke ; and one ceased to be surprised that he carried them everywhere, and applied them to everything. In print they are apt to give a touch of sameness to all that he writes. Wherever you open his books, he is sure to be saying what he always said. Something of St. John's manner finds itself in him. The emphasis and the depth of the utterance express themselves through the infinite variety of repetition. It is for ever the one truth, uttered in delicately varied sameness ; and the whole truth of life comes to the front at every point of the surface. Nothing can be said, without involving all that ever can be said. In reading, this gives the effect that it does not matter where you begin or where you leave off. In listening, it involved a sameness of tone and level, without relief. From first to last the tone would be pitched at full strain ; and it was difficult, afterwards, to remember the special points which distinguished one address from another.

But, then, as one listened, this hardly mattered ; for the real and vital impression made came from the intensity of the spiritual passion, which forced its way out through that strangely knotted brow, and lit up those wonderful grey eyes, and shook that thin high voice into some ringing clang as of a trumpet. There was a famous

address, at the founding of the Christian Social Union, delivered to us in Sion College, which none who were present can ever forget. Yet none of us can ever recall, in the least, what was said. No one knows. Only we knew that we were lifted, kindled, transformed. We pledged ourselves; we committed ourselves; we were ready to die for the Cause; but if you asked us why, and for what, we could not tell you. There he was; there he spoke; the prophetic fire was breaking from him; the martyr-spirit glowed through him. We, too, were caught up. But words had become only symbols. There was nothing verbal to report or to repeat. We could remember nothing, except the spirit which was in the words; and that was enough.

Everybody knows the famous answer that he is reported to have made to the grateful pupil who exclaimed, "Thank you! thank you, Dr. Westcott! You have made that perfectly clear to me"—"Oh! I hope not! I hope not!" The story exactly expresses the double character of his teaching. It concentrated itself, first, on the minute accuracy of words. So far, nothing could be less like "a fog." Every jot and tittle of the text had an exact meaning and significance. The attempt to arrive at precision, here, was almost exaggerated. The study proceeded on the assumption that every syllable had a distinct and definite sense; it seemed at times, to the puzzled learner, that he was straining for more than a verbal—rather for a literal inspiration. So much truth turned on the shade of precise value to be given to the turn of a phrase in a disputed reading of the text.

But, then, this very exactitude was found to be but the determination of the precise route taken by a spiritual

process which was itself alive; and, as alive, was infinite in its significant suggestiveness. The point taken was, first, definitely localized with the precision of the expert, and the fastidious delicacy of the scholar; but the point, once fixed, was found to be but the pivot of radiating force which broke out from it on every side, and "passed in music out of sight." Then it was that all the difficulty began of saying what one had arrived at; what was the conclusion to be drawn; how and where one stood. Then it was that critics spoke of being left in a fog. The point which one had reached with such careful pains appeared to withdraw itself from under one, and to transmute itself, and to pass into something else. The deep mystic unity of things, in which all life co-exists, had supervened, and separate points became identified with that sole central point round which the universe revolves. Somehow, that would be the impression. Mysticism has always worked through the like precision. It loves to begin with exactitude of mathematical numbers and geometric measures; and, from these, to find the platform from which to make its leap into infinitude.

Westcott found expression for the true mystical temper through the medium of the scholar's delight in the accuracy of words. He has given us his own account of this combination in his sketch of the true theological scholar.* But his temper as a scholar and critic is dealt with elsewhere by one pre-eminently fitted to give a judgment.

For us of the Christian Social Union, his inspiration and his authority were absolutely invaluable. And we can, at least, flatter ourselves that we brought him some faint return

* See pp. 81 and 82 of *Lessons from Work*, 1901.

for his untold helpfulness, in that our existence led him to look at Oxford with a more favourable eye. For it must be confessed that his original distrust of the sister University was beyond the normal degree of suspicion with which we naturally regard one another. And the characteristic infirmities of Oxford had seemed to him to culminate in what was only too disastrously marked out as "the Oxford Movement." But it was a surprise to him to find emerging out of this notorious misdirection of our spiritual energies a social effort that appealed to the very principles which he had been among the first to formulate. After all, that fair City with its dreaming spires need not be inevitably wrong. So it appeared. And he signalized his new-born confidence in her by coming to a Christian Social Union meeting in Christ Church Hall, and delivering a singularly rapt address on International Peace, which none who heard will ever forget. I think that we may claim to have given him the happiness of finding about him, in his later years, a society, drawn from a younger generation, wholly devoted to the social cause as he understood and proclaimed it. He had the joy of knowing that the great principle of human solidarity, which he had so strenuously asserted, had become the accepted watchword of all who were keen in social reform.

It was through the conception of solidarity that he had interpreted the secret of the Fall, the Incarnation, the Atonement; and it was with the force of a disciplined intellectual consistency, that he carried forward the formula which had stood him in such good theological stead, over the whole body of Economic and Political Society.

It was the ideal of corporate solidarity, which expressed itself in his enthusiastic recognition of Co-operation in all

its forms. He had the full ardour of the earlier belief in all that Co-operation might effect, which was so characteristic of Maurice and Kingsley; and still is nobly embodied in John Ludlow. He clung to its more prophetic form: and reasserted it quite recently, as Mr. Holyoake records, at a Co-operative Congress, in face of the Commercialism which has tinged its purity. I think that he trusted to its voluntary extension far more than to any State Legislation for our ultimate economic redemption. The high value that he set on the individual made him shy of any compulsion that menaced it.

Perhaps this showed itself most forcibly in his ideal of Education in which he made it the supreme function of corporate authority to cherish and fertilize the vigour of individual judgment. This was a favourite topic with him, which he had elaborately formulated. He was never finer than when idealizing the relationship of the true teacher to the pupil, as in a magnificent address at the Christian Social Union Annual Meeting at Bristol.

Solidarity became to him the key-word, again, in the matter of International Peace. He felt strongly that Christianity, with its prophetic conception of the variety of Nations building up the body of the one complete Humanity in the Flesh of the Christ, had laid the true grounds for universal Peace. It had carried the ideal of Nationality forward into the fulness of a complex Internationalism, in which all Nations suffered by the wounding of any one Nation, and for which the weakest and smallest Nationality had its proper contribution to make.*

Once again—in his last effort made on behalf of the Christian Social Union—in a sermon at Tufnell Park in

* See pp. 333 and 335 of *Lessons from Work*.

1900, he found in this corporate solidarity, or fellowship of free peoples, the ideal towards which our British Empire, in spite of all that marred and disfigured its advance, was still heroically working.*

Yet, once again, it was the sense of personal service due to the corporate fellowship which made him so intensely urgent on the subject of expenditure. He had a real passion for simplicity of life. He had astonished the Harrow Boys, as "Bystander" has reminded us, by appealing to the example of St. Francis. He had startled respectable Cathedral Precincts by a wonderful ideal of Monastic Families, gathered into a Conventional Order, wives, children, and all. At Lambeth, he had hid himself away from the Archbishopal pomp, with a mutton-chop in the Lollard's Tower. He would retreat, to the very last, from Archidiaconal hot-joints to a cold corner of a railway station waiting-room—surely the most forlorn spot on this human earth of ours!—and sit there for an hour or two, huddled in a shawl, engrossed in meditation. Reasoned and measured simplicity was to him the expression of individual responsibility for public service. He thought out every detail of the possibilities involved in a vast and noble home like Bishop Auckland; and his misery at its splendour yielded as he discovered how great were the opportunities it gave him of making its glories a public possession. It was typical of the change that has come over our dream that the famous Park, which once held its hounds and its deer, was used by him as a resting-home for exhausted pit ponies, against whose hard usage in the pit he continually pleaded. He still crept into his carriage as if it were a hearse; but the

* Pages 370 and 381 of *Lessons from Work*.

burden of his state sat much lighter on him as he realized how practicable it was to use it as a trust. He valued private property as the material for verifying a corporate service.

There was one department of human life which was strange and unfamiliar to him, and in which he moved with rare and doubtful steps. It was the world of sin. He told us little about it. It was alien to him. Why pry into it, or analyze it, or explore it? He loathed it; and passed it by, wherever it was possible. He preferred to uplift the ideal, and leave it to work its own victory. If the sun were but up, would not the night, by that very fact, have departed? Somehow, that dark world is more tenacious and persistent than he quite allowed for. When his Archdeacons presented to him the carefully collected case of an Incumbent who had broken every Commandment, he dismissed it on the ground (so it was reported) that his category of humanity refused to admit the existence of such a sinner. As the terrible facts of his northern towns forced themselves upon his notice, he became more vividly aware of the awful volume of evil. But still, however deeply this disturbed him, it did not provoke him to examine more closely the conditions of sin. It remained a perturbing misery rather than an intelligible experience. His purity of soul recoiled from its mystery, and still sought for refuge in asserting the Ideal. This accounts for a certain white intensity of optimism, which characterizes his writings, and which keeps them slightly aloof from things as they are. We wonder, as we read, whether he has quite taken the full measure of the facts. We sometimes feel as if the atmosphere were too fine to live in, and as if the springs of human motive were left untouched. There is no scathing light suddenly let in, to

lay bare the secrets of the soul, such as flashes from the pages of Newman's sermons. We are not brought up to judgment at the awful bar. This work was not for him. Rather it was his to persuade us that all things were possible with GOD; that evil was an alien thing, and might be done away; that human nature had the impulse in it of eternity; that the entire body of humanity was moving towards its redemption in CHRIST JESUS.

He gave us hope, in an age which needed, above all things, to be saved from hopelessness. "We can keep hope fresh," so he cried to us of the Christian Social Union.

"Hope, the paramount duty which Heaven lays,
For its own honour, on man's suffering heart."

This is the debt that we owe to him—to cling to the high hopes with which he was inspired—even though we "see not our token, and there is no prophet more; no, not one among us who understandeth any more."

HENRY PARRY LIDDON *

NOT for a moment will I pretend that I write these memorial words on Henry Parry Liddon in the spirit of an impartial critic. On the contrary, I venture to write them only in order that those thousands who admired and honoured him in his public career, may know a little more of what it was which those who had the privilege of his intimacy, and who dearly loved him, felt to be the peculiar value and significance of his personality.

Writing of him under the very shadow of his loss, that significance and that value impress themselves with special acuteness; and the memory is quickened by an affection which can with difficulty learn to believe that a presence so vital and so exhilarating will never be found at our side again, with the look and the speech that had, for so long, been our delight.

What is it that we should say of him, if we are asked why we attributed to him such peculiar value?

I need not touch on all those obvious gifts of his, which were revealed through his preaching and his writing, and which are public property. He had literary and theological learning; he had style; he had rhetorical skill and passion. All this I can assume to be acknowledged; but what was it in him which gave force and colour to all this?

* *Contemporary Review*, October 1890.

— Well, he had that which we call “distinction.” You might agree with him, or not agree; you might criticize and discuss his gifts; but, anyhow, he had the quality of speciality. In any roomful of men, his presence was felt with a distinct and rare impression. If he let himself speak, his voice, manner, style, articulation, arrested you; you wanted to listen to him, whoever else was speaking; his phrases, his expressions, caught your ear. Here was somebody notable; so you knew. He stood out from his fellows; there was a flavour in his company which was unique.

— And this impression is one which belonged to character; it was not the result of any particular and separate gift, but it made itself known through them all. Whatever he did or said was unlike another’s; was characteristic of himself. And this was what gave him, to those who had the joy of his friendship, such intense and unfailing interest. In days such as ours, when the average standard of culture, and cleverness, and character is so high, it requires a most remarkable force of inward energy for any one to show himself clearly and distinctly above the average. It is this which makes the present generation of educated men appear so strangely dull and commonplace. Such crowds of men can come up to a very decent level; so very, very few can pass it. The result is that they all look exactly alike; they all talk with about the same ability; they all conform to a very respectable standard of knowledge and reading and wits; we feel that they have all been through a common mill. It is a very *good* mill. We do not deny that; only, good as are Huntley and Palmer’s Reading Mills, it must be confessed that the biscuits are very much alike. This feeling of the common average weighs upon

us, and depresses. It makes us humbly conscious that nobody need be missed—that there is certain to be only too many who are ready to take his place, and who will do as well as he.

And, therefore, it is with quite a peculiar and excessive delight that we recognize one who, like Liddon, so obviously stands apart from, and above, the average. He had kept his contours free; he had never let himself be ground down to the ordinary mould. He had got the tone and quality that could never be mistaken for another's. He was, in a word, intensely interesting. To watch him, to catch his glance, his gestures, his motions, his intonation, was a perpetual joy in itself. Everything that came from him, in word or deed, was exactly typical of him. It was so sure to be like him, that it gave you the shock of a delicious surprise, every time it happened—the surprise, not of a novelty, but of recognizing so intense an identity under a novel form. You seized on it with the laughing glee of a scientific enthusiast pouncing on a new specimen, in some unexpected spot, of a favourite or familiar organism. You mentally treasured up the saying, or the act, whatever it was; you went about repeating or reacting it; you laughed quietly to yourself alone as you recalled it. This gave to his companionship an inexhaustible charm; it was impossible even to be with him beyond a few minutes without adding to your stores of refreshing memories of this kind. Up something was sure to come; and it bubbled up so instinctively; and it threw itself into such varied and unexpected forms; and if once a vein was started, it developed so freely and so richly; and the happy words flowed along with such amazing rapidity of selection; and he became so confident

and insistent and abundant, as he felt the reflex of your enjoyment in it; and his eye so kindled with merriment and keenness and animation, and his face so twinkled with expressive motions and brimming fancies, that, when at last you managed to drag yourself out of his affectionate grasp, as he followed you out of his room to the top of the stairs, and still held both your hands in his, and still had some last irrepressible epithet or inimitable phrase to add to the many already showered upon you, you disappeared glowing with the sense that certainly there was no talk like Liddon's—no one quite so special and so vitalizing.

Of course, for this to happen he required to know you, to know exactly where he stood toward you; no one was more sensitive to the social atmosphere about him. He could never expand like this except when he was sure of his surroundings. Until he had made himself aware of his company, he would repress every signal or suggestion of it all. People might interview him or meet him and never suspect the fund of imaginative and ironical humour that he was holding in restraint. But once give him confidence in you, and, so long as he was in decent health, these funds never failed you. The humour was instructive and overflowing. Not even dark hours of anxiety would be enough to subdue it. Even at times when he was writing letters full of the blackest forebodings, and when he was penetrated with pessimistic distresses, still, in the evening, when you caught him free to talk, the delicious springs of fun and brilliancy would bubble and brim with the same inevitable felicity. Mr. Frederick Harrison, in his touching little picture of him, harps on his sweet and gentle melancholy. This conveys a very

partial impression. I should say that, gentle as was his manner, with its soft tenderness of courtesy, and its priestly touch of anxiety, still there was no one on earth whose eye was so sure to greet one with a beaming look of alertness, or who was so quick in response to any fun. Nor, again, should I say that his habitual gentleness could at all conceal the fire that glowed beneath it, and which would kindle into ready flame at any provocation that was aware how to rouse it. There were subjects on which he would speak with a vehement excitement that grew hotter as it found words; and he had this mark of the natural orator, that the language would win epigrammatic force and precision, according to the measure of heat that burned behind it; and again the brilliancy of the epigrams that flowed from his lips would feed and renew the heat. At such times it was evident how explosive were the forces of that sensitive physique which he had to manage and control under the restraint of a delicate and disciplined courtesy.

Such a personality, so fresh, so vivid, so abundant, so elastic, so vivacious, was bound to be ever interesting and ever charming. Nor was this freshness, this elasticity of character, the least diminished by the fact that, intellectually, his lines were singularly formal and motionless. On the contrary, is it not often true that humour and imagination play with the fullest freedom round and about an intellectual pivot which is absolutely fixed? The very fixity of the conviction sets these forces loose, unhindered by any interior anxiety. They are relieved from the labour of working out and determining the position to be taken up, and their entire energy is free to skirmish outside—to attack, to defend, to repudiate, to “chaff,” to

detect weak points in an opponent's armour, to summon up all available resources in succour of the position adopted. Definite and unhesitating convictions are an immense gain to the advocate and logician; they form the finest background for humour, for irony, for imagination. The man whose convictions are themselves in the act of growing is bound to offer magnificent opportunities to a quick and acute logic, and to a brilliant sense of the ridiculous. Such opportunities were never missed by Liddon. He had all his weapons ready. His appreciation of the absurd was like an instinct, and the moment that the absurd had been sighted, his imagination was up and after it, like a greyhound slipped from the leash.

Here was his power in talk, and in writing. His intellect, as such, would never stir. You could anticipate, exactly, the position from which he would start. It never varied. He had won clear hold on the dogmatic expressions by which the Church of the Councils secured the Catholic belief in the Incarnation; and there he stood with unalterable tenacity. Abstract ideas did not appeal to him; for philosophy he had no liking, though naturally he could not fail in handling it to show himself a man of cultivated ability. But it did not affect him at all: he never felt drawn to get inside it. He did not work in that region. His mental tone was intensely practical; it was Latin, it was French, in sympathy and type. For Teutonic speculation he had a most amusing repugnance. Its misty magniloquence, its grotesque bulk, its immense clumsiness, its laborious pedantry, which its best friends admit, brought out everything in him that was alert, rapid, compact, practical, effective, humorous. There was nothing against which his entire armoury came into

more vivid play. His brilliant readiness, his penetrating irony, his quick sense of proportion, his admirable and scholarly restraint, his delicate grace, his fastidious felicity of utterance. There was no attraction on the speculative side to make him hesitate in these excursions of his; he saw no reason to expect any gain from these philosophers, while, on the other hand, he was acutely alive to the peril of such intellectual adventures.

So he stood, absolutely rooted, in the region of thought. Nothing occurred to colour or expand his intellectual fabric. To novel ideas—to the ideas that are still in growth, especially—he offered no welcome, so far as his own inner habit of mind was concerned. Of course, he was quick enough to perceive them, to estimate them, to handle them, to place them. He was on the alert to deal with them; he was acutely sensitive to the exact points at which they touched his position. But he never enjoyed them for their own sake. Reason to him was a tool, a weapon, a talent committed in charge; but hardly a life. And perhaps, in saying all this, we can relieve Mr. Frederick Harrison of his wonder how any one, with a mind so inelastic, could have had such immense influence. As with the humourist, so with the orator and the preacher, a fixed intellectual base is incomparable gain. The preachers who produce the deepest effects are those who, having fast hold of the elemental religious principles which their hearers already hold, but hold hesitatingly, or hold as in a dream, or hold without knowing what they hold, draw these out from the darkness in which they lie buried, and force them into activity, and vividly manifest the reality of their application to heart and conduct. That is what moves men so profoundly; they come to church

professing a creed, they hope that they believe it ; but it slumbers, inoperative and inert, without practical force without any direct or effectual significance. The preacher reads out the secret ; he takes up this assumed creed ; he gives it actual meaning ; he spreads it out over the surface of life ; he brings it to bear on the real facts of daily conduct with incision and with fire.

Now, in all this Liddon was supreme. Inelastic in his intellectual frame work, he was eminently elastic in every other field of life—in sympathy, in imagination, in affection, in sensibility, in logical acuteness, in mental alertness, in modes of expression, in times of feeling. Here was all motion, rapidity, change. No one could appreciate a situation with finer or more delicate intuition ; no one could exhibit a more subtle variety of temperament, a more spontaneous identification of himself with the shifting needs of the moment. Here he would become “all things to all men” ; he could understand everything in a flash, the meaning would be caught up and expressed with pre-eminent happiness of insight. Thus he had the double gift of the preacher. He impressed, he overawed, he mastered, by the sense of unshaken solidity which his mental characteristics assumed to him. Men felt the force of a position which was as a rock amid the surging seas. Here was the fixity, the security, the eternal reassurance most needed by those who wondered sadly whether the sands under their feet were shifting or no. And yet at the service of this unmoving creed was a brain, a heart, alive with infinite motion, abounding in rich variety, fertile, resourceful, quickening, expansive, vital.

And if we add to this a strong will, possessed of unswerving courage, and utterly fearless of the world, we

shall see that there was in him all the elements that constitute a great director of souls. For such a function he had just the right combinations of gifts, rigid and decisive spiritual principles, applied to the details of life with all the pliability of a sympathetic imagination and of illuminative affection. The moment he entered the sphere of personal relations, his intense honour for each soul in its separateness, his exquisite courtesy, his unfailing tenderness, his eager unselfishness, his perfect simplicity, all served to temper and connect the rigidities of his intellectual formulæ. It must remain to us a matter of poignant regret, that he persisted in a strange and invincible refusal to undertake Retreats, for which he had shown in early days at Cuddesdon quite a peculiar aptitude, and for which he seemed obviously endowed with every qualification that could be desired.* He was a priest to the core of cores—a priest by nature as well as by grace. Already, as a boy, he moved about as a priest among the rest, we are told. Instinctively he bent all to edification; instinctively he wore the names of others on his breast. I can scarcely imagine any one who would surpass him in conducting a Clerical Retreat. He had all the strength and the gentleness, which, in union with his strong spiritual insight, would have ranked him, so far as we can judge, among the masters of the spiritual life. Yet, in spite of reiterated entreaties, he abstained from all such opportunities; he resolutely declared himself unfitted. He confined himself to private ministrations, to interviews, to letter writing, holding himself, indeed, entirely at the mercy of correspondents, and keeping his door open to all who came there for counsel and good cheer.

* Cf. R. Randall, "Retreat Addresses," Preface, p. xi.

I have attempted to show how unique was the position of him whom we have lost. And such as this he had been for twenty-five years. There was no one at all to challenge his particular position. That position was historically noticeable, in that, apart from his own personal eminence as a preacher and theologian, he served to bind the later Ritualistic movement to the old Tractarian centre. What we call "Ritualism" only means the effort to diffuse over the parish life of town and country that which the Tractarians had revived and secured in the university. This diffusion carried the movement far afield; it had to make adventurous experiments, often in young hands, under rough and irregular conditions. It might have got quite out of hand. And then, of course, the children of those who had stoned Tractarianism were now ready to glorify their old foe, at the expense of their new and swarming enemy. They spoke of the academic dignity, of the illustrious learning, of the lofty intellectual calibre, of the great leaders of Tractarianism. This was safe enough now that most of those, who had not long ago gone over to Rome, were beginning to grow old and to die. They scornfully contrasted with those great names the unknown crowd of clergy, fervent but ignorant, who were spreading the new movement in the lanes and slums. They were rash; they were reckless; they were silly. The movement once so dignified was vulgarized. So men complained; and it was everything that, at such a moment, there should be a personality like Liddon's in absolute touch with the new men, in fullest sympathy with all that they were attempting, and yet himself lodged tight and fast in honourable places of the old university—a professor, a theologian, a unique figure in its pulpit; and, moreover,

one to whom the outside public was compelled to listen with respect; who had a reputation which told on the imagination of the world at large. Thus in binding the earlier and later stages of the Church movement together, Liddon, who was at once in the intimate and affectionate confidence of the great academic chief who still worked and prayed in the corner of the great quadrangle at Christ Church, and the greatest power in the pulpit at St. Mary's—and yet had also been the fellow-curate of Maconochie at Wantage, and had, as Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon, inspired the very men who were doing the Catholic work in street and field, was, for the last twenty-five years, of incalculable importance to the Church.

And it was in bridging these significant years by the force of a most noticeable personality that he told, too, upon us, the younger brood at Oxford, to whom he gave himself in such simple and delightful familiarity. He introduced into our midst the intensity, the fibre, the moral toughness of the old Tractarians. He had their rigorous unworldliness, their unflinching courage, their disciplined self-repression, their definite and masterful direction, their spiritual beauty, their unearthly force. We, on the other hand, had come under many influences which were wholly foreign to all under which the older movement grew. The currents of thought that fed the education of the day had been changed. The English utilitarianism had yielded to the sway of speculative floods, which had been set moving in German universities. These influences had gone very deep in us; they had passed into our innermost habits of reasoning; they had dyed our mental moods. Their pressure had fallen upon us just at an age when we

were most receptive; we could not but be moulded and penetrated by them. The result was inevitable. Much to which Liddon had closed the doors instinctively, was already inside us by the very conditions of our growth. We had offered ourselves to it at an age when every door and window in us was as wide open as it could bear to be. We had therefore absorbed, according to our abilities, that which he held at arm's length with suspicion and repugnance. This could not but tell in matters of Christian apology. We had imbibed another logical temper than his; we could not approach a problem by his method, nor deal with it according to his measures. One of his generation, and, above all, one still living of the generation older than his, whom it is needless to name, had, in all such matters, drawn much nearer to us than he. He resolutely kept himself aloof from the influences that had entered the modern life and had changed its intellectual temper.

This could not but be a sorrow; but yet it remained that, by different routes, we arrived at the same goal. Our conclusion was his conclusion. For still, it was "JESUS CHRIST, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever." Still, it was the doctrine of the Incarnation, as witnessed by Church and Scripture, which was the sum and substance of all our apology. All his positive vital convictions were ours also. And here he brought to bear upon us the authoritative conviction which we, in our littleness, most needed. For we were shaken and confused by the new powers that had taken hold of the intellectual life. We were staggering about; we were often lifted off our feet; we were weaklings caught in a strong stream. And it was everything to have before us one who gave us a standard of what spiritual conviction should mean; who

never cringed, or shrank, or compromised, or slid ; one who looked unswervingly on the eternal things ; one who was evidence to us of what the Sacraments of the Incarnation could work in those who were yielded to them in body, soul, and spirit ; one who had committed his all to the dominion and service of CHRIST, " casting down before it all reasonings and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of GOD, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of CHRIST." There he was ; there was no mistaking him. He would die gladly for his Creed ; we felt it, we knew it, and it shamed us and braced us just when shame and bracing were most needful.

Ah ! and then, on the common ground of his and our positive convictions, he gave us everything that was exhilarating and attractive in personal intimacy. He drew us with the cords of a man. He communed with us freely, with that most joyful and blessed communion of mind and heart which is impossible except for those who walk together in the same house of GOD as friends. Only to those who came within the warmth and security of a common faith could he set free all the glowing fervours and the most radiant fascinations of his personal character. But to them everything was opened with the most winning freedom and in the richest abundance. To the very last it was the same ; the bond held fast, however annoying and erratic we became. Never did I find him more buoyantly at ease, more burning with confidential mirth and playful affection, than when I met him at Oxford on the Sunday before his final illness.

He was the most beautiful of friends. It is the loss of this that has taken so much sunlight from our days, and has made our daily life feel so beggared and so thin. Often

and often in the years to come we shall turn, by happy habit, to feel it at hand, only to remember with a fresh touch of sadness that GOD has taken from us that presence that was so beautiful, so dear.

“All our days we shall go softlier, sadlier,” as those who are aware that a glory has gone from their life; yet as those who, from the very bottom of their hearts, give thanks to the LORD and SAVIOUR who has him in good keeping, that it was once their honour and their joy to know and to love Henry Parry Liddon.

THE LIFE OF HENRY PARRY LIDDON *

THE life is told through the letters. Mr. Johnston has kept himself strikingly in reserve, and has been content to give the letters their connection and place: to select them, to explain the circumstances out of which they arose. He has done this with singular discretion and right insight. He leaves them to give their own report of their author.

Now, letters are always delightful reading: and these letters are keen, effective, and real. They carry one back into the very heart of many stormy hours, in the troubled years of conflict and controversy. But the fallacy of a Life based on letters lies in its tendency to hide out of sight all that the letters happen to omit. There are matters of the deepest possible interest in any life, to which the man himself will be the last person to refer. Nor, of course, will he convey to us by his own hand the impression that he produced on others; or the characteristics that made him dear; or the man that he was when he had not got his pen at work.

But Liddon was, above all things, a personality to be felt, he left his mark on men and things as he moved; he

* *Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon*. Edited by J. O. Johnston. Longmans, Green and Co. 1904.

inspired vivid impressions, and kindled passions and woke affections, and stirred the drama of human life into intensity of emotion and action. You cannot tell the story of what he was, unless this electric effect of his presence upon men is given, in all its tingling vitality. It was this that made him the man that we loved to hear and follow: it was this that gave him his supreme power as a preacher. Yet this book, keeping close to the letters, fails to convey this impression; and it happens that one or two very distinctive moments in his career receive no particular attention in the letters; and, thus, the dramatic effect of his appearance on the scene of public affairs disappears. For instance, the famous lectures in St. James's, Piccadilly, in 1870, get but a passing notice: yet they were an epoch in London life, and in their effect on Liddon's reputation. Was anything ever seen like the sensation that they produced? Those smart crowds packed tight, Sunday after Sunday, to listen for an hour and forty minutes to a sermon that spoke straight home to their elemental souls. It was amazing! London never again shook with so vehement an emotion. "Society," in its vague aggravating ignorance, believed itself to have discovered Liddon. How indignant we used to get with the rapturous "Duchesses" who asked whether we had ever heard of this wonderful new preacher? Why, for years before we had stood ranked thick on each others' toes, in huddled St. Mary's, to catch every word of the ringing voice! Those belated Duchesses, indeed! Yet it was something that, however late in the day, they should all feel it necessary for their reputation to be there at St. James's.

Then, the unhappy impaled Bulgarian plays but a

fleeting part in the book, hardly to be discerned. Yet that was a moment, never to be forgotten, when Liddon challenged the united hostility of England's Officialdom. And how vivid was his insistence in after years in making you look through the splendid glasses which had shown him the gruesome sight close at hand: and, then, in contrasting their immediate evidence with that of the British Consul who, at a distance of 800 miles, off and on, from the spot, suggested that it might possibly have been a bag of beans on a post, and on the strength of this incredible suggestion, has got himself believed by all intelligent Englishmen to this day.

Or, again, those sermons in the Lent Courses of Bishop Wilberforce, at St. Mary's, Oxford! Can we ever forget them? Could we tear the memory out of our hearts? Can Liddon's life be written without a picture of the moving sight? The swarms of undergraduates, herded in galleries, in deep rows, or crowded into every nook and corner on the floor; the lights; the unwonted fact that we were all there in church; the odd weird length of Burgon giving out the hymn in a shrill piping voice; the young voices released, in their joy, to sing some old friend like "SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee"; the mighty hush of expectation; and then the thrill of that vibrant voice, alive with all the passion of the hour, vehement, searching, appealing, pleading, ringing ever higher as the great argument lifted him; the swift turns of the beautiful face, as he flung out over us some burning ironic phrase, or quivering challenge: the beads on the brow that told of the force expended: the grace, the movement, the fire, the sincerity of it all. It was wonderful to us. We lived on the memory of it till next Lent came

round, and then there we all were again : the same scene enacted itself, the same voice pleaded with us for our souls. So, from year to year, in our weak, boyish hearts the flickering flame of faith was saved from perishing under the gusty tumult of the perilous times.

There is another characteristic of Liddon which escapes notice in the book—his splendid speaking. Very rarely, indeed, could he be induced to make a speech. He hardly ever would go on a platform. He avoided all conceivable oratorical opportunities. But, when he did speak, you felt that he was as excellently gifted for it as for preaching. He had the un-English power of becoming more terse and epigrammatic the more he was moved. Two or three delicious occasions I well remember. Once, at the Cuddesdon Festival, when King had just been appointed Professor, and Dr. W. Jelf had written a pamphlet, charging Bright and King with patronizing all the Ritual excesses of St. Barnabas, and inquiring how far they meant to go, with the motto "*Quousque tandem?*" Liddon at the Lunch pictured King riding into Oxford on his cob to take up his duties, and finding himself stopped by an old gentleman with not much to do, on Magdalen Bridge, who is saying: "*Quousque tandem, Mr. Professor of Pastoral Theology?*" Then he gave King's imagined answer in a series of retorts which flew like pistol-shots round the tent, each beginning "I am not going to stop until" I only recall one now: "I am not going to stop until I have convinced the young men of Oxford that the Church of England is something more than the shell of an establishment!" The effect of the stinging epigrams, as they followed on each other's heels, delivered with flashing eye

and the tense utterance of passionate conviction, was absolutely electrical.

Then, there was the famous speech at the Union Jubilee Dinner in the Cornmarket, Oxford, which had the disastrous effect of reducing Matthew Arnold to speechlessness. We had toiled on through an enormous array of speeches: Lord Salisbury, Lord Selborne, Lord Coleridge, and more: Archbishop Manning had given us a mournful funeral oration on the dead: we had got wearied and despairing: it was drawing on to midnight: every speaker apologized for its being so late, and then rambled on through the long speech that he could not bring himself to shorten. Yet still we hung on in hope to hear Liddon propose Literature, coupled with the name of Matthew Arnold. It would be worth dying in our chairs to hear this. "Tom" was getting himself together for his midnight effort, before it was reached. Liddon rose. In a moment we had risen out of a corpse-like listlessness into acute attention. He shot out each perfect sentence; he delicately chaffed; he stole to the very edge of dangerous ground, and then, as we trembled lest he should go too far, he sheered off through some felicitous phrase; he praised, yet retained sincerity: he let us feel the gulf that yawned between him and his subject, yet never forced the matter. It was exquisite in banter, real in emotion, flawless in expression. When he sat down, we found ourselves shouting in an enthusiasm of which we had thought ourselves incapable at that exhausted hour. And Matt? Well, he took the measure of the situation. It was obviously impossible at that late hour to produce an effect that could stand against Liddon's. He gave it up. "Everybody else who has spoken has said it was

time to go to bed: and I am one who believes it." So he rose, said, and sat down, leaving his speech where it was—in his pocket: and out we streamed into the street.

The book tells us something of Liddon's travel: but it hardly gives the idea of his insatiable and amusing voracity in sights. He was the ideal tourist—the tourist "sub specie eternitatis," as Mr. Haldane would say. He loved sight-seeing as such: and nothing came amiss. He liked to see every church in every town, however ugly it might be. His friend, Vere Bayne, who so often took him round French towns, would turn him into a church, and then buy a bag of cherries to eat until Liddon came out. If when he had finished the cherries no Liddon had emerged he knew that the worst had happened: Liddon was in the sacristy, and out of this nothing but physical force could remove him. Bayne had to dig him out like a lost ferret. Dodgson had a legend that Liddon, on his Russian tour, had started gaily in one sacristy to work through seventy-three copes and vestments. On a tour he was at his gayest. He had the wonder of a child, combined with the associations of a man of high cultivation. He was never tired of showing us the photographs of his last great trip to Egypt and Palestine, when he would dramatize, in his own inimitable way, the incidents, *e.g.* of his interview with the Patriarch of Jerusalem, when, burning with many thoughts, he was countered, first, by an inquiry from the Patriarch as to the Queen's communicating in the kirk: and then, when this point had been skilfully skirmished round, two photographs were produced from a drawer, one of Archbishop Tait, I think, in full-blown magpie, and another of a Scotch bishop, gorgeous in cope, mitre and staff; and the Patriarch observed that they

appeared to be differently dressed. Liddon carefully examined them, and said that it certainly was so. "How is this?" asked the astonished Patriarch. Liddon observed that we had two traditions as to how a bishop should be dressed, and these were examples. The Patriarch looked at him as if he hoped that he was speaking the truth, and said: "Is not that very awkward, to possess two traditions?" "Yes! It certainly was." "Would it not be well to settle on one, as soon as possible?" "It would be most advisable." And at last, to his intense relief, the photographs were laid aside: but he felt his reputation had been shaken.

Then there was the Papal Nuncio, who made such friends on the voyage from Beyrout to Constantinople, and became very confidential, and told him that his instructions from the Holy Father were that he should make every possible advance to the Patriarch of Constantinople, and so he did, and got some way, only to find himself beaten by some impassable wall. "Indeed," said Liddon, "and to what do you attribute the wall?" "Well," said the Nuncio, "one must seek for causes very far back in history: and he could not but think that the Greek still had a sense of soreness at having been conquered by the Romans in ancient days." "No doubt," said Liddon, "these causes lie deep: but need one go back quite as far as that? Might not more recent facts have something to do with it—such as the sacking of Constantinople by the Western Crusaders?" The Nuncio gave a disturbed start, and cried: "*Ah! Cela! C'était une bêtise!*" After that, the Nuncio was not so confidential. Liddon never firmly denied the famous story of the bak-sheesh, which was so large that it enabled his dragoman

at once to add a new wife to his establishment. He, at any rate, entered into the domestic perplexities of the captain of his dahabeah, whose wife at Assouan complained bitterly that the other wife at Cairo had all the fun, and pleaded that each should have a spell in the gay city, turn and turn about. Liddon entirely sympathized with this claim for equal justice, and gave his judgment in favour of the lady at Assouan.

His gracious winning courtesy cannot be expressed through the medium of letters. Nothing was more characteristic of him. His quick and affectionate "Thank you! Thank you!" rescued him out of many emergencies. He tumbled on his stairs one day, and on scrambling up, saw an immense coal-carrier, who looked down on him in amazement, and did nothing at all: but Liddon caught, as he thought, some faint touch of sympathy in his eye, and gave him his hearty thanks: "Thank you! Thank you!" "Ah! Dr. Liddon!" cried the Liberal agent who met him coming out of the polling-booth where he had just voted Conservative, as he did on one historic occasion: "Glad to see you; one of us, I presume?" "Thank you! Thank you!" said Liddon, as he affectionately clasped his hand, and the secrecy of the Ballot was saved. His courtesy to the poor was always beautiful. It was sorely tried on one occasion, when walking with Paget, I think, in the Hinksey meadow, they found a stout lady prostrated in a ditch. On being tenderly raised and lifted to her feet, she pronounced the cause to be "sun-stroke," and proposed to go home. Liddon was all pity, and offered his arm, and they started. But on nearing Osney, it appeared that the lady was widely known. Boys ran round, saluting her as "the Duchess." Cries of "Hullo, Duchess" arose. Porters

looked over the railway bridge, and called: "I say, Duchess! Who have you got hold of now?" The lady moved along, in triumph, on the arm of the bending clergyman, wreathed in smiles: and still Liddon never faltered until they reached her door in St. Thomas's, escorted by an admiring crowd. Never had the good lady had such a day. He was the terror and the plague of the Charity Organization Society. Several old men who sold pencils in the streets were popularly believed to be sustained in existence by his constant purchases. I remember how he flamed up, at a little Sunday dinner with Bayne and Kitchin, at the mention of the poor law: and his fiery indignation grew out of some event in his old curacy at Wantage, when he had given some pictures to relieve the hideous workhouse walls, only to find them removed by unbending Guardians.

Mr. Sampson has recorded, in a most beautiful paper contributed to the *Life*, something of what he was as a colleague and a companion to those of us who had the happy privilege of being with him at Christ Church. There was nobody in the least like him. Every mood, every word, were unique, with the distinction which belongs to a marked and original personality. There at Christ Church we saw him at his freest: and then it was that his incomparable humour bubbled over the brim with irresponsible spontaneity. Only, for this to happen, he had to be quite sure of his atmosphere. "Liddon shut up like an oyster," so somebody records of a meeting with Archbishop Tait. That is just what he would do instinctively if the merriment was not congenial. Even to those with whom he was familiar, he would hardly reveal his humour unless he was sure of himself. I remember that Lord Acton, after walks and talks of great intimacy with

him, was quite surprised when I spoke of it. Yet, at home, in some congenial circle, it was simply inevitable and inexhaustible. It penetrated every theme: it rollicked and frolicked. It used to positively disgrace the mild austerities of a fish tea on Fridays, at which he used to delight in joining us. The result would be a babel of happy and uproarious laughter on all matters little or great. And all of it was only the natural release of the man in him. Out it flowed, and every word was spiced with some delight. Of course, there is no possibility of recalling fun like this. And, oddly enough, there is very little of it in his letters: so that the book does nothing for us here. He had a fatal habit of answering every letter by return of post. This is magnificent as a matter of discipline, but it is not letter-writing. It reduces it to a duty. It kills the free spirit of spontaneous outbreaks. This I think is why the letters do not really convey any idea of the brilliant versatility, of the delicious play of his mind.

He was charming at a walk. Every country sight he saw pleased him. "There is the corncrake," he would say, stopping to listen to its monotonous croak. "Do you suppose that by that effort he won the heart of Mrs. Corncrake? Do you not admire, dear friend, the moral earnestness of the bird? It goes on saying the only truth that it knows, however unpalatable that truth may be." He collected all sorts of treasures, flowers, tinted leaves or grasses, to be carried in his hat: and there was an Oxford rumour of the disastrous results that followed his meeting with Mrs. Liddell on the return journey, to whom he bowed with his accustomed politeness, to find himself crowned with his spoils.

This delicious companionship of his never failed us, even when we had gone in for doing all the things which he thought hopeless and compromising. He despaired of the new Oxford: he could not adapt himself to its illogical rumble-tumble. And illogical it all was, with no consistent interpretation of itself, and with its ancient constructive spirit gone out of it. He would not take part in our little efforts to make use of the opportunities left us. "What is the advantage," he would ask, "in combing the hair of a corpse?" It was at this time that he delivered his epigram about the University Commission under Lord Selborne's chairmanship. I remember hearing it from a cousin who met me in London, who said: "What is this that Liddon has been telling us at Hatfield? He declares that Lord Selborne is stripping the University of even the fragments of religion which the older Commission of 1852 had left it. In fact, he says that what the locust had left, the Palmer-worm had eaten." Those who recall the relentless pertinacity of Lord Selborne will appreciate the full force of the analogy. I was Proctor when he preached the sermon which bade all Churchmen wipe the dust off their feet, and abandon Oxford for Zanzibar, where they might give themselves to the service of the Catholic Creed. He was so charged with repressed emotion that the perspiration was pouring from him before he began, while he sat waiting in Adam de Brome's Chapel for the procession to pass in.

His logic that he applied to life was, as we all know, keen and incisive to excess: but no one succumbed more quickly to a personal touch. He was entirely human; and in face of human creatures in flesh and blood, his swift spiritual sympathies came at once into play to modify his

rigidities. Conceive how different his judgment would have been on Wilberforce, if he had been merely the typical bishop, and not the man whom he knew, trusted, and loved! This is why Dean Church wanted him to be a bishop himself; in order that he may bring his abstract verdicts into contrast with realities. For many years, he had framed an abstraction of Dr. Westcott, who had become a type to him of what he suspected and distrusted in the Cambridge mind. At this image of his creation he shot his arrows, until one day he went up to give evidence before the Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts, and the Archbishop handled him hardly: "Yes! he doth ravish the poor, dear friend, when he getteth him into his net," so he said of it: but Dr. Westcott helped him, gave him his leads, came with him to the door, and spoke sympathetically. At once his whole language towards Dr. Westcott took a new colour. He never forgot it. A real bond was made. He would indulge in his old chaff, but in quite a new temper.

On few subjects was he more vehement in denunciation than on that of "Women at the Universities." It was one of his surest draws. But there came a day when he stayed at Trinity Lodge, with the Master, and was entirely charmed by the lady classic. She was all that he liked in women; and when the Master quoted Greek at dinner, only by a slight quiver of the upper lip did she betray that she could construe it. Everything was delightful. And so, ever after, when the vehement storm was rising, we had but to say softly: "But, Liddon, there is Mrs. Butler," and he would collapse with a deprecatory wave of the hand into a gentle protest: "You are evil, dear person!"

His immense success as a preacher never touched him. Surely, never was there any one so utterly and entirely free from the infirmities to which popular preachers are proverbially liable. I could never make out whether he was ever aware of the striking beauty of his face. He lived quite clear of the atmosphere in which the temptations of popularity play their part, and find their opportunity. We might be told by the "Intellectuals" that he was a rhetorician. We knew what they intended. Intellectually he had the gifts of a splendid advocate. When you were on his side, you wished for no better advocacy than his. If you were not on his side, you would feel only that you were his victim—silenced, entranced, but not in the least convinced. But beyond all this, we owned ourselves spellbound by the passionate sincerity of a man wholly committed to his belief, who had but one aim possessing him—the aim of dedicating every gift in his being to winning each soul before him into that allegiance to CHRIST, his Master, which was to him the sole and supreme interpretation of life, at once his awful joy, and his tremendous responsibility.

LORD SALISBURY

WE are losing all that gave a background to public life. There is nothing behind what we all can touch and see and measure. No big personalities stand back, above and beyond the commonplace foreground. That is what is making us feel cheap and thin. And that is why the withdrawal of Lord Salisbury is so marked a loss. He is almost the last of those whose presence had in it the touch of an older day. Except for him who still bears heavily the burden of Canterbury, we are, now, all of one lot. That is dismal.

And Lord Salisbury had such strong *personal* interest. He was so far more interesting as a man than as a Statesman. Few of us could say what his Statesmanship came to. As to Home Affairs, he gave no line: his effect was purely negative. They had no attraction whatever for him, as far as we could see. He never took them seriously. They went on without him. Even as Prime Minister, he appeared to contribute nothing, except criticism and cold water.

We knew that his heart was wholly in Foreign Affairs: and Foreign affairs are hidden in a mysterious silence. No one could say what our Foreign Minister was making for, and what policy he was likely to be pressing. He knew a great deal about it. So we all believed. He

probably kept us out of a lot of mischief. He was bent on saving us from risk and venture. He was steering the ship out of danger with canny shrewdness. He was known to all the Chancelleries of Europe. That was a phrase that we trusted. In a big hour of crisis, when Foreign Affairs would suddenly become alive to us, he was, generally, cool, wary, and disappointing. If it was an occasion for keeping cool, when others were going off their heads, he was just the man to save us. If it was a moment that demanded an heroic venture, when nations are asked to rise to the height of a great passion for justice, for generosity, he was the last chief to lead us. He would have none of it. Some of us can never forget such hours of distressful collapse: whether in the earlier or the later day of Turkish infamies and England's lost opportunities. Not for these hours was he born. But, in quiet years, he moved along safe and rational paths. He was against all bullying swagger and aggression. We could trust him to be making the best of a situation.

Oddly enough, the Colonial Empire, which has played so large a part under his period of power, and which is the main fact now before us, had no particular significance for him, and never moved his imagination. He had the older mind about it. It was "provincial." It bored him. There were probably few men in England to whom South Africa appealed so little as to the man whose Government was to see the fate of Empire risked there, at the cost of the most perilous war ever waged by England. Did he ever regard the war there, and all its tangled issues, as anything else than an intolerable nuisance?

His mind worked on lines, and within horizons, that have passed out of our sight. Yet what a mind it was!

It did not matter that it was so remote and aloof from our governing motives. It had such a vivid intensity of its own. It was so utterly indifferent to us—to its environment—to the world—to the effect it produced. There was a lordly recklessness in it, which entranced our attention. It obeyed itself, with so little regard to us and to our opinions, that we could not but be fascinated. Such independence is so rare a feat; and it was preserved without conscious effort, which is rarer still. He never wanted to prove how independent he could be. He never posed. He was always and utterly himself. And his splendid utterance of whatever he had to say betrayed no artful forcing. It dropped out, in perfect form, without condescending to take any colour from the surroundings or the audience.

Could anything be odder than Lord Salisbury's mode of producing an oratorical effect? Was that heavy look of apparently hopeless stupidity put on? Who could believe what was coming? The eyes were closed. The mouth heavily opened. There were no gestures. He hardly seemed aware of anybody being there. He did not pay the House of Lords the compliment of recognizing its presence. He was like a man talking to himself, thinking aloud; unconscious of place, or time, or people. Yet, out of this curious and closed bulk, came somehow a clear loud voice which made every word tell; and the words were chosen with brilliant effectiveness: and down on the devoted heads of each quivering opponent came the sharp, masterful raps, with swift and singular precision. I can never forget the hitting force of the sharp retorts that came ringing down on the Liberal Chiefs, one after another, on the last night of the great Home Rule Debate

in the Lords. How we shouted! It was like hearing an anvil struck with a hammer, the masterful success of each blow made one breathless. Yet he hardly looked to see what he was doing, and betrayed no sense of being aware of it. The retorts were rather too cruel: too merciless. And the speech, for all its wonderful power, gave the whole English case away. As it went grinding out its relentless argument, without a touch of sympathy in its intense insular limitations, I felt as if I were listening to all that had made Ireland passionately repudiate the temper and mind of England. I knew now why she hated us so desperately.

And, indeed, that raises the general question—why Lord Salisbury, with his magnificent gifts; with his masterful character; with his untainted and unworldly independence of mind; with his total freedom from everything mean, from intrigue, from personal ambitions; with his high and noble purity of intention; with his deep inward sense of duty and responsibility; with his profound personal devotion to GOD and to JESUS CHRIST—why did he not do more? Why did he not rise into the ranks of the few great master-spirits who have moulded their generation? Why did he stop short of the highest? It can only have been through lack of inspiration—through that lack of faith which moves mountains—through a certain cynical pessimism which withheld him from confidence in what he had to do. The irony of the position lay in this, that possessed of supreme power, the head of the Government, with enormous majorities in both Houses to support him, he disbelieved profoundly in the capacity of Governments to govern. He poured all his brilliant ridicule on the belief that you could do anything to make

the world better by Acts of Parliament. He despised and derided all political action. It seemed to him foolish, if not insane, to suppose that human affairs could be improved by organization. Governments were but negative necessities. They were doomed to sterility. The result was that he had no real motive with which to wield the immense power in his hands: and no positive aim for which to venture his splendid capacities.

Unkindled himself, he could only quench the sparks in others. The things that have been done, while he ruled, have been done without him. He has brought a wonderful personality into the field: and, yet, has left upon us the disappointing sense that so much more might have been made of it. He remained, to the last, aloof from the very world in which he was the chief figure, unable to guide its motions, because he had no interpretation of its mind.

CECIL RHODES

How is it that the man who made the Will made the Raid? This strong dreamer of dreams; this man of lonely and enduring convictions; with his far-reaching and chivalrous generosity; with his love of home, of Oxford, of hills and trees and birds and wide outlooks; with his ardour for justice, liberty, and peace; with his soul brooding over the high solitudes in which his body should be laid—what on earth had he to do “in that galley”? How reconcile this good citizenship, this spirit of large brotherhood, with the intrigues, and treacheries, and betrayals of that disastrous disgrace? So, I suppose, every man was asking himself on the morning on which he read the record of Rhodes’s deepest mind, into which the man had put so much of himself.

A few days later, the Political Testament, interpreted by Mr. Stead, gave the answer. And a most curious and interesting answer it is. In it the two elements, that appeared so irreconcilable, show themselves plainly side by side. The very names of those historical personalities with whom Mr. Stead is not afraid to rank his friend, are suggestive of the contradictions to which the human conscience lays itself open. As their names catch our eye in the pages of the *Review of Reviews*, we seem to find our cue. Oliver Cromwell; Ignatius Loyola; Mahomet;—

these are all notes, at once, of splendour and of terror. They mark the line of moral peril that besets a special type of greatness. They are the men of lonely brooding dreams, of intense spiritual convictions, who have also been endowed with the masterful instinct which demands the translation of their convictions and dreams into terms of practical and immediate efficiency. They have got to set their ideals actively working; they are bent, with all the sincerity of an imperious will, on making them felt as a political and public force in the arena of affairs. And they are, themselves, in their dominant vitality, essential to the realization of their ideas. And it is in this double character of dreamers bent on achieving a practical result—of Prophets who had to become Politicians—that they have all become proverbial for those sinister freaks of which conscience is capable. The very vastness of their Ideals is the measure of their temptation to hurry up the pace, and to ignore the value of small things, and to be blind to the motives of wilfulness and arbitrariness and recklessness and impatience, which may disturb the personal judgment set on high and imperious endeavours. No, Mr. Stead! These names are not wholly lucky, to evoke as champions. Fascinating, of course they are; but also uncomfortable and unhappy.

And, then, in these three men, their convictions at least grounded themselves on a passionate Creed in the One Almighty God. This intensified, no doubt, their moral peril; but it ensured an amazing spiritual elevation. But Cecil Rhodes went to his work at that unfortunate moment when, amid the shakings of the ancient Faiths, men were caught with the fancy that Scientific Darwinism could give to life a sure and clear interpretation. Since

then, things have all got back into perspective. We know how little, as well as how much, Science is going to do for us in the moral world. Everybody recognizes now that Evolution yields no Categorical Imperative. Long ago, Huxley, the Prophet of the earlier Movement, had announced with his typical courage and thoroughness, the failure of the Cosmic Process to supply us with moral data. He has told us that man's moral task is summed up, not in the formula of the survival of the fittest, but in the effort to fit as many as possible to survive.

Morality begins at the point where man ceases to submit to the natural struggle, and sets to work to determine what it is which shall be fitted to endure. He himself secures the survival of what he considers best, by endowing it with the qualifying fitness. And in estimating what he pronounces to be best, he wins his standard, not out of the blind growth from out of which he has emerged in the past, but out of the height above him in which he becomes aware of an Eternal Friend and LORD, and out of the end which he, by the intimations of the prophetic spirit, gallantly foresees, and imposes upon the facts.

All this is ground now recovered. But it was hardly known to Cecil Rhodes in the days of his broodings in Kimberley Diamond Holes. He had gained at Oxford a sense of the strength that lies in character as distinct from mere brains. He felt the power of the place in breeding a fair breed of men. The spirit of Oxford had taught him the poverty of Commercialism. He never forgot how much it took to make a man—how deep rooted he must be—how rich the associations in which his life should be imbedded. It was not only the witchery

of the beautiful spot which enthralled his imagination. By his superb legacy to Oriel, and to his Scholarships, he has given his witness to the solid worth of the character bred amid these fairy buildings with their moonlit lawns. For his Imperial purposes, there were no men like them; there was no nursery to be compared with it. And, besides this, Oxford had whispered in his ear one great living sentence out of the wisdom of Him Who is the Master of all who know. Aristotle gave him the word, which brought meaning into his days. Within "these three days at the seaside" to which he compared life, he was to find an aim that would justify him in existing. If only he could have gone deeper into his Aristotle, and learned more from him what that aim might be!

But here it was that the disaster overtook him. For determining that aim and its character, he could find no clue but such as came to him from the popular crudities of a misunderstood Darwinism, now obsolete.

And, for motive, Oxford had left him only the sense that it was about an even toss-up whether GOD existed. Heads or tails! Which? Did he know how closely he was obeying his Butler in deciding that, even though the odds were only equal, it was worth while to assume that GOD *did* exist? Perhaps those who most adore their Butler are those who most regret this particular fashion of his reasoning. However, Cecil Rhodes arrived at the conclusion, without Bishop Butler's help, on the rough and ready reasoning that one hears from the honest sportsman, arguing in the smoking-room of a country-house. And not only this. He acted steadily on it; and by it arrived at the immediate practical result that his duty to GOD, on those odds, lay in colouring the map of

the world red. This is the exact point where the Creed passes into practice ; and it is easy enough to see the fatalities to which such a crude Darwinism might lead, if adopted as an index to action.

And another peril discloses itself. The reference of his life to GOD, even at these vague odds, served to raise the scale at which he took its measure to those gigantic proportions which overwhelm our little human conscience, unless at the same time that we raise ourselves to the level of Eternal Issues, we can fall under the immediate control of a living personal moral Character, Whom we face day by day, to Whom we answer, and with Whom the little things of to-day are as infinitely precious as the enormous ends towards which He draws the entire Creation.

We men cannot afford to identify ourselves with Eternity unless the Eternal heightens the value of the Present, and the sanctity of every tiny individuality with which it holds communion. That is what is so wonderful in the Jewish Prophets. As they laid hold of the Divine Purpose in History, they also fastened on the other pole of the antithesis—the everlasting value of the personal soul. But Cecil Rhodes had nothing in his hold on GOD by which to balance the awful immensity of the scientific outlook, and of the ageless cosmic process. These, by themselves, can only serve to dwarf the present into insignificance, and to fling the mob of temporary creatures into contempt. The man who surrenders himself to their sway is almost sure to be dazed, unless he can also raise his conscience to the divine intensity of sensitiveness, which makes GOD heed every sparrow that falls to the ground, and be careful to number every hair on our heads,

and induces Him, the High and Holy, who inhabiteth Eternity, to love the soul of the poor, and to dwell with him, above all, who is of an humble and a contrite spirit. Who can be surprised if an unbalanced theory of Natural Evolution had its instinctive effect on Mr. Rhodes? Who can wonder if, in face of that enormous movement, the minor details of the village pump here at home seemed to him of but poor account? What wonder if it should have seemed a small matter to overleap the obligations of the moment, in view of the immense issues to be forwarded; or that individuals might come in for scant consideration, in face of the mighty progression of affairs?

"You cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs," Rhodes used to say. True enough, but a dangerous fact to be too conscious of. "Hello! Why are you home? I thought you were in South Africa," said a friend (so the story runs) to one of the great man's brothers. "Yes! So I was! but Cecil was going to make an omelette, and I did not want to be one of his eggs." Poor Frank Rhodes went out to discover the peril of making omelettes.

Probably at each of his unhappy decisions, at the outbreak of the Matabele War, and at the misery of the Raid, the tragedy lay in this—that the one man whom Rhodes really loved was his evil star, and over-persuaded him. It was Dr. Jameson who rushed the Matabele War, and who "upset the apple-cart." That fatal act wrecked Cecil Rhodes' own persistent policy. Up till then he had nobly striven to weld together English and Dutch in a common interest. But, in dread of seeing the reform of the Transvaal Republic take a shape which would carry it out beyond the hopes of an African Federation under the British Flag, he sacrificed the Cape Dutch, who had

trusted him as their champion against the hated Krugerism. It was an aberration of judgment, as well as a betrayal—a betrayal of the Dutch Cabinet, of which he was Prime Minister—a betrayal of the Governor from whom he accepted the responsibilities of office—a betrayal of the Sovereign whose Privy Councillor he had become. It was an act which degraded the level of politics at home, and inflicted a stain upon our public reputation which we have had to pay for with our blood. Nothing can justify us in condoning a wrong which the unhappy War still forbids us ever to forget. The people of England forgave too lightly, but it was partly because they felt that Cecil Rhodes had paid the penalty by the ruin of his position at the Cape; and still more, because he “owned up” himself, and was believed to have taken the bitter lesson to heart.

His death, at the supreme hour of decision for the South African Tragedy, touched men by its pathetic significance, as they wonder what effect it may have upon the long-desired peace. The passionate resentment of the Dutch, who made him responsible for the war, will die out. They showed it by their sympathy as his funeral moved through the length of South Africa. His words, reported by Mr. Stead, show how strong would have been his action in the re-settlement on behalf of the Dutch.

His will carries us beyond the range of the war, and makes for unity between the nations; and reveals his longing for justice, peace, and liberty. True, his Political Testament lets us see how much he thought could be done in achieving high results by the power of gold. He despised, indeed, all the mere flummery of wealth, and the “Park-lane” business; he hated the

“loafer” of a luxurious society with a godly hatred, and he abominated the mere Stock Exchange gambling. But, he was, as Mr. Stead calls him, the first “Money king.” He believed that the great aims, which statesmen have pursued through politics, might be worked through by money. He really believed in a Jesuitical Society of the Rich for this purpose. It is a ghastly proposal. If it ever were conceivable it would be a tyranny which not even the genius of a Pascal could shatter. As it is, this Secret Society will vanish with its first dreamer; and will not even require for its undoing the soft impact of Lady Wimborne’s donkey. There are, mercifully for the human race, so few, so very few, millionaires who are prepared to devote their wealth to the realization of dreams.

The distinction of Cecil Rhodes is that he proved the possibility of there being one such man. He never let his dreams go as wealth came. He held on to them in spite of the moral atmosphere of Kimberley Diamond-fields, and of gold-mines on the Rand. The wealth, as it arrived, was still dedicated to the old ideals. His mistake was to over-estimate the capability of wealth as an instrument for the realization of Ideals. But his will is the evidence how thorough was his conviction. And no wealth hid from him the worth of human character, nor closed his eyes to the beauty of simple natural things. Still he saw the need of endowing the Federated Colonies, not with money, but with the deep associations that come from heroic graves in solitary places; and he himself had retained the soul which desired for its last rest, not the crowded, fevered mart, but the solitude of the wide outlook in the heart of the hills.

TOLSTOY AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

THE characteristic of our time is that we are an age without prophets; and that is all the more noticeable because there are so much ability and talent, and gifts of all kinds about, that they are almost a drug in the market. There are any number of clever people, but never one who seems to rise above the level of able men, or to give utterances of the type which we can class as prophetic. In England, for example, we have, Mr. Traill once assured us, seventy-six real poets; and yet, here again, we miss the particular man whom we should care to crown. Therefore it is that we have turned with such unique interest to listen to the one man, now living, who seems to speak with something of the prophetic spirit. Here is the solitary man who has power to speak out of an independent soul; who owes but very little to mere talent and mere gift, very little to the men about him, but is cast in the heroic outlines which we miss in others. We find this high note in the extraordinary directness of his speech, which, without any particular grace or style, nevertheless has the power of hitting nails upon the head with that incomparable precision which belongs only to those who wield the highest powers and capacities with which the human race

is endowed. His words seize on our souls as no other man's words do, and no one can escape their force, or forget or ignore them; and we feel this all the more when we recognize that this power of Tolstoy is wielded even through translations. With the photographic force of a savage, he combines all the refinement of a man of culture. And then, besides this extraordinary power of prophetic speech, we turn to him as one of the few men in this age who have conformed their actions to their words, and as one who has given us in the actual framework of life the message he also delivers in words. He has given himself to the poor, and has loved poverty as CHRIST loved it; he has hated wealth as St. Francis hated it; and has felt the all-sufficiency of JESUS CHRIST; and has taken as his sole guide the simplicity of the Sermon on the Mount. He therefore stands quite alone as the only man at the present moment to whose voice all Europe is listening.

Yet, here comes the tragedy; and the tragedy lies in the old familiar woe that we thought we had escaped—a single Bible text isolated and so applied as to shatter into wreckage the whole of the rest of the teaching of JESUS CHRIST. This tragedy is the more disastrous because everything conspires to relieve us of such a peril. The principles and methods of historical criticism have become critical and not dogmatic, and the test of success lies in the coherence and consistency which criticism can give to the matter in hand. It discloses the interior logic of the process of development. It conquers by obeying; it works by connection, by evolution, not by severance. Holding to this method, the critics take Christianity in its historical form and attempt to find its underlying

principles. They refuse to look or to search for a Christianity that never has existed.

But here, with Tolstoy, we are carried back to the anti-Silurian methods, which criticism was thought to have abolished. His text, the particular dynamite with which he blows the whole ship out of the water, is "Resist not evil." By the aid of this text, he sweeps off the field not only all the commentators, not only the whole of ecclesiastical theology, catholic and protestant, not only the entire story of Christendom since the time of Constantine—this we could bear, for we all did it in our day, especially about the time that we were taking our degrees, but also the whole idea of a Church at all, *e.g.* "every Church, as a Church, has always been, and always must be, an institution not only foreign to, but absolutely hostile to, the doctrine of CHRIST." More than this, the creeds of Christendom must go, in all their positive shapes—Nicene or Apostolic. Tolstoy's words are, "Either the Sermon on the Mount or the Credo; no man can believe in both." Again, "If a man seriously believes the Sermon on the Mount, the Nicene Creed must inevitably lose all meaning for him." Nor is this enough: the whole mass of St. Paul's Epistles, and, beyond this, the Acts and the Gospels must go. The fatal perversion which he deplors had already occurred in the upper chamber of Jerusalem, and was completed and sealed at Pentecost.

Now, all this is noticed, not to excite odium against Tolstoy's interpretation, but in appeal to the purely critical considerations which determine exegesis. Our test of right and wrong interpretations lies in our capacity to relate a part to the whole. Here is a text embodied

in the very heart of the Christian message, "Resist not evil"; repeated with emphasis in the very core and substance of the Church's message. The men who recorded it are the very same who framed both Church and Scripture. They are our sole sources of information as to what JESUS taught on earth. They reported this text, and according to their belief it hangs together with the rest of their report. True exegesis is bound to account for the fact that in the mind of those who reported it, it seemed to cohere with the rest. As soon as our interpretation of the text places it in hopeless collision with passage after passage; and involves us in supposing that the very authorities who gave us the text were wrong at almost every point and at variance with themselves, and had themselves offered us with enthusiasm the bomb which blew them to pieces; then we may be positive by the surest of all proofs that our interpretation of that text is wrong.

Let us take Tolstoy's interpretation of "Resist not evil." According to him, this is absolutely inconsistent with all forms of public justice or authority by which evil is punished. All the institutions of the State are therefore "opposed to the conscience of the Christian." "Christianity destroyed the principles upon which government was based." Or again, "Christianity, faithfully interpreted, saps the very foundations of civil law." "It was for this CHRIST was crucified." "The profession of true Christianity not only forbids recognition of the State, but strikes it at its very foundation."

Now this interpretation makes JESUS CHRIST inconsistent with himself. First, in conduct and speech. Compare his absolute acceptance, during his life, of the

social systems about him, whether Jewish or Roman. He never protested against public authorities. He expressly sanctioned their right to exercise it. He acknowledged Cæsar's right to tribute, and Pilate's right to judge Him. Not one word or one act in His whole recorded life disputes the existence or sanction of Social Law. The occasions on which He comes into collision with the demands of Jewish or Roman law, derive all their significance from their contrast with His habitual conformity to the life of a Jewish citizen, under a Roman sovereignty. In fact, our difficulty lies not in our LORD's revolt against public authority, but in His acquiescence.

Secondly, He stood absolutely on the Old Testament conception, common to prophet and psalmist. Now, that meant, GOD revealed in history; States rising and falling by His bidding; the Jewish nationality in its temporal manifestation an exhibition of His will, etc. No one can question our LORD's attitude to these conceptions.

Thirdly, this very section of the Sermon on the Mount in which the text occurs, is heralded by the strongest, reiterated assertion of the consistency of its root principles with the old Mosaic law. He "came not to destroy, but to fulfil" that law. But the Mosaic law was the direct assertion of public justice, public authority, government, civil law, tribunals, sanctity of the State. Our LORD, therefore, did not destroy, but fulfilled the authority of civil government. His own teaching was a consistent expansion of the divine sanction given to Civil Institutions. True, He took it up into a new plane and threw off limitations; but He agreed with it in principle, and therefore He could not have meant that the "Christian conscience created by the Sermon on the Mount destroyed

the principles on which government was based." Any interpretation which fails to exhibit the consistency between our LORD's teaching and the public assertion of justice by the Mosaic law, is ruled out of court by this covering text.

And this text especially covers, it may be noted, the passage under review, for our LORD is giving six instances here of what He meant by saying that "He fulfils and does not destroy the earlier dispensation." Even "love your enemies" must therefore be in some sense the fulfilment of the old law, "Eye for eye and tooth for tooth."

Then, fourthly, our LORD at the close of the section gives as His principle, that man must resemble GOD. But there is one thing we certainly know of GOD, reiterated over and over again by JESUS CHRIST, that GOD will be our Judge. There will be a final judgment, a tribunal at which GOD will "resist evil," cast it out and destroy it. Our LORD is Himself to be this Judge. In some way, therefore, "resist not evil," "forgive your enemies," must be consistent with GOD's resisting evil and judging His enemies. But then if these two qualities can be united in GOD, they can also be united in man, who is to be like GOD. But how? That is the commentator's business to show. If he fails to show it, he condemns himself.

Fifthly, the parables and proverbs of our LORD, which are peculiarly characteristic of Him, take continually for their type matters of Civil Law, *e. g.* judgment, kingdom, throne, officers, etc. Now our LORD's parables are not mere allegories and metaphors. They rest on real analogies. They exhibit an identical principle at different levels of activity. He shows us a principle at work on

the visible and material plane, where we can apprehend it; and then assures us that we can see there the order and manner of the invisible and spiritual world. But if it were true that Christianity "saps the foundations of civil society," then there would be no analogy to be found between a civil society and a spiritual kingdom. Our LORD does not change the principle by carrying it up to a higher plane; and the resemblance which He finds on the higher plane gives sanction to the same principle on the lower. There is that in civil law, in state organization, in public justice, which our LORD approves and confirms; or else He could not have utilized them, as examples of what would be met with in the Kingdom of Heaven. "Resist not evil," then, and "Forgive your enemies," whatever they mean, must in our LORD's mind be consistent with the authoritative assertion of justice, both by GOD Himself and in Human Society, and must allow for the tremendous assertion of public, external, authoritative, punitive justice, which appears in all His positive disclosures of a Judgment to come.

Let us consider how this may be. We have two voices in Scripture. "Resist not evil," so says one. Yet "Resist the evil one," so says the other. "Turn the left cheek to him that smiteth." Yet "fight the good fight," "wrestle against principalities," "take unto you the whole armour of GOD," "the sword of the Spirit," etc. Now, how is all this duality to be reconciled?

Let us distinguish (1) What is the evil that must be resisted? It is the evil that is lodged *within* the life, lowering and damaging and soiling and degrading it. That evil is to be fought to the very death. The primal obligation of the Spirit (and this not selfishly, but as a

sacred charge) is to preserve itself clean and sound. This is obviously true in individual cases, and it is just as true in the case of a society. Any society must exclude, expunge, the evil that touches its own life. So it is that the Divine Society, the Kingdom of Heaven, must in the final resort, resist, expel, destroy, the evil that would lodge inside and corrupt its truth.

(2) What, then, is the evil that is not to be resisted? All evil, I should say, that does not touch the life principle; evil that may be forgiven, tolerated, submitted to, without moral loss.

Now, keeping in view this distinction, we must note the vital contrast which holds between any form of human society and the Kingdom of CHRIST. CHRIST had lifted His Kingdom free from all civil, national, and material limitations. Its life springs from spiritual sources beyond earth, and is secured against all external or bodily accident. Here is a momentous change; for the Jewish theocracy had identified the Kingdom of GOD with a natural State. But CHRIST has cancelled any such identification; His Kingdom, His Church, are not of this world. They stand on a higher plane. They are hid with Him in GOD. Hence now in CHRIST there is a division between the life of the State and the life of the Church; and, if so, then there must be, also, a difference in the character and range of their resistance to evil. This difference is not in principle, but in range. The State is bound to resist evil that touches its health, its life, its growth; and this it is which determines its assertion of public justice. Evil that does not damage its life, it, too, has to endure and forgive. But the Christian's life is now independent of much that would worsen and

hurt the civil State; and therefore he can afford to submit to evil which the State could not tolerate. Evils which would kill the State, such as spoiling of goods, bodily violence, etc., do not reach his life, and therefore can be forgiven by him. Let him "forgive them unto seventy times seven!" There is no limit to the forgiveness and resignation required of him. Yet the State, in combating these very same evils, does so on exactly the same principle as that by which the Christian would resist evil if that evil made him a liar or unclean or false.

This is the truth of which Tolstoy makes such exaggerated use. The Christian can afford to endure and to forgive what as a citizen he must fight. Yet he fights as a citizen in obedience to the same law which makes him fight against sin, the flesh, and the devil, in his Christian character. The fight changes its outward form according to the plane on which it is fought; while, again, the State is called upon to exercise a Christian forgiveness wherever the evil is outside its own life.

But Tolstoy can allow no moral justification for the State at all, because, for him, the State is based solely on violence. Violence! On and on that word echoes, not only through his book, *The Kingdom of God is within you*, but also in his beautiful book, *Work while ye have the Light*. Of course, if the State originates in violence, the Christian can have no interest in the State. That goes without saying; and Tolstoy has no other conception of the State before his mind. Yet that is exactly the conception that we should dispute with every breath in our body. Never for one moment does Tolstoy ever mention or discuss the State as the true product from within, the proper development of corporate life, the

realization of social morality, the outcome of inner spiritual necessities, the organization by which the social spirit of nationality liberates itself. Never for one moment does he conceive an authority that springs from a representative and responsible people governing itself through an organized body of ministerial institutions. The State, that is, as we understand it, does not exist for him. He speaks just as if the speech of Pericles had never been made; as if Plato's *Republic* had never been written; as if the ideal universality of Roman law and the liberty of Roman citizenship were wiped out of mention and memory altogether. There is no conception of the ideas that govern a book like Augustine's *City of God*, or St. Gregory's *De Cura Pastoralis*. And it is impossible for those of us who once heard it, not to recall that voice which used to speak to us always of the spiritual value of political institutions, of the realization of our moral manhood by its expansion into national organizations. That was Thomas Hill Green's persistent message; that is the creative idea which alone justifies the State. This is the ideal which has worked behind and beyond all superficial violence and conquest and greed; and it is the object of political growth to set this ideal free from the debasing alloys of violence and of force which have encumbered and obscured it. This is the State; and it is to this conception of the State, thus completely ignored by Tolstoy, that the full sweep of Christian thought is unhesitatingly pledged. It is pledged, first, on the authority of the Jewish theocracy, which was the root and ground of the Christian's position; and, secondly, through the splendid honour given, in spite of persecution and in spite of Pontius Pilate, to the Roman imperial authority. This

temper is stamped on every corner of the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles of St. Paul. And it was sustained, in the face of cruel experiences, by the whole body of early Christian Apologists. To the Fathers of the first four centuries the Imperial Government retained the divine sanction which had been signalized by the strong verdict of St. Paul. "The Powers that be are ordained of GOD." "The Ruler beareth not the sword in vain." "He is the minister of GOD for good."

This is the Scriptural tongue; this is the normal relation of the Bible to State. To account for its harmony with the Sermon on the Mount we must go back to the deep paradox of Christianity which is not "of this world," and yet has in it the force of this world's worth. CHRIST died as a criminal in order to reign from the tree. He was judged by Pilate, so that he might become the Law-Giver and the Judge. The asceticism of the LORD was always paradoxical. It was for love of the body, not for hate of it, that He crucified the flesh. It was not "GOD so hated the world," but "GOD so loved the world," that He sent His Son to His death. He died to the world that He might take His great power over it and reign.

This is the paradox of which the proverbs and parables deliberately isolate one limb. They set this out unqualified, leaving the other half to be given in a counterparable, which may flatly contradict the first. Compare "set on a hill" with "seed hidden under ground." Both expressed rival characteristics of the kingdom. It is to be visible—it is to be invisible. Which is true? Both. Each parable has only one aspect in view. The two together constitute the fulness of truth. All proverbs

are of this type, *e. g.* one advises you to have two strings to your bow, another warns you against attempting to sit on two stools. One assures you that in the multitude of counsellors is safety, another begs you to trust your own heart's judgment against any number of wise advisers. Two are better than one, yet many cooks will spoil the broth. The entirety of life verifies the truth of opposite dicta. Each statement is an abstraction, which interprets a limited body of facts. To interpret all life by any one of such formulæ is to falsify its concrete integrity.

Now, all the epigrams in the Sermon on the Mount are proverbial in type, and are to be interpreted in the method proper to proverbs. The reconciliation is obtained, not by balancing opposite statements, but by unlimited acceptance of each over all the ground that it covers. "Forgive" (for instance) "until seventy times seven." There is no limit to this. We may never say, "I have forgiven enough; I have reached my limit; I have done as much as can be asked of me." If there is an opportunity of forgiving we must forgive. But there is a limit to the opportunities in which forgiveness embodies the possible action of the good-will, or in which forgiveness will cover the facts. There are occasions on which the contact of the good-will with the facts refuses to express itself in terms of forgiveness. So with GOD, His forgiveness never fails, but circumstances might forbid its taking effect. He does not cease to forgive when He judges, but the same will that judges is the will that forgives.

Tolstoy has ridden off on the proverb, and has ignored the paradox of which the proverb is but a limb. But life is always paradoxical. It is the reconciliation in action of

antithetical principles. And Christianity was the first religion that laid hold of paradox as the key of life. Christianity has never been false to this duality; and its terrible failures have been due to the courage with which it plunged into the thick of life, believing itself to be the regenerative source of the very World to which it had died, and of the Society which killed its Master. It is no sterile Essene sect. To hold itself aloof, in its own purity, would have been to betray its Mission. Its task is to redeem humanity; to save society; to purify the flesh; to renew the State. It has to do this from within, by lodging itself deep behind all the wrongs, and so uprooting them. Its courage in undertaking such a task by such a method exposes it to the evil of being stifled under the weight of encumbering wrongs. Once let its inner nerve slacken, its inner vitality flag, and the pressure of the lump would hold down the leaven.

Yet, perilous though it is, the risk has to be run. It is at least right in its measure of the work that it was given to do.

We of the Christian Social Union are pledged to this faith that CHRIST is the life of the world; and Tolstoy therefore slices the very fibres of our creed. True, that in CHRIST we have a refuge beyond the confines of earthly citizenship; and to win that refuge we could afford to be stripped of all earthly possessions; to retain that refuge we might submit to be scourged without resistance. But we look out from that spiritual haven on a world, which, though it crucified the CHRIST, we love for the sake of the CHRIST whom it slew. It is no strange world therefore for us. Nor indeed do we merely gaze at it from afar; for we are its citizens, charged with

its burdens, pledged to fight its battles, to strengthen its stakes, to sustain its justice, and enlarge its welfare. Tolstoy asserts that Christians have no interest in, and no obligation to, any State institution. The Christian Social Union exists to assert that Christianity holds in it the inspiration and the vitality by which alone social life can be carried to its highest perfection; and that we can become better citizens only by becoming better Christians.

SIR JAMES PAGET *

THERE has been no life written of late comparable, in moral force and inspiration, to the memoir of Sir James Paget. And the life tells upon the reader with such singular directness, because, in its main matter, it comes straight from the lips of the man himself. Never, surely, did Autobiography win a finer triumph! The memoir of himself, which Sir James handed over to his son, is flawless in temper and tone. It is not afraid to be as personal as we should desire it to be. It speaks, with absolute frankness, of the man, of his character, of his endowments, of his successes; it never over-colours, and never depreciates these. There is no tinge of false modesty, no disturbing self-consciousness whatever. He speaks of his own powers exactly as he would speak of any one else's, interested in their characteristics, their development, their range, noting their efficiency and their limitations; and all this with the delightful accuracy that comes through knowing them from inside. Nothing could be better, in judgment, in taste, in wisdom, and in reality, than his analysis of his own exquisite facility of speech.

And, then, his style is faultless, in that it attains the perfection of all style, absolute sincerity. It says exactly what it means to say, in the fewest and most direct words

* *Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget.* Edited by Stephen Paget. London: Longmans. 1901.

possible. It carries conviction with it. It has stripped itself of all mannerisms; and it simply succeeds in conveying the exact truth intended. The life is a record of how a man of rare and noble gifts, with nothing to back him, or to open to him his opportunities, by sheer directness of purpose, came straight through all that poverty and privation could do to beat him down, and steadily and finally achieved the highest and most fitting work in the world that it could have been given him to do. He put out all his splendid powers; and he put them out in exactly the direction for which they were suited; and with the utmost possible efficiency of result. He fought through the long and weary hardships of his early days without taking the slightest warp from the struggle. It left no trace, except in the strengthening and ennobling of his spirit. With perfect good humour, with a certain radiance of spirit, which could be felt glittering in those amazing eyes of his, he moved straight forward towards the goal on which he set out. He seized, with a sure mastery of grip, on the exact conditions necessary for the best work that it lay in his hands to do; and so he did it, did it all—did it richly and splendidly—did it, with the full measure—did it, until the end.

In a lecture of most singular brilliancy and beauty, given by the son who has edited the memoir, to the Medical School at Liverpool, he tells how his first draft of the facts of his father's life had to be flung over because, in recording the simple hardness of the facts through which he had passed, it had dropped out that intense and vivid sense of happiness which was the real note of his father's innermost character. And this happiness is not like that famous happiness of which Dr. Mozley complained

in Dr. Arnold's life—"the happiness of a dog that is always wagging its tail." That is the happiness that wearies in the telling. But James Paget's happiness springs from unsullied lucidity of soul. He has no meannesses, no egotisms, no moods, to becloud him. He thoroughly enjoys the putting out of vital energy. He lives his life out; he has simple and healthy delights; he has keen domestic affections, and a home absolutely after his heart, enriched by the personal gifts that he most enjoyed. He was in intimate touch with the highest minds of his day, in Science, and in Literature, and in Art. He carried through it all undimmed and unhindered, a beautiful nobility of temper, which made itself felt in his fearlessness under responsibility, and in the fine delicacy which transfigured his forceful directness. As you touched this, you became aware of the spiritual secret into which it ran back. Nothing but a profound faith could inspire that gracious humility in the wielding of high powers, which was, in him, so instinctive and so unassumed. It was this spiritual faith which, finally, gave such strange beauty to the last years in which he was compelled to resign that mastery over his own life which was so dear to him, and to surrender to the utmost ignominies that physical weakness can bring with it. Still, with speech almost gone, he was himself; he was content; he made the most of the narrow opportunity; he gave it character, and dignity, and grace. He loved; and was loved. His life, as his son records, was still "ascendant"—still rising in worth. At last, the end came: "so slowly that it was hard to see the change." He died on the 30th Dec., 1899. The Funeral Service was at Westminster Abbey, where he had himself carried the pall for Tennyson and Browning.

I shall never forget the look of the multitude of grey heads in the choir that day. It seemed as if all that was aged and honourable in England had come to do him honour, who had made age so honourable.

"If I may choose," says his son Stephen in that fascinating lecture on his father already alluded to, "out of all the virtues that were daily in him, one that is above the rest, let it be the singleness and the directness of his purposes. He never posed, or acted, or spoke in oracles, or hinted at secrets, or did or admired things mean or tortuous or eccentric; he never made light of what is good, and he never peeped through his fingers at what is evil. When he wanted a thing he worked for it; when he obtained honour he was glad of it; when pleasure came his way he mostly took it; and when he said a thing he always meant it. All the high offices that he held, and all the admiration that met him at every turn in his profession and in society, and all the immeasurable influence that he exercised among the men and women of his day, did not once make him false to himself, or disobedient to the heavenly vision; nothing ever darkened the clear, pure, old-fashioned, homely simplicity of his nature."

Beautiful! And yet—and yet—why is it that, in every syllable of that noble record, I become aware of the rap of a direct attack, challenging, at every turn, the ideals that we hold dear? It takes this form.

Here is one whose very nobility fortifies him in *accepting facts as they are*. He meets them full-breast; he masters them; he takes them by storm. The demand that the facts themselves of life as it is should be changed to meet his case strikes him as a note of weakness, of flimsiness. It is the sign of a bad workman, if he lays the blame on the tools. Facts were harsh for Paget. It was not that

he escaped their harsh incidence. But his simple-hearted courage and good-humour took all this with an equal spirit. The harshness was the challenge that put a man to proof. Let there be no puling and whining—no peevishness of complaint! Let a man go straight on; and the facts will yield him his open way through them!

This is the dominant heart with which Paget read life; and it withheld him from all general fuss over Public Reform. Of course, within his own professional lines, he got things bettered. But he would have every one keep himself to his own business, doing that with all his soul, but not dissipating his energies in directions outside his particular range, and concerning himself with the larger issues with which he had no intimate knowledge. Every cobbler to his own last! That is the one rule by which the affairs of the world at large will come straight.

So he believed. So he acted. This gave him a certain optimism about life as it stood. As his son boldly notes, "He loved London for its own sake, like a true lover, without any desire to see it improved; for he was profoundly indifferent to all politics, whether Parliamentary or Municipal—what we should now call 'a bad citizen,' but one of the best of all good Londoners."

The difference could not be better put than in those last words, between his ideal, and all that which we, of the Christian Social Union, exist to assert. We are drawn together by the passionate desire to see London a different place—to change the face of the facts. Things as they are profoundly disquiet and revolt us. We cannot be content to go forward, each at our own task. We find ourselves intimately concerned with other people's fortunes. We cannot keep our fingers off things that lie outside

our private beat and our personal experience. We are engaged in public fussing, and fuming, and complaining.

What is our defence? Do we fall under the rebuke of this manful record? Are we convicted by these piercing grey eyes of Sir James Paget, which used to hold the light in them, as they held you in their grip? That is a challenge that we had better consider how we can meet. It is a challenge that no one of us can lightly afford to pass by.

What is it that we should say? We should say, I think, that we would be content to bid every cobbler stick to his last, if every cobbler had a last to stick to. As it is, the lasts are without cobblers; and the cobblers without lasts. We should say, again, that we would gladly limit our energies to doing our own business, if our own business could be isolated from its effects on others. But our misery is that every effort made by us on our own lines involves hundreds of others; and that we find ourselves responsible, at every turn, whether we will or no, for the lives that others are living, and for the deaths that they are dying. We cannot ignore Parliamentary or Municipal Politics, when we are ourselves taking full advantage of the resources put into our hands by Parliament and Municipality, by which we grow fat through the sweated labour of the weak. Our conscience has become awake to responsibilities which, once recognized, can never again be forgotten with impunity.

This brave and healthy belief of Sir James in a man's power to make his way through the facts as they are, is, after all, however humane and tender-hearted and pitiful he himself was, a gospel for the strong; and it is the weak of whom we have especially learned to think—the

maimed, and halt, and blind, who are not, indeed, damaged enough to fall under the protection of Public Charities and yet are thrown out of the race, and have no adequate chance in the open market, and droop, and drop, and fail, and break, and die. The gospel of the strong has shown its seamy side to us.

No doubt, in Sir James' own noble profession, pre-eminence is a proof of high character: it can only be attained by moral distinction. But, in Commercial Industry, pre-eminence does not in the least involve this as essential. The principle of the "career open to talent" may bring to the top the very worst characteristics which a State would desire to see in its leading citizens.

No, we cannot conceivably shut off from out of our lives the criticism that experience itself has passed on facts as they are. That criticism has been heard in tones that will not admit of dismissal. It is too late to ask us to be as if we had not heard them. Sir James belonged to the earlier day, when the best men believed that it was a man's own fault if he could not make something of life; and when, therefore, each had, for his main duty, to do his own bit with all his might. Now, the world's great trouble has cast its shadow on us all. We are all driven to take our share in its burden and in its undoing. To decline this, now that it has once been felt and faced, would be the work of the "bad citizen." We shall be all the more solemnly aware of this, if we take to our souls the challenge of this noble life, and recognize how high and true and pure a spirit was given to an ideal which can be ours no longer. However changed the venue, he has given us the standard of moral simplicity in which alone our task can be discharged.

FREDERICK TEMPLE *

THE rugged figure is gone out of the throng among which he towered. All the old stories have been re-told : and they are all alike in tone and type ; and most of them are really true ; and all convey the same effect of a brusque roughness which made one like the man for it, and love to have a laugh over it. Everything about the record was so wholesome and human and good, and told on the right side, and made us feel the better for it.

He passed in a noble and dignified death : he knew exactly when he had come to his close : and braced himself for his last speech, and took his Sacrament at the very last moment at which he was master of himself, and could lift himself to say his farewell to everybody who had been knit by that act into the one Body—to the Archbishop of York, to his wife and his sons, and to each of his household. His burial was singularly impressive in its tone of solemn triumph, in its sunlight and colour, and music, in its sure and certain hope.

The notices in the Press witnessed strikingly to the profound impression produced by his personality on the public imagination. Yet it is noticeable that this wide public impression was very late in coming. It belongs almost entirely to his few years as Archbishop. It was

* Archbishop of Canterbury.

always a matter to me of surprise and indignation, how little the Press had discovered him during his London reign. He was in his full strength then, and in the earlier years was continually making great utterances of far finer power than anything which has come from him of late when age had seriously told upon him. Yet no public notice was ever taken of them at all. The Press had got the word to pass them over as unimportant. They never hit the public ear. He used at that time to come to St. Paul's on the evening of the first Sunday in the year and deliver a big sermon, full of thought, in that strenuous passionate way of his, which, through its sheer force, used to break its way into the hearer's heart of hearts. No man living could have given such an utterance. No personality at all, except that of Mr. Gladstone, was built on the same plane, and bulked so large, and bore down with such vehemence. We felt as if we were all petty atoms, swept up into the power of this dominant will, as the sentences ground themselves out in a fairer form than the immense effort of the speaker led one to expect; and his bodily frame shook under the masterful impulse; and the machinery of utterance creaked and groaned aloud; and now and again the man's whole soul broke through the furrowed face: and, perhaps, the big tears which were so near to him would ooze slowly out of the eyes and roll unheeded down. No sermons ever quite moved me like these at their best; and I used to open my paper in the morning, convinced that the sordid world would be ringing with the sound, only to find, if any notice at all, a line to say that the Bishop preached as usual in the evening at the Cathedral. Once or twice I fired off private letters to editors, asking them whether

they knew the kind of man whom we had among us, but it never had the slightest effect.

Curiously enough, as soon as he went to Canterbury, when the day of his mighty sermons was over and gone, the Press became imaginatively aware of him. It followed him about: and noted: and reported: and told all the stories. And finally, he rode off into triumphant public affection in the inimitable caricatures of F. C. Gould. That artist had absolutely got possession of him. Nose and mouth, whiskers and legs, hat and back, and all were perfect. And he had exactly caught the lovableness that lay about the rough manner. People got fonder and fonder of the man as they laughed over him. His personal force told amazingly, through the jokes made at his expense.

He made another conquest during his Archbishopric, where he had failed as Bishop of London. He won the attention of the big Laity: and of that strange lay-menagerie—the House of Lords. When he came to London, I thought that at any rate here was a Bishop who would especially tell on the laymen, and, I fancied, also on the working-men at large. Here was a man whose intense simplicity and robust humanity would be sure to create a deep general impression in a city in which a broad and direct impact can still count for something. But not a bit of it. The West End laymen were puzzled by never being asked to dinner with him. The familiar organs of human intimacy and admiration were, therefore, inoperative. And the Lords could not understand a man who cried as he spoke against our poor friend, the Deceased Wife's Sister. Peers don't weep as they speak. It is not "good form." The working-man, somehow, failed

to get hold of him, and never had any distinct impression or imagination about him. So this curious result came about—that he became more and more the Clergy's Bishop. The Clergy discovered his full worth: and they became devoted to him. He worked like six horses: he let everybody else work: he believed in his men—believed in them, indeed, to an extent which astonished and bewildered them. He was never tired of asserting that they were the best and bravest and most intelligent Clergy that any Church had ever been blessed with. They gazed on each other "with a wild surmise," and wondered whether about half of it could possibly be true. But still he said it, who never said what he did not mean. He certainly meant it—and meant it so seriously, that now and again it gave them moments of exultation and illusion: they all but believed it themselves. However, the facts were quick enough to undeceive them. So not much harm was done.

He did not share his counsels with them; but he backed them gallantly; he stuck to his diocese; he put all his wonderful force into all that he had to do. He left everybody alone: and pegged away himself. At the end, his popularity with his Clergy was unbounded.

Oddly enough, he had failed just where nobody would dream of him failing. He was too soft a ruler. He hardly ruled at all. "*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*" It was splendid of him to have resolutely refused to apply a Law which was itself "in the dock." But he was bound to keep the reins in his hand: he was bound to make it clear that some things were over the border. No institution can work for long on a bottom of complete chaos. A Church must have some sort of mind about the character of its worship. A

slight exercise of fatherly supervision would probably, in the earlier days, have done all that was wanted to prevent things getting quite out of hand. He had trusted his men to keep within equitable limits. They would have responded if he had exercised the pressure of this spiritual trust to check this or that excessive growth.

But he left it alone until custom had made reaction difficult and dangerous. A bad situation came about. He felt betrayed by those whom he had trusted to "behave as gentlemen," as he once said. He had held back the Law, believing that they would not take advantage of this: and they had. They, on the other hand, had understood themselves to be tolerated so long, that they had accepted the toleration as sanction, and were outraged at being condemned for what he must have been aware of for years.

He fell back at last on the Law as he understood it: and this proved to be the narrowest possible interpretation of a Law that was practically obsolete; and then the fat was in the fire. All that can be said is that the narrowness of this interpretation is the measure of the generosity with which he had tolerated things which, according to his private judgment, had been so hopelessly wide of legality.

Another odd infirmity was his habit of endless delay in making appointments. This forcible, decisive man was for ever postponing decisions. He could not be induced to fill up Prebendal stalls, preachers' nominations, etc., etc., and drove the verger's mind into distraction. As for the Colonies, they gradually gave up in despair. Poor Tucker of the S.P.G. used to roll sleepless in bed o' nights, thinking of some bishopric that had lain vacant for

months: and when for the twentieth time he pressed for a name, he was only told that "Aaron's rod had not yet budded." His appointments when they came were singularly disappointing. It seemed as if the prolonged delay only served to land him at the last on the flattest of the candidates. It was strange how little his strong character picked out strong characters.

For strong he was, in an heroic mould, with a heart of human tenderness. He stood out as belonging to a great generation, with a plain nobility of temper which the breath of the world never touched or tainted. He was not very able to criticize himself. He knew that he had done always, with a good conscience, what he thought to be his duty: but he did not seem to ask whether what he so saw to be right was the best that could have been seen. He feared no responsibilities; but, having faced and fulfilled them, he never appeared to go back on them, and reflect, and reconsider again. They fell behind at once, as *choses jugées*; and he passed on to the next business in hand. This habit gave him extraordinary force in work; but it has its inevitable limitations. It does not assist a man to gain new perspectives, or to admit fresh lights. This was seriously felt in his latter years, as old age began to block the avenues through which intelligence from without could reach him.

He had a bluff geniality; but he never needed, or asked for, intimacy. He went on his own way, in dogged individuality: and was followed with an affectionate admiration by all who watched the splendid determination and thoroughness with which he spent himself for GOD and his fellow-men. He had the real passion of religion; and his whole being could flame through and through

with spiritual emotion. Then it was that "the granite rock burned"; and the face was transfigured. He had a devouring hunger for righteousness, and a most tender love for little children. He intensified our sense of what human nature might yet become, if all its strength were once committed to the simplicity of Faith; and we are all the smaller because he is withdrawn.

It was a great thing to have had seated in the Primate's Throne the man who was unmistakably the strongest in the Church. We have now had three Archbishops in succession who have been all men of singular mark, masterful, independent, and high-charactered. This is a striking break into the Anglican tradition, which is apt to carry the safe and unpronounced men to the chief places. And, of the three chiefs, he was by no means the least, whose massive frame has now been laid to its last rest in the Garth at Canterbury.

No symbol of sadness discoloured the honour of his burial. He had lived with something of the grandeur that attaches to the elemental powers of man; and had never, from first to last, lost the simple beauty of a child's belief in GOD, our Father, and the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

MANDELL CREIGHTON *

MRS. CREIGHTON has triumphantly achieved the task that she set herself. She had to deal with a character of infinite versatility, of intellectual subtlety, of electrical alertness, of swift changes, full of bewildering paradox, and flashing brilliancies, and ironic play, and reckless humour, and perilous epigram. And yet she proposed to convince a doubtful world, puzzled by his superficial varieties of disguise, that the chief note in his character was to be found in a deep and steady consistency of purpose; that his dominant interest was serious and ethical; and that his ideal of life lay in simplicity of moral aim.

And she has done it. No one can read through this book, with its remarkable series of intimate letters, without being struck with the unity of interest that is characteristic of Mandell Creighton from his early boyhood to his last hours at Fulham. "Those who had known him long," she writes at the close of the *Life*, "all agree in saying that the Bishop was one who changed singularly little. The Merton Undergraduate was in all essentials the same man as the Bishop of London." The fundamental character was unchanged; and that found-

* Bishop of London. *Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton*. By his wife. London: Longmans, Green and Co.

ation was given him by the North Country, and "was very grave and sedate." That is Dr. Bigg's judgment. And that is exactly the surprise that awaits us as we read. Who was there who at first meeting with Mandell Creighton suspected himself to be talking with a grave and sedate Northerner? Yet it is true. Always his mind is playing round the same themes: always he is handling life on the same method: always he gives his admiration to the same types: always he is employed in tracking the same motives: always he is pronouncing identical conclusions. His rapid brain spins ever round the same centres. He gains immensely, as he goes, in skilfulness of application: in reality: in sureness of insight. But the ideas that he applies do not vary.

This comes out most obviously and vividly in his treatment of Education. He loves the problems of Education: they were eminently congenial to him: he is always speaking on them: and speaking excellently. He preached on them: he lectured: he gave addresses. And he was always quick and alive and brilliant. But, for all that, he is absolutely uniform in the thing that he has to say. He is for ever reasserting one position.

So in history. Here lay his primary life-work: and here he made himself a European reputation. And how fixed and persistent he remains, from first to last, in his deliberate estimate of the objective to be pursued by the historian, of the limitations that he is to respect; of the mind with which he sets about his task; and of the morals that he is entitled to draw! And the noticeable thing is that this consistent judgment of his, which accompanies him steadily through life, is, whether in

Education or in History, entirely devoid of subtlety or paradox. It is the judgment of average sanity : it appeals to plain common-sense ; it avoids all semblance of excess : it strips itself of anything that might attract through literary brilliancy, or artistic craft, or picturesque vivacity. He makes for sober Northern grey, in his historical writing : he labours to reduce the tragic or melodramatic elements ; he disappoints us sadly over the number of poisonings that he permits us to imagine as possible in the Rome of the Borgias ; and Cæsar himself becomes quite a respectable person, with occasional lapses from the stricter paths of suburban virtue. He works hard to bring historical people under a general common standard, with lower high lights, and less dismal shadows, than you might expect ; according to his own famous verdict that "the good are not so good as they think themselves : and the bad are not so bad as the good think them to be." It is not "white-washing" that he attempts : but, rather, the close application of a very steady and sober common-sense to the actions of both good and bad alike, in the light of which we see and understand that there is a good deal of human nature in everybody, whether villain or saint. He has a horror of priggishness, and of pharisaic moralizing. He wants us simply to understand that people in history were men and women of our own flesh and blood : and that we shall see this clearly enough if we will but take the proper pains to understand them.

All this makes history a bit cold and flat. It is a system which seems to omit the deeper and stormier under-tow of the tides that sway and sweep men towards some irresistible destiny : as well as the large winds of prophecy, that lift, and shake, and inspire, and drive, and

exalt. But the point is that he who seemed superficially to be the very last man to adopt such sober methods, nevertheless, deliberately and consistently stuck to them throughout. His ideal was framed out of sanity and simplicity. This is what emerges so emphatically from his record. And still more remarkable is it, when we find that the supreme dominant interest, under the pressure of which he so consistently worked, was ethical. It was not the intellect, not the imagination, nor the desire for literary expression, or for artistic production of any kind, that really held him fascinated, but the conscience. This is the secret of the inner man, which his close friend, Reginald Copleston, Bishop of Calcutta, detected in their earliest years of Undergraduate friendship. It emerges at once, in the book; and in its most startling form is in the great letter to the monitors at Durham School. Was there ever such a letter written at such an age? It has in it the earnest wisdom of the man who has thought everything out. He claims quite easily the right to speak, as if it would be expected of him to do so. He is intimately concerned with the first principles of School Discipline, and the monitorial authority: and he follows these out, with strange acuteness, with felicitous insight, down into the lightest details of behaviour and expediency. It is an amazing letter: and exhibits the sincerity and force of his inherent bent towards the philosophy of moral conduct, even when a boy. This remains his habitual temper as an Undergraduate. He is "the philosopher": "Mentor": these are his nicknames. And they were used by his dearest friends, to express what they liked in him, as most characteristic. They are anxious to protest against

suggesting any flavour of "the prig," by these names. This he could never be. He especially loathed the type. But, naturally, by instinct, he occupied himself intensely with human character. He found in it an inexhaustible field for curiosity and interest. He watched everybody: noted their motives and ways: and always so cared for them personally, that he wanted to be inside their lives, to advise, to kindle, to warn, to help. He was keen to influence freshmen: he took everybody under his wing: he had a word to say, he analyzed, and thought, on their behalf. And he did it in a way that they liked.

Mrs. Creighton well recalls the habitual greeting of any old friend as he tucked his arm in his, and led him off for a talk. "How have you been getting on? Come and tell me about yourself." That personal subject could never flag. In quite early days he delighted to influence: but, in all his main life, he had a distinct fear of using the influence which would naturally flow from his intense interest in others. His passion for personal freedom gave him halt. He would talk and advise with endless delight and with keen skill: but he was resolute in his refusal to ease others' responsibilities. He threw them back on themselves: and was for ever preaching the necessity that lay on each to "find himself." The most touching evidence of his absorbing interest in conduct and character is given by the wonderful letters poured out year after year to his orphaned nieces and nephews. They are the very best letters in the book. He wrote to these growing children about everything that he was doing: and he moralized to them: and he philosophized: and he entered with zest into their development, and their problems. And, always, the matter of it all is character, and the

conduct of life : and, always, he gave them of his very best and most intimate thinking.

These letters, written in the storm and stress of his appalling London work, are a witness to his intense and affectionate loyalty to home relationships, and of the largess and generosity of his intellectual expenditure. These letters, with others of the same type, in the second volume, exhibit the finest quality of Creighton's mind. They are fascinating to read : brilliant in keenness of insight and touch : free flowing : spontaneous : inevitable. They have a quality of distinction : a nervous grip on reality : a rapidity and intensity of suggestion : a proverbial force, which make them without parallel in modern letter-writing. We begin to wonder whether anybody since the Son of Sirach passed away has left such a store of shrewd sayings that sum up human experience with such deft skilfulness and in such happy phrases. And, always, at the bottom, it is sanity, it is sincerity, it is wisdom, that gives the note to the utterance.

"Art is the veil of beauty over Law." "Action cannot be carried out in terms of omnipotence : but criticism is expressed in terms of omniscience." "If things were as simple as our critics make them out, we should have done what they advise long ago." "Happiness is growth into the purpose of the world." "Life is the sum of our relationships." "Life is an opportunity for loving." Excellent stuff, in perfect form ! These sayings came out of his innermost experience. And, then, there are all the delicious epigrams, from the famous "It is the duty of the newspapers to tell us what to do : it is our duty not to do it" ; "No people do so much harm as those who go about doing good" ; to the immortal utterance "In

dealing with ourselves, after we have let 'the ape and the tiger die' there still remains the donkey, a tougher and more enduring animal." Every syllable of the thing goes clear home. Here we feel him, as that which he essentially was throughout—the student of character, the ethical expert. In this study he was insatiable: on it he was inexhaustible. And he grows more and more in mastery over its matter. His latest letters are his best: and prove that the interest which came so vividly to light in that Monitorial Rescript was with him in unflagging force as he lay sickening to his death on the sofa at Fulham.

That is the revelation made by the book: and I cannot but think that Mrs. Creighton, with so strong a case in her hands, could easily have afforded a little fuller admission of the vagaries and bewilderments that served so often to disguise the seriousness of his life's purpose. I should have thought that the period of intellectual turmoil at Oxford was more anxious and pronounced than would be gathered from the book. Is the sway of the æsthetic movement adequately accentuated; and the dominant influence of Walter Pater, not as we all learned to know him in later days, but still in the temper of the historic Preface to the volume of *Essays on the Renaissance*? Copleston and Wilson may have known well what Creighton was even then, in his interior Creed: but he must have passed through a troubled time, before he found himself in the assured security of his faith at Embleton. We are shown the result: but we might have gained help by seeing more of the process by which it was reached. The conclusion itself is said, in its briefest form, in a letter to C. D., vol. ii. p. 403. "Life

can only be explained by a life: and I see in JESUS that life of which all other life is but a partial reflex." "All purely intellectual positions break down. They go so far and no further. The simplest soul is full of amazing problems. Try to explain yourself as you can, there is a vast residuum which you cannot turn into shape. How is all this to be dealt with? I answer, only by conscious communion with a Person Who is Life and Truth." These sentences gather up, obviously, a whole world of experiences and arguments; the key of his position lies in them. We dimly feel this: but we are not given the steps and stages by which to realize what is meant. Through his intense personal experience that relationships with others alone constitute and interpret what we are, and what we have to do, he passed on to his conviction that all these relationships remain partial and fragmentary and unresolved, unless they can be gathered up into, and interpreted by, a supreme and unifying relationship—that of the soul with a Personal GOD. This is the relationship revealed to us in the Person of the LORD JESUS CHRIST; of that Revelation "Scripture is the record, and the Church the witness." "Dogma is simply the maintenance of the historic CHRIST against imperfect definitions." So it all came to him. But we should have felt it all the more if we had shared the growth.

Again, the evidence and record of his kindness and patience, during his London episcopate, towards his Clergy, is so direct and pronounced that we might well have been shown a little more of the self-conquest by which he was enabled to keep under his natural intolerance of the stupid and the commonplace. It was all the more noticeable in London because he could not have done it,

say, in Embleton days. And, yet again, his impressive surrender to the entire supremacy of goodness, so deep a conviction in his later days, would be given its full weight and force if we were made first to realize how unexpected such a conclusion was from one who had every temptation possible to man to over-value intellectualism, and who, in so much of his normal habit, would seem to be rating the brain so far above the heart. As he flashed along his way, how little would his hearers have supposed that he was a man who had written round the walls of the Intellectual Palace, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." Yet this is what he had done, in absolute sincerity. We ought to feel that the power of the conviction lies in its surprise.

But enough of criticism on a book so effective and so fascinating. Everyone must read it: and no one who begins will lay it down before reaching the simple and touching story of the death.

It is inevitable that, in closing the Record, and lying back to estimate the impression left, we should find bulking large his treatment of the famous Crisis. It was a cruel position in which he found himself from the first moment of his arrival in London. The ritual situation was chaotic. He was under the necessity of establishing some order, if he was to be in any sense a ruler. He could not tolerate anarchy. Everybody was aware of the urgency of the case. The first symptom, the difficulty at St. Ethelburga's, disclosed at once the critical moment that had been reached. Everything might have been saved, if the Church had been allowed to work out her own salvation quietly. The main body of Priests were as keen for some regulation as the Bishop himself: and

he would have been singularly skilful in its orderly and sensitive assertion. But the opportunity was ruined hopelessly by the Bulls of Bashan. Kensit began running amuck. Protestant mobs set to work to howl. Sir William Harcourt joined in the bellow. The House of Commons roared again. All was over. Backs stiffened. Outraged consciences recoiled against malice and injustice. The air grew heated: accusations hurtled: blood rose: confusion reigned supreme. Everybody screamed at once: and all of them screamed at the Bishop. The situation is immortalized in Creighton's letter to Sir William Harcourt. This is a masterpiece. That gay Goliath had pranced out before the hosts, rolling the great Erastian phrases round his tongue, offering to feed with the flesh of Bishops all the Puritan kites and crows. And lo! here is a Bishop who lightly plays with him: turns his case inside out: exposes the shallow futility of his cheap logic: holds him up to mockery as a belated Inquisitor, as obsolete as the Mediævalism which he derides. Sir William discovers himself to be simply dismissed. Persecution was always futile: it is now out of date. No one will have it. Men only take a pleasure in taunting the Bishops for not doing what they will not do and dare not do themselves. About this Creighton was perfectly clear. He had always been an apostle of freedom and of tolerance. Nothing would induce him to begin turning on the Police. Only his illness can have prevented him from seeing at once how to put a stop, as he afterwards did, on that absurd Colonel in the Writing Room of the Athenæum, who from that post of vantage had proposed to purge the Church.

Creighton had resolved that the thing must be done

by persuasion. There are no other weapons that can lawfully be worn in spiritual and intellectual matters; more especially when the people to be handled were devoted Priests long accustomed to episcopal acquiescence in all that they were doing. So he bent himself to the work with all his powers. It was a work that called out his special gifts in their most brilliant form. He brought to bear all his store of historical learning: he exhibited infinite fertility of resource: he was alert, skilful, persuasive. One rash joke on herrings, it is true, lost him St. Peter's, London Docks. But he kept his temper admirably: and was inexhaustible in argument, and plea, and appeal. But he made the mistake of deserting his own peculiar formula, "the appreciation of a principle knocks the bottom out of complaints." So he expressed his favourite method of entering inside the mind of the man to be won and, by the evolution of his own principle, correcting his excesses and conquering his recalcitrancy. Instead of this, Creighton tried to break down the exaggerations of one Ideal by emphasizing the Counter-ideal. Over against the claims of Catholicity he set the claim of Nationality. He put all his force into exhibiting the strength and the wealth of the English Church as an Historical Embodiment of racial character. He appealed to the wonderful combination in it of Authority with Freedom: of Catholic Creed with national colour. He passionately pleaded, on behalf of the Church's responsibility, for the Christianizing of the Nation.

Now, this might be true enough: but it left the particular issues at stake untouched. For, first, the question was whether this delicate and difficult equipoise, which balanced Authority and Freedom to such perfection, was

likely to have been seized and fixed for ever in the rough scrimmage of 1552, by the set of men behind Northumberland: or under the strain of perilous compromises by which the Church contrived to survive under Elizabeth. Had the exact point been once for all hit with amazing precision, so that every rubric, every detail, of the Art of Uniformity could claim for itself the high sanction of this English Ideal? And then, again, the problem was whether the English racial type had not need of some enlargement, of some balance, of some correction, of some transfiguration? What terrible losses it had suffered in the hubbub of the Reformation! How much it lacked of imagination: of beauty: of width: of richness! Everybody confessed it. The Englishman had narrowed the Catholic Creed into his own insular limitations: he had made it drab, thin, cold, stupid. Did not the Bishop hold the poor Englishman up to public scorn? Was he not always warning him of his insularity: his insolence: his ignorance: his ugliness? And was this Englishman to impose his ugliness and his ignorance upon the fulness of Faith in the Incarnation? Did he not need to be educated, tempered, enriched? Who would say that he had not thrown away much that was most precious, or that he did not need to have his spiritual vision enlarged and his imagination quickened by a Creed that had, for its essential verity, the solidarity of the human race, the repudiation of the finality of Nationalities?

This was what the Catholic Party thought themselves to be fighting for: and it was no answer, no solution, to parade yet once again the virtues which the Englishman did possess, and the value to him of his insular form of worship. Creighton would have won his men better

if he had frankly accepted their criticism of the English position—a criticism which he could enforce with a capacity and an irony far beyond their powers; and then had exhibited the historical necessities, which, nevertheless, must condition the corrective action which that criticism cried out for. They would have given him more confidence if they had felt how cordially he shared their view. By acceptance of this principle he might have knocked the bottom out of their complaints.

He worked as few men in our generation have worked. The harrowing anxiety of the Church crisis gave him no rest, and no chance of recovery. He passed swiftly from us, as he had come swiftly among us. He had flung out, for those brief years, the full force of his splendid gifts, with an unstinted and irresistible generosity. We knew his faults: but we learned more and more to delight in his quickening touch, in his illuminating utterance, in his radiant scorn of conventional thought, in his rapid insight, in his fertile sympathy. He was the most interesting personality alive in London. And now, through this record of his life, we know the nobility of his aims, the simplicity of his innermost manhood, and the depth of his passion for the supremacy of goodness.

WILLIAM STUBBS *

WE have not half realized what a great man is gone from us. He did his best, himself, to prevent us remembering it. We all heard of his dry quips and odd cranks. We laughed at the book with the big big B, which was his constant companion by night and by day, and which the awe-stricken children, at last, discovered to be, not the Bible, but Bradshaw. We heard perhaps of his earnest assurance to the lady at Lambeth garden-party, who asked if he had seen the great guest of the hour, the Princess of Wales. "No! But my Suffragan has." It was nice to think of that clergyman in Cheshire who was never in his parish, and to whom the Bishop said, as he encountered him for the twentieth time at some railway junction, "Well, Mr. —, you are, certainly, the most *Stationary* clergyman in my Diocese:" or to recall him taking up one hand after another of Lord Grimthorpe, who had cried to him in pride over a Parliamentary enactment which he had introduced into a Bill of Lord Halifax's—"What do you think of my Clause?" and saying, "I can't see them."

Or, perhaps, it amuses us to picture Mr. Swinburne shut up for months with him in a country parsonage, to which the poet had retired in order to discover where

* Bishop of Oxford.

Ramoth-Gilead actually was. For, according to the Oxford myth, it was ignorance of that important fact which had ploughed him in divinity. There Mr. Swinburne declined to go to church, not in consequence of any dogmatic difficulties, but solely owing to the prayer for the Queen which he could not induce his tutor to omit from the service. But things have changed with him since then; and he sings us now our Imperialism with the best. Very shrewd and very interesting were the Bishop's comments on that curious episode.

All this is very good; and, indeed, his cynical humour was as characteristic as it was excellent. But, then, it was characteristic because of the man behind it. It was characteristic because behind it was a man of intense emotional passion, who dare not let himself go, and who, through many circumstances in his life, had little field for any such emotional expression. Now and again it would become visible; the whole man would quiver with the heat of impulses which he could with difficulty control. Sometimes he would allow a sermon to become a vent for his own personal emotion; and, when he did, he preached with singular unction and with profound impressiveness. This often gave startling interest to those utterances in which he broke through his habitual reserve, as in the great Charge in which he told of his own personal relation to the Tractarian Movement.

Immersed as he was, through the greater part of his life, in the dusty details of Charters and Rolls, of Inventories and Leases, he retained all his impetuous passions in full freshness. He could be very angry, almost with the vehemence of a child. He felt intensely the burning questions of the day; and had intimate

concern with its immediate Politics. Like all other true historians, he hated, with a heat which not even his innate Toryism could obscure, any policy of England, whether at the earlier date of the Crimean, or at later crises, which went to prolong the blight upon the East of Turkish tyranny.

He read history with a large insight into human motives and heroic causes. Here is his judgment on the Crusades, no dry-as-dust verdict, but with the heart of a true man in it.

“They were the first great effort of mediæval life to go beyond the pursuit of selfish and isolated ambitions; they were the trial-feat of the young world, essaying to use, to the glory of God and the benefit of man, the arms of its new knighthood.

“That the good they did was largely leavened with evil may be said of every war that has ever been waged; that bad men rose by them while good men fell is, and must be, true wherever and whenever the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong. But that in the end they were a benefit to the world no one who reads can doubt; and that in their course they brought out a love for all that is heroic in human nature, the love of freedom, the honour of prowess, sympathy with sorrow, perseverance to the last, and patient endurance without hope, the chronicles of the age abundantly prove.”

He was a Tory of the Tories; partly out of a pessimistic despair at the ignorance, the shallowness, the vanity, the folly of all us average men; partly out of his vivid realization of the power of that amazing constitution, the growth and life of which he had been the first to unravel and interpret. He had followed its movement; and, in that, he had shown himself the true lover of liberty. But,

once grown, it had so much behind it that it could not risk being tampered with. He was a Constitutionalist to the backbone, and abhorred absolutism. I shall never forget the measured force of his judgment on Henry VIII. It was like listening to a judge pronouncing the final doom.

As an historian, his favourite foes were the lawyers. At them he was never tired of poking fun. He delighted in chaffing their determination to fix precisely things that were fluid; and to invent where they could not explain. He himself was keenly sensitive to the fact that life moves, and refuses to be bounded by fixed outlines, and to be cut and dried and squared. A great-hearted man, with a soul as large as his brain, he could, nevertheless, be wilful: and impulsive: and what the late Dean of St. Paul's would call "naughty"—naughty in trying to shock, and in perversely concealing his best feelings. But he was a man of noble temper, and of splendid force; with something pathetic hanging about him, as over a man who had never quite got the world to understand him, or had ever found full expression for that emotional self which was so deep in him. This pathos drew to him the affection of those who were near enough to know what lay behind the incomparable master in History.

Let us hear him speaking in his own words on matters of present concern.

He is speaking on the "popular" view of historic knowledge:

"that aspect of it in which it becomes merely a tool or a stock of tools capable of employment for ulterior purposes: and the methods of teaching it by which with the least trouble the learner can acquire practically useful information. I call this the popular or utilitarian aspect, because it belongs to

the catchpenny theory of human life, according to which the value of a thing is just as much as it will bring; the theory that despises science and research, that regards politics as a game between Blue and Orange, that places the interest of Great Britain at the crown and apex of national ambitions, and regards education in general not as the training of the human mind for God's service, a development of powers to His glory and the welfare of our fellow-men, but as a means for the acquisition of a certain sum in the Funds; the theory that regards human souls as factory hands, and ascribes to Parliament the power of making a false statement true."

Now take a great historical verdict. It is his summing up on Henry VIII.

"I do not believe that he was abnormally profligate: in this region of morality he was not better perhaps than Charles V., but he was much better than Francis I. and Philip II. and Henry IV. But he was cruelly, royally vindictive; there was in him an ever-increasing, ever-encroaching self-will, ever grasping and grasping more and more of power: a self-will guided by a high intellect, and that sort of sincerity which arises from a thorough belief in himself. I am not prepared to deny that deep, cunning, unscrupulous men, like Cromwell, traded on their knowledge of his character; but not one of those who tried to work their own ends through Henry escaped the doom to which false friends and open foes alike found their way.

"Well, you say, you would not wish to see him worse cursed. I do not condemn him. God forbid, in Whose hand are the hearts of kings. I do not believe him to have been a monster of lust and blood, as so many of the Roman Catholic writers regard him. I cannot accept at all the picture which Mr. Froude has drawn. I think that even Lord Herbert's estimate of him is deficient in the perception of his surpassing self-wilfulness. I do not attempt to portray

him after my own idea ; but I seem to see in him a grand gross figure, very far removed from ordinary human sympathies, self-engrossed, self-confident, self-willed ; unscrupulous in act, violent and crafty, but justifying to himself, by his belief in himself, both unscrupulousness, violence, and craft. A man who regarded himself as the highest justice, and who looked on mercy as a mere human weakness. And with all this, as needs must have been, a very unhappy man, wretched in his family, wretched in his friends, wretched in his servants, most wretched in his loneliness ; that awful loneliness in which a king lives, and which the worst as well as the best of despots realizes. Have I drawn the outline of a monster ? Well, perhaps ; but not the popular notion of this particular portent. A strong, high-spirited, ruthless, disappointed, solitary creature ; a thing to hate, or to pity, or to smile at, or to shudder at, or to wonder at, but not to judge."

RICHARD WILLIAM CHURCH *

HE had been through the fire. That is what we of the younger generation felt as soon as we came closely under the spell of Dean Church.

Gentleness, delicacy, refinement, holiness—these, no doubt, were his in special measure; and the perfected judgment of the older culture, with its firmness, its sanity, its exquisite truth: and the charm of a most beautiful nature: and the quick sympathy of a sensitive heart: and the touch of a man who lived very near to GOD. All this would have marked him out, and would have won for him an admiration and a love such as are given to very few.

But over and above this, there was a peculiar ring, as it were, in the metal of the man which told of the flame. Some great experience there had been, by which everything in him had gained an intensity, a solemnity, a concentrated force, which would at times startle us. A flash would come into the eye, a tone in the voice, which would make us feel very small and rather afraid. This spare, slight man, quiet and gentle, had he then been in the wars? Was it a soldier who spoke in him, who had known what it was to hear the call of a trumpet in face of a foe? We crouched, and ceased to talk so glibly, and wondered

* Dean of St. Paul's.

what it all had meant long ago, in the days when he had won this warrior-look.

We knew well when those days had been. They were the years that followed the crash of Newman's secession. Remembering, as we still could, that incomparable wonder and fascination of Newman's personality, which are now so fast becoming a fading tradition: remembering what Newman had been to Oxford and Oxford to him; and then recalling those tender words that record in the *Apologia* his last farewell to this his younger friend, whom he called by the endearing name "*Carissime*": and recalling also that for fourteen years after the leave-taking in Oxford, not one word passed between them, in speech or writing: recalling, moreover, the endless partings of friends, the sundering of ties, the ignominies and the alarms and the disasters which filled those troubled years for those who were faithful to the old Cause: we could not wonder why it was that we said to ourselves, "He has been through the fire."

Richard Church was just thirty at this supreme crisis of his life. Born at Lisbon, he was taken to Florence in 1818, where, during the next eight years, he gained as a boy the memory which was to issue, in after-days, in his lifelong study of Dante, who left upon him, as upon all who study him closely, that impress of noble austerity which belongs to those who live in the Vision of the Last Things.

Two opposite influences told upon Church through his blood. From both his grandparents on his father's side he inherited the spiritual depth of the Quakers. His father's brother, on the other hand, was the famous General Richard Church, whose life was crowded with

heroic adventures, fighting the French, from very boyhood, up and down the coasts of the Mediterranean, repressing Calabrian and Sicilian brigands, freeing Greece as the general of the revolutionary force which drove the Turk out of the ancient homes of Hellenic Liberty. The high courage, the love of freedom, the hate of cruelty and wrong which revealed themselves in the Dean during the great Eastern Crisis of 1876, after the Bulgarian massacres, were true to the spirit and the tradition which came down to him from this hero of the old Greek War.

However, his own life was peaceful enough in its actual circumstances. His mother returned, a widow, to England in 1828, and sent him to school at Redlands, near Bristol, from which he passed to a quiet college, Wadham, at Oxford; and then came the Fellowship at Oriel, which meant so much, for it was this which brought him into affectionate intimacy with Newman.

He was Newman's candidate for the Fellowship, we are told, though he did not need this favour, for "no one could resist his moral beauty."

He had come up to Oxford under Evangelical influence; no record is left of his mental change. But he had become an adherent of the Catholic Revival with head and heart and soul. Taken at once with Newman's closest intimacy, he shared it more especially with another young Fellow of Oriel, slightly his senior, who became his lifelong friend, Frederick Rogers, afterwards Lord Blachford, one of the very ablest men, according to Mr. Gladstone's judgment, whom he has ever known in the Civil Service of England.

From 1838 to 1845 he lived in the full heat of the Tractarian Movement, with everything in him quickened

to its highest life ; in brimming loyalty to the chief whom he trusted and loved, in the joy and audacity of youth when it knows itself committed to glorious strife. Something of this rollicking ardour shows itself in a sparkling letter on Tract 90 to Rogers in March, 1841. (*Church's Life*, p. 40.)

But all this suffers sharp arrest. The shadow fell upon the Master: his utterance grew perplexed ; at last he withdrew in silence to Littlemore. There, in his sad retreat, he heard how his young ally, Richard Church, had averted a fierce attack on him, by bravely exercising a Proctor's veto, by which all proceedings were stayed in the theatre at Oxford, crammed to the doors with a stormy crowd.

Slowly the end came.

"Accept this apology, my dear Church, and forgive me." So the letter from Littlemore ran, on April 3rd. "As I say so, tears come into my eyes." "Heart and mind are tired out, as the limbs might be from a load on the back."

On October 8th the fatal news came to him. "I am this night expecting Father Dominic." "This will not go until all is over." "With my best love to dear Charles Marriott, who is over your head. . . . I left Oxford for good on February 23rd, 1846. Various friends came to see the last of me—Mr. Copeland, Mr. Church . . . Dr. Pusey." (*Apologia*, pp. 235-237, Ed. 1873.)

So it was over.

Nothing remains to tell what that dark time covered for young Church. In his story of the Oxford Movement, in which, with characteristic reticence, he never names his own name, or allows one hint to appear of the

part he played, he throws into the words of Frederick Rogers and James Mozley the record of his own experiences and convictions. He makes it evident that Mozley, above all, expressed the mind with which he faced the shock, and the direction into which it drove his thoughts. The loss of the master broke up the more superficial theories about God's methods of Revelation through the Church, with which he had been satisfied; and threw him back on the deeper and more durable foundations which are given through the study of the actual historical facts.

From these foundations, new gained, he never swerved through all the restless years. He was determined to find God's witness to himself in the realities of human life; not in fancies, however beautiful, of what we should wish those realities to have been.

It was the work of his life to exhibit what this witness had been: in the actual story of civilization, in the actual story of the Church. The first of this work may best be seen in his books, *The Gifts of Civilization, Human Life and its Conditions*, and in his incomparable sermons: (1) on Bishop Andrewes; and (2) at the Consecration of Bishop Moberly:* the first of which is the finest defence of the English Church, and the second of the Episcopate, which can be found in the language.

But these were the issue of long and anxious thinking. For the moment the Movement was ended as an Oxford enterprise; it betook itself to London and the country. Those who, like Richard Church, remained in the University remained as symbols of defeat, the broken wreck of a cause that seemed lost, clouded under a storm

* In *Pascal and other Sermons*.

of suspicion and condemnation. His work as a tutor had been resigned. He lost his mother at this time, which increased his sorrow and his loneliness. He hardly ever spoke of these years, even to his family. The only activity which engaged him lay in the founding of the *Guardian*, for which he wrote busily, in company with the friend to whom he drew so closely in this hour of strain—Frederick Rogers.

But his main refuge lay in travel—more especially to Greece, where he was captured by brigands and tied to a tree, and where he saw his famous uncle in his house at Athens. Sir George Bowen, then a young diplomat at Constantinople, remembers well the scene which he saw on a visit to Athens, where, every Sunday, the old heroes of the War of Liberation met at the General's; fierce fighters, with tremendous moustaches, and pistols, and swords, looking like glorified pirates of an Adelphi melodrama; and in their midst the thin, quiet, delicate figure of the Oxford don.

He read largely all this time, and especially deepened his knowledge of Dante. He wrote the essays which were afterwards collected into a volume, and two of which were expanded later on into the two delightful books on Dante and St. Anselm.

In 1852 he left Oxford for the little living of Watley, and made his most happy marriage with Miss Bennett, a niece of Dr. Moberly, of Winchester.

The first great period of his life closed. For eighteen years he had loved Oxford; in it he had passed through the experiences which moulded his whole being, and determined its bent. Two periods, each of eighteen years, followed, in which he put to proof for himself, and

verified more and before men's eyes, the profound significance and force and beauty of those convictions with which he left the morning-home of his soul.

From 1852 to 1870 he was at Watley—a tiny village with a tiny church, hidden away in the green hollows of a Somersetshire upland—hardly ever moving out to touch the big life outside, either of Church or State.

Buried, do I hear you say? Hardly! With a mind keen as the edge of a sword, alert as a flame, he read, thought, wrote: delighting in the magic and stir of home, as his four children, one boy and three girls, grew up about him; in affectionate intimacy with his poor, preaching to them those wonderful "village sermons," so plain, so piercing, so solemn, in a tongue understood by the simplest; kept in touch with the new revelations of science by correspondence with Asa Gray, the great American botanist, as fervent a Christian as he was enthusiastic for Darwin; feeding the *Guardian* constantly with articles and reviews; at rare intervals holding Oxford, as of old, by the perfection of his University sermons. A life that he loved with all his heart! Nothing but the chivalrous and relentless importunity of Mr. Gladstone would ever have dragged him from it. For it was Mr. Gladstone who, detecting behind the shy refinement of the scholar the force and judgment of the statesman, insisted on his coming to the Deanery of St. Paul's. He came, with protests, with fears, with repugnance; but at last he came. In December, 1871, he celebrated, and preached, for the first time. "The Deanery used to be a place of literary leisure. But times are changed." So he wrote. "What is required now is that St. Paul's should waken up from its long slumber,

and justify its existence as the great central church of London."

It was just ready for the wakening. Gregory was there, burning with financial and administrative reforms. Liddon had already crowded the dome, Liddon with his whole-hearted chivalry, his charm, his delicious humour, his ardour, his intensities, his warmth of personal affection. Lightfoot had just come, whom the Dean quickly learned to love for his justice, his generosity, and the child-like simplicity which hallowed his great gifts. With Barff brought up soon to the revived Choir School, and Stainer to the organ, the worship of the Cathedral was secure of the tone and temper which the Dean desired.

So the revival began at once, and never flagged. It cost him personal worries and anxieties, at the memory of which he would sensitively shudder in after years, but it was singularly happy in its conditions and its advance was inevitable.

In his latter days the Dean earnestly charged his friends never to allow a monument of any kind whatever to be raised for him in the Cathedral: it was enough, and more than enough (he said) that he should have been permitted to be there, at the moment when its life was given to it so wonderfully.

But it was not only as Head of the Chapter, in the work of reviving the slumbering church, that he showed himself to be peculiarly fitted for his post at the heart of London. More and more, as the years went on, men learned to look to the Deanery for the counsellor in moments of public or private anxiety: for the statesman whose judgment would be level with each emergency.

Two hours of crisis I would specially recall. In 1874 the policy embodied in the Public Worship Bill found in him its most uncompromising opponent. No "Ritualist" himself, he was indignant at the injustice meted out to the Ritualists. He seriously threatened to resign, if any more priests were driven to prison. It was the news of this intention which, as much as anything else, served to open the eyes of Archbishop Tait to the weight of resistance which he had provoked.

Again, at the time of the Bulgarian agitation, men were startled at the fire and force of his opposition to the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. Every fibre in his frame quivered with righteous passion against the cynical indifference to cruelty and wrong which dominated London "Society." He saw a moral judgment at work, sifting the people. Freedom, righteousness, the honour of England, the belief in the Divine government of the world, all were at stake in the momentous issue. He found himself beset on all sides by a political and social temper which was worldly, godless, immoral, and he flamed with prophetic wrath. The wrath of one so sensitive, so delicate, so appreciative, so balanced, so wise, was like nothing else that I have ever known. Its heat was so utterly devoid of mere personal interest; it was the heat of moral judgment, of sheer holiness—the heat of the Apocalypse.

So he lived for his last eighteen years: a watchman in a high tower, yet close at hand for any perplexed soul in need of advice. All sorts came: a curate in straits with his vicar; a priest in face of his bishop and three aggrieved parishioners: Mr. Gladstone in search of a man to fill a vacant See.

He wrote on Bacon, on Spenser, on the Oxford Move-

ment, Essays, Sermons. He suffered from bodily infirmities towards the end, which kept him much confined to the house. He had the great sorrow of losing his only son. He was deeply saddened by England's failure in Egypt, and by the loss of Gordon. He was distressed over Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposals. His outlook was a little clouded; but still his sympathies were ready for the hopes of the younger men. He was to the last receptive, intellectually, of all that was moving and happening. More especially in the agitation over Biblical Criticism he showed all his beautiful courage and wisdom, by which he did much to prevent a serious split between old and young.

Always he remained far aloof from every suspicion, incapable of anything petty or self-interested, or weak: "the finest flower of the Christian character," as the testimony of one outside the Faith bore witness. Untouched by the world's breath—pure, reserved, austere—he yet won the praise of the world; he never made a foe, yet was deeply loved. To all he was a man apart, unique, against whom no one could say a word. To all who knew him he was the supreme witness of what the Christian life could be—so strong in its delicacy, so delicate in its strength; so gentle yet so heroic; so disciplined yet so passionate.

On Dec. 9th, 1890, he died, and was buried, according to his own express and characteristic desire, in the little churchyard at Watley, amid the fields, and among the poor. There the master lies; and there is no one like him left.

LORD ACTON *

AT last, the world at large may know the man of high distinction and massive learning who never, in life, could make himself known to it. The profound impression that he produced on all the master minds of his day could not but be felt (it is true) beyond the charmed circle: for he knew everybody of mark, at home and abroad: he moved about freely: he touched human life at every point: he was at home in half-a-dozen European capitals: and spoke four languages with equal facility. So the outside public was bound to become aware of him: the report went abroad: the name of Lord Acton was widely familiar. Yet, if you asked the common or garden man who and what Lord Acton was, he could tell you nothing: he could point to nothing that accounted for the fame. He could only say that he believed him to be possessed of colossal learning; and generally supposed that he was buried somewhere in the British Museum.

Yet could anything be less like Lord Acton than this supposed Museumite? Was ever any one less buried than he? As Mr. Herbert Paul puts it, in that most admirable Preface which he has written for these Letters—a Preface

* *Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone*. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Herbert Paul. London: Allen. 1904.

so excellent in lucidity, discrimination, thoroughness, and sympathy, that it leaves nothing more to be said—

Lord Acton was dimly known to the general public as a prodigy of learning. He left no great work behind him, and is often quoted as an example of natural gifts buried under an accumulation of excessive or ill-digested knowledge. The image of a Dryasdust, of a bookworm, of a walking Dictionary was excited by his name among those to whom he was a name, and nothing more. To those who had the privilege of his acquaintance he appeared almost the precise opposite of a picture too unlike the truth to be even a caricature. For Lord Acton was a thorough man of the world. An insatiable reader, he was anything but a recluse. No man had a keener zest for the society of his intellectual equals. No one took a stronger interest in the events of the day, and the gossip of the hour.

The force and originality of Lord Acton's conversation are reflected, and may be inferred, from his epistolary style. In absolutely uncongenial company he would maintain the silence of the tomb. But when there was any community of taste or subject, he shone equally as a talker and as a listener. It was not that he tried to shine. He did not aim at epigram, and his humour was as spontaneous as it was delightful. He loved to stimulate conversation in others, and no man had more sympathy with a good thing which he had not said himself.

His intimate friends agreed that he was the raciest and most stimulating of companions, with an instinctive perception for the true significance of a hint, so that they never had to tell him a thing twice, or to explain it once.

This alertness, this lightness of touch, were all the more delightful because they were belied by his personal appearance. That monumental head, a visible symbol of the vast knowledge that lay within it: that cold white cliff of a forehead: that thick and burly figure, portentously firm

in its solid setting: were alarming enough to the light-hearted and the trifling, until you suddenly discovered that this great and solemn person was gaily toying with your ignorant remarks, and gently chaffing you. You felt like the House of Lords did on one famous afternoon, when an anxious Peer was droning on to his dreary fellows, strewn about the benches in that lifeless indifference so characteristic of our High Assembly under the strain of the twenty minutes which they daily devote to the Cause of the Country, on an outburst of criminal violence in Ireland: only to find that Lord Acton, in his strange character as Lord-in-Waiting, was, in serious and impressive tones, explaining that the outbreak, when reduced to its elemental simplicity, turned out to consist of a boy with a squib. The House woke to the fact that somebody was poking fun at it, and doing it very well.

Yet this versatility, this alert capacity for affairs, this ready speech, never won their way to the public ear. And he produced no books. The one book on which his whole life was to be spent, *The History of Liberty*, never got itself written. His famous Library at Aldenham was dedicated to this hope: the books in it were chosen, mainly, for working purposes: and their work was to serve this supreme end. It is impossible to conceive any one more excellently fitted to produce the record of Liberty than he to whom it was a passion. The striking passage quoted in the Preface, in which Mr. Bryce describes the sudden transfiguration of Lord Acton, reveals the intensity with which the hope had possessed him and the spirit in which it might have achieved its task.

Late one night, in his library at Cannes, while Mr. Bryce

was staying with him, it found vent in speech. "He spoke for six or seven minutes only; but he spoke like a man inspired; seeming as if, from some mountain summit high in air, he saw beneath him the far-winding path of human progress from dim Cimmerian shores of prehistoric shadow into the fuller yet broken and fitful light of the modern time. The eloquence was splendid: yet greater than the eloquence was the penetrating vision which discerned through all events and in all ages the play of those moral forces, now creating, now destroying, always transmuting, which had moulded and remodelled institutions, and had given to the human spirit its ceaselessly changing forms of energy. It was as if the whole landscape of history had been suddenly lit up by a burst of sunlight. I have never heard from any other lips any discourse like this, nor from his did I ever hear the like again."

Yet the keen insight of his friend Dollinger had given the prophetic verdict, which the years were to verify. "If he does not write his book before he is forty, he will never write it at all." The fastidiousness of the scholar, the immense range of the student's curiosity, the unceasing capacity for accumulating material, the deep humility of the man who knew so far too much to be anxious to thrust forward his own personality—all told more and more against actual realization. So, having not been written before he was forty, it was never written at all. *The Madonna of the Future* faded into nothing. Other writings, that were produced, were buried in Reviews; the public could not know of them: nor often understand what it read. I can never forget the paralyzing unintelligibility of a Review of his on Creighton's Popes. It was, simply, a series of confidences which expert might pass to expert. One seemed to hear two people whispering secrets some-

where over one's head. It was just possible that they might understand what each other meant. One hoped that they did. No doubt, Creighton was taking it in. That was the best result that a poor bewildered outsider could hope for.

One powerful stroke, I do recall, that went home—a sketch of George Eliot, after her death, in the *Contemporary*, I fancy. It was the best thing written on her: and it said, in bearing testimony to her moral force, that only those who knew George Henry Lewes before their intimacy could appreciate all she had made of him. Still, this was but a passing word. Once and once only, he spoke so that all men heard. It came late in his life: in his Inaugural Lecture as Professor of History at Cambridge. It was a supreme utterance, clear, decisive, effectual. In spite of the notes with which, as Mr. Paul complains, it was terribly overloaded, it told on the conscience and imagination of all who read. It claimed that we had emerged out of the austere discipline through which Ranke had rightly taught us the secret of impartiality, and could now afford to recognize, in the process of history, the unfailing and inexorable verdict of the moral judgment. It marked an epoch. But never again did the average man get hold of what Lord Acton had to say to him. So he passed into the silence which he had, through life, done so little to break.

And, now, comes the strange alternation. The man whose inner thought had been so veiled, had, nevertheless, one channel down which he had through many years released his storied mind. In Mary Gladstone, he found a keen sympathy, a *vif* intelligence, a sensitive vitality, which drew him into a most intimate and delightful friendship with her. She could catch all his hints and

allusions : she could respond to his interests : she revelled in his infinite play of wit and wisdom. To her, he could unload himself with security and freedom. In answer to her quick insight, he would open out in all the endless spontaneity that comes of being understood. She plied him with eager pleas, and swarming enquiries : and none of these could ever find him at a loss, or come amiss. He would have his fun : he would gossip : but, also, he gave her of his very best. She was at the heart of affairs—those affairs which embodied the very life of man for him to whom Politics were, as he said himself, a Religion. Above all, she was in closest and most affectionate touch with her father, his chief, on whom his whole political faith centred : of whom he was not afraid to write, as his deliberate anticipation of the after-judgment of the generation to follow, the historical verdict :

The generation you consult will be more democratic and better instructed than our own ; for the progress of democracy, though not constant, is certain, and the progress of knowledge is both constant and certain. It will be more severe in literary judgments, and more generous in political. With this prospect before me I ought to have answered, that hereafter, when our descendants shall stand before the slab that is not yet laid among the monuments of famous Englishmen, they will say that Chatham knew how to inspire a nation with his energy, but was poorly furnished with knowledge and ideas ; that the capacity of Fox was never proved in office, though he was the first of debaters ; that Pitt, the strongest of ministers, was among the weakest of legislators ; that no foreign secretary has equalled Canning, but that he showed no other administrative ability ; that Peel, who excelled as an administrator, a debater, and a tactician, fell everywhere short

of genius; and that the highest merits of the five without their drawbacks were united in your father. Possibly they may remember that his only rival in depth, and wealth, and force of mind was neither admitted to the Cabinet nor buried in the Abbey.

Therefore he could think it worth while to pour out for her all his deepest teaching on the significance of human life, and on the purpose of history. For all was directed to him, or turned round him, or would be reported to him, or belonged to him and his.

So it all came out in these wonderful letters: and here they are: and we may read them. They let us enter right inside what he thought, in the very crisis of great events, under the pressure of those public anxieties which built up the political history of a great Prime Minister. The affairs are weighty: the moments are historical: we live on a big stage, at a high level, in the thick of work, amid the solemnities of life. The interests covered are, therefore, deep and universal. Yet we are admitted to see how these great affairs were being handled inside the privacy of those most profoundly concerned in them. We hear the confidences that passed: the things that were whispered: the positions that were discussed. We can feel the ebb and flow of emotions which accompanied the movement of history within the domestic secrecies. We can learn exactly how this philosophic student of life felt, and spoke, and judged, under the crucial intensity of actual facts, in the intimacy of an affectionate friendship, in ways that really told upon the events themselves. For, in and through those letters, he was himself one of the influences which determined Mr. Gladstone's will and

mind. We can watch it all going on at moments of stress, like the Irish Land Bill, the Irish Coercion Bill, the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the victorious Campaign of Mid-Lothian, the Resignation after the defeat. We can hear him talking (as it were) with Mr. Gladstone, while "Vaticanism" is absorbing him: or Biblical Criticism: or Huxley: or "Robert Elsmere," or "John Inglesant." We can listen to his innermost criticisms on the great man, put so admirably on page 26 and page 46. We can recognize precisely what it was that Lord Acton would have had him change, in his methods of managing men. All is of high and public concern, except the pleasant chaff and gossip: yet all is intimate and confidential. The man, whom it was so difficult to know, is openly revealed in his most secret moods and motives. He could afford to have lived and died unexpressed, if he was leaving these letters behind him.

And the man, so known, stands out in lines that are singularly firm and emphatic. For one of his startling characteristics is the strength of his judgments. In life he may have seemed to be reserved, to avoid strong language to recognize many sides, to be fastidiously unable to bring things to a head. But all this did not mean that he was undecided: or could not deliver judgment: or had any doubt or hesitation in his convictions. Down the thunder-bolts fell. The sweeping language astonishes us. We are quite frightened. "That is the reason of my deep aversion for him." Who is it of whom he is speaking? Cardinal Newman. "Froude will write his life, a fit historian for so unscrupulous a hero." That is Carlyle. "If a man accepts the Primacy of Rome with confidence, admiration, unconditional obedience, he must have made

terms with murder." This is not some Mr. Walsh who is speaking, but a good Roman, who holds every article of the Roman Creed.

Perhaps the most typical instance of this moral austerity is to be found in his indignant protest against Mr. Gladstone's panegyric in the House of Commons, in proposing to honour Lord Beaconsfield with a national monument. It must be explained that Lord Acton would have approved of a speech conveying the homage of the House in which Disraeli had borne so distinguished a post. But the monument implied public service of exceptional merit: and this he could not allow: nor would he pass the plea that the Prime Minister was bound to express the national desire.

The defect of the argument is that it will neither wear nor wash. It cannot be employed in public. Nobody can say—I who overthrew Lord Beaconsfield's ministry, reversed his policy, persuaded the nation to distrust him, and brought his career to a dishonoured end—I who, altogether disagreeing with a certain friend of mine, thought his doctrines false, but the man more false than his doctrine; who believe that he demoralized public opinion, bargained with diseased appetites, stimulated passions, prejudices, and selfish desires, that they might maintain his influence; that he weakened the Crown by approving its unconstitutional leanings, and the Constitution by offering any price for democratic popularity,—who, privately, deem him the worst and most immoral minister since Castlereagh, and have branded him with a stigma such as no other public man has deserved in my time,—nevertheless proceed, in my public capacity, to lock my true sentiments in my breast, and declare him worthy of a reward that was not paid to Fox or to Canning; worthy not only of the tribute due to talents, efficiency, and courage, but of enduring grati-

tude and honour ; and I do it because I am not the leader of the nation, but the appointed minister of its will ; because it is my office to be the mouthpiece of opinions I disapprove, to obey an impulse I condemn, to execute the popular wishes when they contradict my own.

He does not recognize that Mr. Gladstone, by the very fact of having been Lord Beaconsfield's life-long opponent, was barred from undertaking to be his judge.

Now, to understand this vehemence of moral conviction and expression, we must remember that, to Lord Acton as a Historian and a Politician, looking back and out upon the field of human affairs, public wrong-doing was the cardinal form of sin. "Politics," he writes, "come nearer religion with me, a party is more like a church, error more like heresy, prejudice more like sin, than I find it to be with better men." As he noted the vast and terrible Drama of History, with its tragic defeats, its meaningless cruelties, its needless pains, he saw flung out against the fires of judgment the scared faces of statesmen who by weakness of will, or infirmity of purpose, or insincerity of aim, or mental cowardice, or mere lack of principle, had wrought such blind woe on man, and had fought against liberty and light. Leaders who had lowered the public standards or who had corrupted public honour, were to him as gross sinners as the adulterer and the thief. No private virtue could atone for a perversity of conscience. All the pieties and the charities of St. Carlo Borromeo could not make Lord Acton forget that he had sanctioned the assassination of heretics. By that he stood arraigned for ever at the judgment bar of conscience, without excuse or palliative. "But must we not make some allowance,"

said some one to him, "for the morality of his age?" "I make no such allowance," was the emphatic reply.

And this was the man, with this high and austere code, to whose searching scrutiny, close at hand, for year after year, every minute motive that governed Mr. Gladstone's action, under stress of political strife, in the agony of convulsive decisions, stood naked and exposed. It was a tremendous test; and these letters are the record of its triumphant vindication. Let them be read in that light. Lord Acton's estimate of the character of the man with whom he is so intimately influential can be seen in the type of argument which he felt would tell, in support of any counsel that he was given. Take as an instance the reason given why Liddon should be offered the See of London. After a most interesting discussion of Liddon's character and capacity, in which he recognizes clearly some limitations, he brushes aside all the pros and cons by this one prevailing consideration: "Assuredly Liddon is the greatest power in the conflict with sin and in turning the souls of men to God, that the nation now possesses. There must be a very strong reason which can justify a Minister in refusing such a bishop to such a See." The conflict with sin! The turning of souls to God! These are the only and supreme qualification for a Bishopric, which a Prime Minister need consider. Few, very few, Prime Ministers have had that strong and simple counsel given them by those whom they consult in those emergencies.

It is the play and the counter-play of two such high natures on one another, through the living medium of one so near and dear to both, that constitutes the fascination of this book. It is, in this way, absolutely unique. More

than ever are we content to leave asleep in peace, waiting for the dread Judgment Day, the great Statesman who, through this book, stands out revealed and judged under such exceptional conditions.

And, surely, there is one lady in England who, in the darkest hours that life, with its damage and defeats, can ever bring her, will yet lift up her head and give thanks, as she recalls the letters that life has brought her from two masters so entirely diverse in genius, yet both her friends—John Ruskin and Lord Acton.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES *

WHAT a power there is in friendship! Why don't we all draw more largely on its sacred stores? And, above all, the friendships of our growing years, when inspirations are kindling, and convictions are on the make, and hopes and aims are taking possession, hold in them the secret of all that life can do with us. No such opportunity can recur: such boons are only given once in a lifetime. Here is a book which is one long and glorious pæan, sung in honour of such friendships. There is nothing in Burne-Jones' work and life that is not rooted in the blessed comradeship that came together, with such miraculous felicity, at Oxford in the Forties. Morris, Dixon, Cormell-Price, Falkner, Fulford, and Burne-Jones fell together, as Freshmen do: and so it all began: never to cease. Day and night they met, and talked, and laughed, and romped, and shouted, and debated, with all the delicious ardour that makes Oxford the shrine of all such intimate companionships. Round them it spreads its magic: its age lends itself to their youth, and clothes it with the glamour of romance.

This it does for us all: but into this knot of laughing friends there had entered, also, the spirit of a Cause.

Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones. By G. B.-J. London: Macmillan. 1904.

They were caught into the service of Art. They passed across into this new service out of an earlier stage of religious devotion, which left its mark upon them all, long after it had lost its hold upon some of them. And it was from this earlier influence that they learned the fascinations of brotherhood. For the spirit of brotherhood was in the air, through the influence of the Catholic Revival. Everywhere men were feeling after the joy of Mediæval Fraternities. It was for Burne-Jones quite a solemn affair. "Remember," he cries, "I have set my heart on founding a Brotherhood. Learn Sir Galahad by heart. He is to be the patron of our Order. I have enlisted one (Morris) in the project up here, heart and soul: you shall have a copy of the Canons some day, signed, General of the Order of Sir Galahad." Curiously enough, Burne-Jones' favourite fun of writing in the language of Mediæval Charters to his friends, recurs, at just the same period, in the records of the Oxford Reading Party in North Wales, with Bishop Stubbs: where again the Party assumed all the titles of an Abbey: and we hear, in the antique tongue, how the Coquinarius (H. P. Liddon) rescued Stubbs from a watery grave. "September 30th. Mie Lorddes dydde bathe with Mr. C., and mie Lordde Abbot was well nigh drowned, but Mr. Coquiner dydde hymme pulle oute."

So, again, those other Birmingham boys, Westcott and Lightfoot, were binding themselves, about this same time, by common rules, in a Prayer Guild. The Tractarians had made historical this passion of a close fraternity, bound together by the inspiration of a great cause. That is why the opening of the Oxford Movement holds in it such undying charm. We can never tire of those wonderful personalities, who drew together, by mysterious

attraction, into such radiant intimacy of purpose. Keble, Pusey, Newman, Hurrell Froude, Church, Marriott, Mozley, Rogers—these names are household words. Time after time the story has been told, of how they met, and loved, and laughed, and talked, and worked, and parted; and yet it is never stale. For it has in it the splendour of a world-wide movement, actualized in the play and the fascination of personal characters, whose every quality is heightened and intensified by their inclusion within the common peril of a daring and noble venture. And something of this timeless fascination belongs to the later Art Movement, which is identified with the Pre-Raphaelites, and which had now come to take possession of this brilliant knot of Oxford friends, who were meeting daily at Exeter and Pembroke Colleges.

Such friends they were! And, above all, at the heart of the companionship was that peculiar and rare friendship of William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones, which was to last unbroken till death, and which was to tell, with such thrilling effect, upon the imaginative development of England. Rare, indeed, is it for two men, of creative artistic power, to come together as boys: to grow together as men: to live together, through life, working together for the same ends, co-operating in the same production, completing each other, in the full communion of delightful and incessant intercourse, in perfect trust, and joy, and love, from end to end of their careers. Has there ever been an intimacy so fortunate, so fertile, so happy, and so exquisitely fulfilled? The very story of it, embalmed in this book, is enough to revive our flagging belief in all that man might be and do, if only now and again things did but fall out right.

All that is buoyant and beautiful in Morris comes out in the record. "Topsy," with his wealth of hair and his square figure, never fails us, and comic sketches of him and Ned keep both of them in their vivid contrast ever before our eyes. There was always fun to be got out of the simple-hearted creature: there was no trick or practical joke that would not take him in. Just like a child he would tumble into any trap, break out into uproarious protest and explode with gusts of laughter. His primitive simplicity of character is at the heart of his glorious force. A great scholar noted long ago that he showed himself in his poetry more primitive than Homer; there was more primeval impulse in it and less reflection: and to live in daily familiarity with a man who goes behind Homer was to Ned Jones an unfailing joy and inspiration. He felt absolutely certain of Morris's greatness from the first days at Oxford. "Watch carefully all that Morris writes," he says in 1855; "you will find of the very purest and most beautiful minds on earth breathing through all he touches. Sometimes I even regret that he is my friend lest I seem partial in praising him so. But if he were a stranger I know I should detect him in a heap of others' writings, and watch for something very great from him as I do now."

Lady Burne-Jones remembers Morris at that day: "very handsome, of an unusual type; statues of mediæval kings often remind one of him. His eyes always seem to me to take in rather than to give out; his hair waved and curled triumphantly."

And now to this knot of friends, chattering, bear-fighting and dreaming at Oxford, came the crown and consummation of all. In 1855 they saw at Mrs. Combe's house, Clarendon Press, Oxford, the water-colour by Rossetti of

Dante drawing the head of Beatrice, to their wonder and delight; and they had read a copy of the *Germ*, with "The Blessed Damozel" in it, and at once they gave themselves to the new power. Who can now tell what that power was? For beyond all his gifts of superb imagination, of which we possess the record in his pictures and poems, there was an intellectual capacity and a personal dominance which swept people off their feet. Wherever he came he seemed to be first, and his presence possessed the scene. His words opened doors into new regions: his splendid generosity of temperament lapped men round with a sort of royal benignity; they felt that they could do anything he told them to do. And all this without any pose or effect or assumption. He used the most direct speech without any mannerisms, largely slang; but the grandeur of the man was such that Burne-Jones, as he walked down the Strand with him, kept always wondering why the people did not all rush round to lift Gabriel shoulder high and carry him with shouts to some throne.

We hear nothing in this book of that dominance of will which was felt as an oppression or a disturbance by Madox Brown and William Morris. They were uncomfortable and not wholly themselves when he was too near. They needed freedom from the pressure of his presence. But to Burne-Jones there was none of this: here was the very atmosphere he loved to breathe: here was the master whom it was a joy to follow. Everything in him seemed to live and grow under this genial cherishing hand. He simply loved and adored him, and to the end felt that Rossetti had been to him the master-light of all his seeing.

For him, therefore, the tragedy of the close went deeper than for all others. It is good to read the record of the

first bright days, when the glow and the glory and the fun were all at their height, before we feel the shadow fall. It is in 1857, when the famous paintings on the Union roof at Oxford were at work. Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Morris are living at 87, High Street, and Mr. Prinsep has gone down to join the work. Prinsep had told Rossetti that he was not fit for it because he could not draw. "Nonsense," said Rossetti confidently, "there is a man I know who has never painted anything—his name is Morris—he has undertaken one of the panels, and he will do something very good you may depend. So you had better come." On this strange ground for confidence he went down, and on his first arrival at Oxford there is a legend that he said to his cabman, "Drive me to the Union," and found himself quickly at the doors of the Workhouse.

Prinsep's account of dining with Rossetti that first evening is very vivid:

"I was, of course, proud to accept the invitation," he says, "so at the hour mentioned I was punctually at the house. There I found Rossetti in a plum-coloured frock-coat, and a short square man with spectacles and a vast mop of dark hair. I was cordially received. 'Top,' cried Rossetti, 'let me introduce Val Prinsep.'

"'Glad, I'm sure,' answered the man in spectacles, nodding his head, and then he resumed his reading of a large quarto. This was William Morris. Soon after, the door opened, and before it was half opened in glided Burne-Jones. 'Ned,' said Rossetti, who had been absently humming to himself, 'I think you know Prinsep.' The shy figure darted forward, the shy face lit up, and I was received with the kindly effusion which was natural to him.

"When dinner was over, Rossetti, humming to himself as

was his wont, rose from the table and proceeded to curl himself up on the sofa. 'Top,' he said, 'read us one of your grinds.' 'No, Gabriel,' answered Morris, 'you have heard them all.' 'Never mind,' said Rossetti, 'here's Prinsep who has never heard them, and besides, they are devilish good.' 'Very well, old chap,' growled Morris, and having got his book he began to read in a sing-song chant some of the poems afterwards published in his first volume. All the time he was jiggling about nervously with his watch-chain. I was then a very young man, and my experience of life was therefore limited, but the effect produced on my mind was so strong that to this day, forty years after, I can still recall the scene: Rossetti on the sofa with large melancholy eyes fixed on Morris, the poet at the table reading and ever fidgeting with his watch-chain, and Burne-Jones working at a pen-and-ink drawing.

'Gold on her head, and gold on her feet,
And gold where the hems of her kirtle meet,
And a golden girdle round my sweet;
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite,'

still seems to haunt me, and this other stanza:

'Swerve to the left, son Roger, he said,
When you catch his eyes through the helmet slit;
Swerve to the left, then out at his head,
And the LORD GOD give you joy of it!'

I confess I returned to the Mitre with my brain in a whirl."

Now let us see the same men in 1880—a charming account, written by Burne-Jones to his friend Norton in America.

"Towards evening Morris came—for it was Georgie's birthday—and you would have found just as if no time had gone

by, only the best talk with him is while he is hungry, for meat makes him sad. So it is wise to delay dinner, and get out of him all you can in walks round the garden. He is unchanged—little grey tips to his curly wig—no more; not quite so stout; not one hair less on his head, buttons more off than formerly; never any necktie—more eager if anything than ever, but about just the same things; a rock of defence to us all, and a castle on the top of it, and a banner on the top of that—before meat—but the banner lowered after that. Then the family—how unchanged all these years, and what happy fortune for me; and why? and how long will it be? Alas, I say we are not changed, but how do I know? Come and see.

“One night lately I spent the evening with Rossetti. There is change—enough for us all if it had been distributed amongst us, amongst any seven of us. He has given it all up, and will try no more, nor care much more how it all goes. It’s nine years since he came to the Grange—now he goes nowhere and will see scarcely any one. Four or five times a year I go to spend a ghostly evening with him, and come back heavy-hearted always, sometimes worse than that—it’s all past hope or remedy, I think, and his best work has been done—and I don’t know how it has all come about.

“And my rooms are so full of work—too full—and I have begun so much that if I live to be as old as the oldest inhabitant of Fulham I shall never complete it. And are you sorry they have dragged me out of my quiet? But they haven’t and never shall. I read nothing that is said, I shall never be moved out of my plan of life, I shall alter nothing—neither my way of life or thought—nor go out more, nor waste my time in any of their devices; so don’t be sorry, my dear. In a year or two they will tire and want a new thing. I am out of the story as they mean it, and you needn’t be afraid. But, O me, I want you to see it. When you come (for you will come), I will take you to see every place where my things are. I have worked so hard I feel as if I had lived a

hundred years—and when I am well it is still a fresh fountain every day. The old things are dearer and better to think of. Nothing else has happened—I am just what you left me, only minding more for the same things and one or two new things—no more change than that.

“I was very ill for a bit last year—and I’m not ever very well. I don’t know what could do me more good than seeing you; we might run somewhere together, and renew our youth—say you’ll some day come, dear, dear old fellow.”

When the end came to Gabriel it served to clear away the mists in which illness had wrapped him for years past, and he shone out again upon his friends as in the first days. So Lady Burne-Jones tells us, and adds:

“Nothing written about Rossetti ever satisfied Edward, and some things so much dissatisfied him that as years went on he began to feel that he could not keep silence, but must one day write a monograph himself. ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘if no one else will do it, I will display Gabriel—after a time.’ A few notes were made for this purpose; on the leaf of a pocket-book is the following memorandum:

“‘Gabriel. His talk, its sanity and measure of it—his tone of voice—his hands—his charm—his dislike of all big-wig and pompous things—his craze for funny animals—generally his love for animals—his religion—his wife.’

“Writing in 1892 of their early friendship, he says:

“‘It is nice to be remembering it all, and is good for me now, only the most of it is so indescribable. His talk and his look and his kindness, what words can say them? But bit by bit little forgotten touches will come back, I daresay, and some sort of image of him be made out—and if it is a perfect image and all overlaid with gold, it will be truer really than one that should make him halt or begrimed or sully him in the least.’

“Would that the book had been written.”

Perhaps he would have accepted the beautiful verdict of Mr. Arthur Benson in his volume on Rossetti:

“And here, I think, lies the deepest tragedy of Rossetti’s life. A man of infinite self-will, of intense though limited outlook, sets out upon a certain pilgrimage, with a radiant goal in view, resolutely disregarding all that does not at once accommodate itself to his aims or faiths; and then the vision changes, and he is confronted in the saddest and sternest way with the darkest problems that try and torture the moral nature. The very gloom of the tragedy lends a deeper augustness to the great figure that slowly moves to meet it. But we may dare to hope that a soul which, though knit with a temperament open in a singular degree to all the nearer seductions of beauty, kept its gaze resolutely on the ultimate hope, the further issue, the central vision, and which looked so earnestly through the symbol to the force symbolized, must attain in some freer region to the knowledge of the secret, that murmured like a phantom music in divine, mysterious tones round the clouded earthly tabernacle.” (Benson’s *Rossetti*, p. 2.)

The fortunate friendship of Morris and Burne-Jones has been crowned by the good fortune of their biographies. Each has found a hand that could give a fascinating record. Morris’s *Life*, an almost perfect book, was written, as the world well knows, by one of the few living masters of English prose, and with knowledge such as few could possess of all that went to the making of the hero.

And now comes another most delightful book, written from the inside, with exquisite judgment and taste, with skilful use of charming materials, and with a rare felicity of style. There is only one complaint that I have to make against the book: it tells much of the intimate friendships that played so large a part in Burne-Jones’s life, but it

does not tell the inner process of change in the man himself through which he arrived at what he was. The strong religious influence fades dimly away without any positive explanation. We only learn the disappointment that overcame him at Oxford, when he found himself caught in the drag of that dreadful time when the Heads of Houses, having swept Oxford clear and clean of the great Tractarians, had set themselves to stamp their stout heels on the cowering undergraduates who were left in their clutches. Doctor Pusey held the fort grimly in his Christ Church tower; and the poor undergraduates crept still in fear and trembling to the one home of the Cause still left, where faithful Charles Marriott celebrated his early Communion in St. Mary's. But Tutors and Deans had sworn to get rid of the thing in Oxford, and the recovery was to come at last back to its first home from the slums of great cities, where the Cause was to win its triumphs. John Oakley, who is mentioned with affection in this book, would often tell the dismal tale of those dark days, and we can well understand how desolate it would have seemed to the Birmingham boy, fired with enthusiasm by the vision of the unworldly Oratorian in his native city. Still, we should like to know more of the inner change. We are told that he went to Charles Marriott and found some comfort, "but the whole-hearted and enthusiastic and unenquiring days were gone," and after that we are only told that all was over because "he had looked behind the veil." Perhaps we can hardly ask of Lady Burne-Jones to tell how it was that the hope of a Celibate Brotherhood ceased. Anyhow, he passed across into the world where Art reigns;—but here again, though we are told of aims and ideas for which they will go out to die as Crusaders

died, we are told nothing of what those ideas and principles are. We know them, no doubt, from all that has been written about Morris and Rossetti. We can guess very well where we are : but we should still like to have known what it was that Edward Burne-Jones thought he was going to do and say when he first set out on the great venture.

Reading this Life we feel how remote from what these men really were was their first effect on us. Could anything be further from expressing the robust vitality of Morris than the refrain that first made his name sweet to our ears as he claimed for himself in sad delicate lines, full of autumn sorrow, that he was but "the idle singer of an empty day"? All the time he was a Viking, plunged into the thick of roaring London, and feeling its life in every fibre of his strong brain. And soon we were to hear of him as a burly socialist, shouting at street corners, and making songs that set people's blood on fire. Then there stole in on us faint far-away faces in delicate tints, the ghosts of old Romaunt tales, the sadder ghosts yet of dying Hellenism. These were the visions, moody with some dumb pain, which we learnt were the work of Edward Burne-Jones.

Yet just listen to this man in his fury, when a gushing lady has written to him flattering herself that he lives hidden in some world of beauty, untouched by the sordid present, somewhere with Tennyson's gods, who "lie beside their nectar while the bolts are hurled."

"Dr Evans chanced to come in while Edward was reading this, and finding him evidently disturbed, asked what was the matter.

“‘There!’ said Edward, trying to hide the seriousness of his mood under the cloak of a flat Cockney dialect. ‘Read that!’ and as Sebastian finished it, ‘There!’ he exclaimed again. ‘What has a poor old ‘ard-workin’ feller like me done, as he’s to be called a Tennyson’s gods and the LORD knows what by the likes of she? I arst you as a man? *You* don’t think I’m a Tennyson’s gods nor nothin’ o’ the sort, do you? It ain’t fair, it ain’t! A man as has always worked ‘ard for a livin’ and liked to see things decent and comfortable about him, and is a-growin’ old—very old, my dear, very old. Tell me I’m not a gibbering idiot—tell me I haven’t wasted my whole life in running after things that no man will ever be the better for!’

“‘In spite of the way in which he spoke of himself,’ says Dr. Evans, ‘he was very much in earnest, and I did all I could think of at the moment to soothe him.’”

He cared as passionately as Morris himself for the actual life that is; and his hatred of the horrors of great cities was quite as intense. He was in spirit much more of a rebel than Morris, whose ideal, as Mr. Mackail notes, was really domestic and bourgeois, and who was furious with the social order that failed to give people this. Burne-Jones despised and detested all that was comfortable. Everything that was English repelled him; “a fine successful people,” he says, “in their way,” but for that very reason people that oppressed him. Even the lovely country of Surrey would not win him.

“You could see sixty miles away over a soft land, too soft. I wanted some desolate bits and a woeful tale or two, and to be told, ‘At such a point was such a battle, and by that tower was such a combat, and in that tower such a tragedy’—so long ago that I couldn’t be very sorry. Nobody knew anything of anywhere, and everybody smiled fat smiles at the big green

carpet. It seemed churlish not to admire it. It was bonny, but I like other lands better, and now and then I want to see Hell in a landscape. All that is like a silly Heaven."

He was a Celt in blood and bone, and lived in protest against all that made for success in this world, and loved everybody who failed.

The difference with Morris over the socialism lay in his firm conviction, that Morris was throwing away his real work and life, and trying to do something else. An artist was for Burne-Jones a dedicated man, with a responsibility to discharge as real as any others. That responsibility asked for his whole being, and he would serve his generation best by giving himself up to that and nothing else. Again and again he had to assert this principle for himself, resisting all attempts to make him speak, etc. He had a passion for work as such, and believed that there was absolutely no end to it. "What do we want to be wrenched from our work for? I should like to stop in this room for 439 years and never be taken out of it." At another time he made a bigger demand. "I should like to go on working in this studio for 17,000 years—but why seventeen? Why not 70,000?"

He had absolute belief in his mission, and an heroic disregard of outside opinion. The delicate-fibred man shows extraordinary courage in clinging to the inner light, both in early days before he was understood, and in the great days when popularity swam round him; and yet again in the later years when he began to find himself left alone and the art tendencies of the day turning into directions which he disliked and distrusted.

Nor was it only the popular verdict which he disregarded; for not even John Ruskin, to whose affectionate

influence the book bears constant and gracious witness, could prohibit him from seeking Beauty where the master denied its sincerity—in Mantegna, Signorelli and the great Michael Angelo, for instance—and from risking a precious friendship in loyalty to his own independent judgment.

Possessed with this solemnity of purpose, and believing that Morris had a vocation as absolute, he was distressed and angry at anything that carried Morris off his proper lines, as he thought. It seemed to him like an act of disloyalty to the task set. However, through it all, the glory of the friendship abode strong as ever. Only on those happy Sunday mornings when Morris came as always, it was a trouble to think that there was anything between them about which they kept silent.

And yet, I suppose, there will be many to ask how it was that this subtle and far-away grace, with its soft tone of sorrow and its plaintive passiveness, which the art of Burne-Jones was ever so strenuously pursuing, was really to be his message to the age as it stood. In what sense was it work done for suffering and toiling populations, such as he pitied and loved? And how was it the best thing that he could do for them, and far more worth while than if he went out to preach reform in Victoria Park? Well, first it was his own task to give back, if possible, beauty to a world that had lost belief in it. As he looked round the hideous Victorian England, with its mean streets and its gross carnalism, he felt that there was no such crying need as this. "Whatever you may say," he writes, "men are restless till they get beauty." And the beauty that he had to give to meet man's needs must perforce take that shape which haunted his own

spirit as a passion, and this meant the beauty that was caught out of the stories of the later mediævalism, at that strange mystical hour when the divinities of Hellas were peeping pathetically out under Christian masks, or through the network of the Christian legend.

“‘There are,’ he said, ‘only two sides of Christianity for which I am fitted by the Spirit that designs in me—the carol part and the mystical part. I could not do without mediæval Christianity. The central idea of it and all it has gathered to itself made the Europe that I exist in. The enthusiasm and devotion, the learning and the art, the humanity and romance, the self-denial and splendid achievement that the human race can never be deprived of, except by a cataclysm that would all but destroy man himself—all belong to it.’”

So he painted the little Greek love, half asleep, in the *Chant d'Amour*, blowing the organ, unseen, for the girl who, in a meadow below Gothic tourelles, is singing what might be a hymn, but which has got another charm for the Knight who broods at her feet over the song. The book that had wholly possessed him was the *Morte d'Arthur*, by Sir Thomas Malory, to which he and Morris had given their souls from the first; and the typical mood that he had loved to express was that pathetic trance in which you listen to old tales of love and war long ago, or dream as tender music pauses into silence. It is a mood, therefore, which is a little languid, a little sad, a little wistful and forlorn; and the face, therefore, that he drew through life was one that held this mood within it.

Such was the ideal for him, and this alone would he express in response to the craving for beauty, however strange the type might seem for a world bubbling with heated activities.

Lady Burne-Jones makes a most happy quotation from Rio's *Poetry of Christian Art*; in which his justification of Perugino covers admirably the monotony of Burne-Jones's typical face.

"Rio, speaking of a reproach brought by the Florentine school against Perugino for repeating the same motives, says: 'They were incapable of understanding that the progress of an artist who seeks his inspiration beyond the sphere of sensible objects does not merely consist in the variety of picturesque grouping of the subject, nor in the depth and fusion of the colours, nor even the delicacy and purity of the design, but rather in the development and progressive perfection of certain types, which, concealed at first within the most secret recesses of his imagination, and afterwards regarded as a long and religious exercise for his pencil, had at length become intimately combined with all that was poetical and exalted in his nature.' Perugino's answer to the reproach of the Florentines, as quoted by Rio, is also curiously like what Edward might have said: 'At all events I am at liberty to copy myself.'"

Then again Burne-Jones gave himself cordially to Morris's belief that beauty was meant for common things, and ought to be the heritage and possession of common people. He poured out, with infinite fertility, exquisite designs for the famous "firm," and so bore his share in spreading the joy of art over all the pots and pans of daily life, and into the corners of small houses and churches.

And then, lastly, was he not right in his belief that in giving himself to romance he had given himself to the real heart of living human nature? Romance is always of the people. It belongs to the multitude, it

tells of the strange forces that are working for the future; it is full of inarticulate cries, and of the passions that break with convention. It is always alive and always revolutionary; it has in it the watchword of liberty. After all it is Classicalism in art that really exists for the few, for the elect, and holds itself apart from the common herd. It is Classicalism that needs a special taste, and draws its skirts about it out of the dust and dirt of the street. Romance knows that for ever King Cophetua will find himself, for all his splendour, at the feet of a beggar-maid. It follows poverty "over the hills and far away," and is stifled in the silken chambers of the rich. It is therefore for the people and to the people that Burne-Jones was painting, even though his romance took far-away forms that belong to old days long dead, and spent itself on Cupid and Psyche, and Pygmalion and Galatea, and the Praises of Venus.

Romance is eternal, and at all ages is one and the same. And, therefore, his heart could be hot within him for that vast town which was his own, and for all the crowded joys and sorrows of its streets, even as he spent year after year laying delicate tint to tint, to embody the subtle fancies of an imagination that was fed out of the old-world dreams.

Still for him the judgment lay here, and now, in what could be done to better things as they are.

Hear him as he pours out his soul to the friend of his later years, Sebastian Evans.

"There is only one religion. 'Make the most of your best' is common sense and morals. 'Make the most of your best for the sake of others' is the Catholic Faith, which

except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved. Athanasius did not know the real strength of his position : all these things are automatic. You are a true believer—you enter the Kingdom of Heaven. You are a heretic—you are damned. It has nothing to do with happiness or unhappiness. People who are damned, as far as I can make out, are generally happier than we poor devils who humbly enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Day of Judgment? It is a synonym for the present moment—it is eternally going on. It is not so much as a moment—it is just the line that has no breadth between past and future. There is not—cannot be, if you think it out—any other Day of Judgment. It is not in ‘the nature of things.’ The *Dies irae dies illa* is everlastingly dissolving the ages into ashes everywhere. It is Nature herself, *natura*, not past or future, but the eternal being born, the sum of things as they are, not as they have been or will be. What I am driving at is this: We are a living part, however small, of things as they are. If we believe that things as they are can be made better than they are, and in that faith set to work to help the betterment to the best of our ability, however limited, we are, and cannot help being, children of the Kingdom. If we disbelieve in the possibility of betterment, or don’t try to help it forward, we are and cannot help being damned. It is the ‘things as they are’ that is the touchstone—the trial—the Day of Judgment. ‘How do things as they are strike you?’ The question is as bald as an egg, but it is the egg out of which blessedness or unblessedness is everlastingly being hatched for every living soul. Of course you can translate it into any religious language you please—Christian, Buddhist, Mahometan, or what not. ‘Have you faith?’ I suppose means the same thing. Faith, not amount of achievement—which, at best, must be infinitesimally small—that is the great thing. Have *you* faith, my dear? Do you ever think of this poor old woman, our Mother, trudging on and on towards nothing and nowhere, and swear by all

your gods that she shall yet go gloriously some day, with sunshine and flowers and chanting of her children that love her and she loves? I can never think of collective humanity as brethren and sisters; they seem to me 'Mother'—more nearly Mother than Mother Nature herself. To me, this weary, toiling, groaning world of men and women is none other than Our Lady of the Sorrows. It lies on you and me and all the faithful to make her Our Lady of the Glories. Will she ever be so? Will she? Will she? She shall be, if your toil and mine, and the toil of a thousand ages of them that come after us, can make her so!"

And listen lastly to his own belief of what he was doing by his life and work in art.

"Afterwards he said: 'That was an awful thought of Ruskin's, that artists paint God for the world. There's a lump of greasy pigment at the end of Michael Angelo's hog-bristle brush, and by the time it has been laid on the stucco, there is something there that all men with eyes recognize as divine. Think of what it means. It is the power of bringing God into the world—making God manifest. It is giving back her Child that was crucified to Our Lady of the Sorrows.'"

WILLIAM BRIGHT, D.D.*

ALL over England there will be those whose hearts will give a sudden leap at the news that Dr. Bright has passed away from the place that knew him so well, and where he had so long been familiar. He was part and parcel of Oxford life. His memory was one with the memories of the grey walls and towers of that sweet city to which our hearts cling so tenderly.

Always in and out of its courts, he could be caught sight of, vanishing round corners with strange motions all his own; or his delighted laugh could be heard startling the dumb stones as he greeted some young undergraduate with ringing welcome. His soul was always young, and loved the young; and he had singular gifts for engaging and amusing them. His intense dramatic skill in telling a story (and his stories were infinite); his almost biblical knowledge of all the pages of Dickens; his shouts of glee, his outpours of play and fancy and allusion—all this made his dinner-parties for undergraduates historical events.

His love for youth spread down to children; he knew their wants and joys with a brotherly instinct. "Shall we have a rag?" was his famous invitation to some boys whom he was taking out for a trip by train, in whom

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he detected an inarticulate craving for something to enliven the proceedings. At the scene that followed that invitation, imagination boggles. He was impulsive and spontaneous, and amazingly fertile, in all that belonged to conversation. The stores on which he drew were immense, and his imaginative and humorous powers were very high indeed.

It was this which made his lecturing so impressive. I well remember the effect of coming to his lectures, after having listened to the best tutors and professors who then were lecturing for the School of Literae Humaniores. He stood out as a brilliant artist in his own historical field. He captivated by his intense realization of the inner significance of a scene or a person; his whole being was thrown into the work of making this realization felt; his minute knowledge of detail was most skilfully handled to heighten or deepen the momentous effects, and his vivid personal interest in the subject gave it extraordinary animation. All his best gifts were in richest use when he lectured. The names and allusions which sometimes overlay, by their multitude, the broad effect of his books were swept along into the main current by the energy of his dramatic force as he spoke. He was, really, a first-rate speaker and preacher. The quaintness of the gestures interspersed, the odd noises interjected, disturbed and bewildered the young, so that they often missed the power of speech or of appeal that lay behind. Undergraduates are easily upset. But for those who could survive the mere surface-difficulties, there was a gift felt at work which was rarely equalled. There was a free and noble use of the best Theology, in its most living form, which made his sermons profoundly attractive and impressive; or in open speaking

there was often, combined with a real eloquence, a dignity with which he would wrap his gown about him as if it were a Roman toga, and a high passion in his voice which, at happy moments, would give telling effect to an oratory that was always fed out of catholic convictions in their largeness and splendour.

Of his productive erudition in the field of Ecclesiastical History it is needless to speak. His work is all on our shelves. It is always full of matter and excellent reading—more especially did he excel in illustrating theological positions by embodying them in personal lives of the champions. By this he has carried along generation after generation of those who, being clergy, feel that they ought to know so much more than they do.

But, besides this continuous work of rescuing us from abysmal ignorance, he has shown himself a finished master in two departments where the fewest possible ever succeed. (He could write a prayer, and he could write a hymn. Only two or three in a generation ever attain to this; but he, at his best, was nearly perfect, and he was not infrequently at his best.

His book of *Private Devotions* has prayers as compact, and dignified, and personal as collects. What more can be said?

As long as our Church lives we shall sing, at most sacred hours, "Once, only once," and "And now, O Father," and so his breath will be ever with us and his memory never willingly let die. It is worth living for, to have left behind one such hymn which will be sung by unnumbered generations.)

Death is not the hour in which to speak of his unflagging controversies on behalf of the Anglican position

in which he believed with such whole-hearted fervour, and to the justification of which he brought all his intellectual resources with unstinted keenness and devotion. We owe him debts that cannot be repaid.

But, now, we want chiefly to recall the man whom we loved.

He had a weary physical trouble to bear all his life. Dyspepsia gave him bad hours. But his innate cheerfulness rose buoyant and triumphant; and it lasted him to the end. Long after he had been broken by the stroke that led to his death, he retained his vivid interest and warm affection, and talked with his old delightful freedom and brightness. He lived alone, but he was at home in the hearts of many, both young and old. He had that outflow of sympathy for people far younger than himself which kept him in touch with movements of thought not wholly his own. He was open, expansive, alert; he never shut himself up into the prison-walls of age. Therefore he belonged to us all; and therefore it is that we miss him sorely, now that he is taken to the rest which his long years of unwearied industry for the Catholic Church, and for the honour of the dear LORD whom he loved and adored, have so bravely earned.

ROBERT CAMPBELL MOBERLY *

In the sunlight, under the grey shelter of the Cathedral which he served, in the secret and delicate spot amid the garden lawns, which has become the home of such tender and intimate memories of late, we laid to rest the body which had for fifty-eight years so graciously housed the delicate and tender soul of Robert Moberly. There in the quiet corner lie Philip Pusey, and Edith Liddell, and her father, the great Dean, and Helen Paget. He had known them all, and now we had but to carry him down his own lawn, shining as only Oxford grass can shine; nor did the birds cease for one moment, while we sang our hymns. It was fitting that a life marked by such reserved, sacred beauty should have had so beautiful a burial.

R. I. P.

HE has died, just as he was arriving at the fulness of his power. He had matured late; and that maturity had still to prove all that it could achieve. He had won his hearing; and that very fact served to give him even new confidence in the message that he had to deliver, and to disclose, with increasing richness, the singular gifts which this confidence was calling into play. He had more to say; and he would have said it to a wider circle, and with a yet more decisive energy of expression. He had shown on two occasions lately how he could speak, not only to those for whom spiritual interests were already a direct concern, but to that larger world outside, which is represented by the secular Press and the House of Commons.

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One was the sermon at the Bishop of Worcester's consecration, and the other the pamphlet on Undenominationalism. He was also gaining authority fast in Convocation. This consciousness of growing powers and of freer expression showed itself, during the last severe illness, in a strong desire to have a short space of life still allowed him, in which to do one more bit of productive work. He had indeed dreaded the broken life of an invalid. He did not desire that. He was aware of an incurable disease, which forbade a long life. But he thought that, possibly, if he could recover the present stress, he might be given a short spell of effective activity. And he felt that he would be glad to use it. He was not mistaken in the physical possibility, but his strength could not hold out under the immediate strain, and he was given his new work to do elsewhere. It has been natural therefore to feel that there was something cut short, exactly at the moment when it was most sorely in request. He was one of the very few men of our day who had the prophetic gift; he could see, and think, and pronounce; and every day we were learning to trust ourselves more entirely to what he saw and declared. Yet his oldest and his dearest friends go behind this natural regret. They are offering deep thanksgiving for the arrival which it had been already his to make. For they remember the time when they feared that it might be denied him. Not that they had not always believed in the force and beauty of his gifts. But they had once feared that these would only be known to the few. There was much to hinder their general recognition. His own fastidious delicacy, his habit of reserve, his intense humility; a certain aloofness from the world, which gave him a peculiar charm, but which made him

move through ordinary men as something apart; and above all, a certain elaboration of manner and speech which veiled his real directness and positiveness of purpose, and which could not but keep him remote and unintelligible where there was not familiarity enough to afford the right interpretation.

Then, again, he was some time before he found his true vocation, or discovered his speculative faculty; and it was only as this self-discovering was made that he grew convinced that he had something to say to which men would listen. He had taken his degree as a scholar, not as a thinker. Somehow, at that particular period, New College allowed its men of Scholarship to enter for the Final Schools, without passing them through the philosophical mill to any effect. He was not alone, at the time, in slipping into a second class through this; and to the very end he regretted his ignorance of the technical methods of language employed by speculative thought. As a Scholarship Tutor at Christ Church he found nothing that really opened the door for him. And he did not know yet what he could, or would, do with himself. And his shy modesty prevented him supposing that he was of any special value; while he had a certain indolence which greatly limited his reading. To the last he read strangely little. He therefore made no push. We loved him. But he was content to listen, and play with the intricacies of words, and lie by. It was not at all clear what he would finally be about.

The first moment of discovery came through a journey to Ceylon with Bishop Copleston, now Metropolitan of India, on his going out to his see in Colombo. Moberly threw over his Oxford tutorship, and took a six months'

trip through India. He came back with a most wonderful diary; and for the first time he was determined that we should listen to him. He was possessed by what he had seen. He made us sit down to hear him; and out it all came, with a vivid conviction and a masterful grip which fairly astonished us. We became aware of the tenacity of insight, of the personal insistence, of the singular intensity, which we afterwards grew to appreciate so fully.

To understand the effect of this personal insistence, one must understand that it came from a man who would do anything in the world rather than assert himself, or desire public attention, or intrude; yet here he was with something about which he was absolutely convinced that it was worth our while to hear. He had seen it; he had fastened on it. He could not be shaken off; and, in spite of his apologetic deferentialness, and gentleness, and modesty, and softness of delicate speech, we found ourselves under the compulsion, under the mastery, of one who had, and held, us. He made us see with his eyes. His convictions were his own; and he had the power to make them become ours. So we felt it then: so we felt it more and more unto the end.

Never was there any one so independent, so self-confident, so tenacious, so immovable, as this gentlest and humblest of all gentle and humble men.

I have never known any other character to compare with him in this but that of the late Sir Bartle Frere, the famous Governor of Bombay and of the Cape. There too one found oneself faced by the same combination of attributes. At first all you were aware of was a delicate humility; a sweet courtesy that put you to shame; a

smile that appeared to grant you everything you could conceivably ask before you began ; a tenderness that was gentle and gracious as a woman's ; and then—behind and through this—there emerged a will like iron, that you could never hope to turn ; a courage that knew absolutely no limits ; a self-reliance that nothing could break ; convictions that stood like steel.

With him, as with Moberly, there was an audacity of judgment, which never seemed to be aware of the fear of standing alone. The world might be against them, and they still only smiled, and waited until it should come to a better mind. And all this without the faintest suspicion of egoism or of self-assertion. The personal humility was as obvious as ever ; indeed it was the total absence of self-reference which was at the root of their independence and their courage.

Gradually this discovery of his right to speak moved on from point to point with Moberly. At Great Budworth, his living in Cheshire, Bishop Stubbs found him out, and made him speak to the Clergy, and they found that they had to listen. Two papers, one on the marriage law, and one on tithe, marked this out.

Then came the first moment at which he ventured on a high speculative theme. It was a paper on the knowledge of GOD, given at the Church Congress, Rhyl. It was an epoch to him and to his friends. We had never known what he could do in that region before. And now we saw what his later books showed so remarkably, that he was one of the best thinkers alive.

He had genuine insight into those problems with which philosophy is concerned, and the obvious absence of technical training made his insight all the more im-

pressive. He was not tangled in the meshes of historical speculation, and he seemed to gain a certain simplicity of aim and directness of expression from this very freedom.

This is what came to the front in the little book *Reason and Religion*, in which he attempted to come to the rescue of reason against attacks made on its authority by Mr. Balfour, Mr. Kidd, and more indirectly by his very close and intimate friend, Mr. George Romanes.

All his best qualities went to the making of his great book *Atonement and Personality*. In that, he spoke his full message, and won the attention of all those whom he could hope to reach. After writing it he was at peace. He could afford to die. He knew that he had not lived in vain. He had a conviction, which was prophetic in its assurance, that he had been shown how to utter what was true. The book revealed to all that there was at least one man among us who was qualified to move on the highest levels of theological thought, and who could mark an epoch in our apprehension of the mystery of the Atonement.

I can never forget how, at the Round Table gathered by Professor Sanday to consider the subject of Priesthood and Sacrifice, the representatives of English Nonconformity and of Scotch Presbyterianism gave him their bowed attention, and only asked, when the moment of discussion at our conference arrived, that he should continue to develop the ideal of the Holy Penitent which his limits of time had curtailed. I saw, then, how deeply his work had passed into the religious mind of England.

The book has shown, once and for ever, how immense is the range of issues that must be covered in taking account of the Atonement. It has detected that the core

of the matter lies in a true conception of the fellowship involved in Personality. No theory will ever justify the Atonement that starts from an isolated, infinite individuality. The deep effect of the book comes from the boldness with which high spiritual passion is brought into the service of the argument in a way that intensifies its intellectual force. The reason is made to assimilate those emotional elements without which penitence and conversion are unintelligible terms. Passion and logic are fused into a single demonstration.

It is a book that will surely stand and endure. No one can read it without feeling that life has to move on a new level. It is one of the five books of our generation.

I have spoken of the conference at Professor Sanday's. It is impossible to speak of Moberly's later life without saying what the new friendship had meant to him. For eight years the two had drawn into the closest possible intimacy, and it is hard to exaggerate the influence that this delightful friendship had in confirming Moberly in his true vocation. He had always possessed inner confidence; but his extreme diffidence prevented him from claiming his right to say his say. He doubted its being worth while. He doubted men's willingness to listen. It was Mr. Sanday who, by his affectionate admiration for every word and act of his friend, induced him more and more to believe in the worth of what he had to do, and gave him the needful assurance that others would be only too glad to listen and to learn from him.

This latter-day friendship formed one of the deepest joys that came to him in the years when sickness had already stricken him.

His older friends, as they gathered year after year

together again, at Longworth, to renew their ingrained intimacies, felt, year by year also, the growing dimension of his thought and character. To him these gatherings were a special delight, and he made himself their conscience and their inspiration. To those who had ever loved him it was a peculiar gladness to note this increasing self-confidence in him. His life was rooted in the ancient pieties of discipline, reserve, submission, meekness, which belonged to the deepest Tractarian tradition. He had grown up in the atmosphere of Hursley, in the very spirit of John Keble. He had been taught all the hidden force that belongs to the character of which it can be said, "He shall not strive nor cry; neither shall his voice be heard in the streets." An old-world delicacy hung about him. His personal beauty came from a mother of the most exquisite refinement, and of a shrinking fastidiousness, to which publicity was intolerable. From his brilliant father he had inherited a scholarly precision in speech, which in him had become intensified into a sort of minute esoteric utterance, which was bound to be "caviare to the general." So much conspired to keep him secreted in a sheltered aloofness, where only the very few would find the pearl of great price. Yet it was given to him, before he died, to win a wider and wider hearing; to push forward, with a singular audacity, into spiritual regions, where he was recognized as a rare and trusted leader; to prove himself a master whom those who had ever loved him as a friend were now glad to follow and obey; and still all the honour brought him to retain the untainted and delicate meekness of a CHRIST-like soul.

ROBERT DOLLING *

WE cannot better discover the power of personality or the impotence of words than by trying to convey to others, through report, the vivid impress of a strong soul that has passed out of our sight. Yet this is what we are driven to attempt, and this little book gallantly sets itself to the impossible task.

Those who knew and loved Father Dolling cannot let the felt pressure of his presence pass away without an effort to express to others that which to them meant so much, and all who have shared the joy of this experience will be glad to have it set down at once, while the memory is keen and the affection undissipated, that they may say over to themselves the tale that they cannot bear to forget.

A fuller and more detailed memoir—by his intimate friend and colleague, C. E. Osborne—will appear later. In the meantime, here is put down the immediate impression of the man as we remember him at the moment that he is taken from us.

The man! For with Father Dolling it was the man who was one with the evangelist and the priest. It was his absolute self, in its characteristic identity, and not

¹ Preface to *Father Dolling*, by Joseph Clayton. London: Gardner, Darton. 1902.

merely some incidental gift or outlying sentiment, which was made the instrument for the Divine use. He told for GOD through being what he was, and the personal equation was inseparable from his work. He had his methods and his principles, and he thought them out, and he could put them into words. But, still, to explain the results, you must say, and could only say, "It was Dolling." He would have made anything tell. He had the gift to let his innermost personality come through and speak.

That is what the Winchester boys became aware of, in spite of all that held them aloof from the type of man, so strange to them, and from his ways of working, so unintelligible to most, and so repellent to many. Suddenly, as he spoke to them, they would catch sight of his soul ablaze: the light kindled, the passion and the pity, the hope and the love of the Gospel broke out through face and lips. They knew now, and some for the first time, what religion meant. They gave themselves away to it. The real thing was there, whatever the odd ritual in which it disguised itself, and they meant to stand by it, whatever freaks it indulged in. That prolonged hold on the confidence of Winchester, whether of masters or boys, was the highest tribute that could be paid to the simple force of Dolling's personal religiousness, just because it was won over those who are, perhaps, of all living beings, the most remote from the special form of spiritual work which Dolling embodied.

Our British public-school boy—we know him. Our British public-school master—him, too, we know. And we know, moreover, the curious type of worship peculiar to public schools, with its quaint pre-historic conditions, unlike anything else on the face of the earth, and its terror

of anything that commits it, or of any one who should let himself go. Winchester is typical of all that is most rooted in our public-school tradition. Yet it never failed Dolling. It trusted, believed, backed him from first to last. The men who came out of the school stood by him, worked for him still, however remote they were from his standpoint or practice. It was enough that it was Dolling. They were convinced that he had hold of the secret, and could do what he was set to do—win souls for CHRIST out of the slums. And they were convinced of this because they themselves had known something of his power over their own souls. Of course, there was also the discovery made that he could enter into their school-life with a boy's own inwardness of apprehension. He made himself their mate; he sat in their rooms and talked; he brought into play that burly *bonhomie* of his, the robust joyousness of the "jolly Friar," the love of buoyant and natural life, which was so deep in him. And, then, he had a very shrewd, practical judgment: he understood men and things, and boys and masters; and he got inside the business in hand with a sound and thorough common-sense which they had not expected in a parson. He could steer them in a "row" round a difficult corner. He could mediate between opposing forces. He saw matters on their level, and yet could introduce something of authority into his opinion. He was very human, very large-hearted, very tolerant of all natural feelings. He would come to the business in hand without any narrow *parti pris*, and above all, without a touch of pose or priggery. The school-boy found himself interested; and what did it matter, then, how much Dolling was given to rum goings-on in his church? He was all right: he was a "decent chap." Could praise go higher? And just what

told on the public school, or the Magdalen men, as he drew them toward their school or College Mission, told with equal force within the Mission itself. He knew perfectly well how identical is the Gospel which really goes home upon the soul at every level of social life. There is but one message it speaks, and practically in the same words, to educated and uneducated, to bond and free. So Dolling's power over his people came through the personal impression of his evangelical convictions. He kept the whole fabric of his worship alive through this quickening spirit of "conversion." This book will tell of his free speech and open prayer. He allowed no mistake to be possible about where the root of the matter lay.

Religion, after all, must be religion; it must mean a spiritual life, a converted will, a humble and a contrite heart, a love of GOD and of man. He let nothing overlay these or compensate for the lack of these. He had, indeed, a certain body of Ritual Practice, more or less elaborate, and very definite in its intention. And he appreciated beautiful ministration. But the secret of his work lay behind or underneath this. He insisted, indeed, strongly on the Sacrament of Penance and Absolution; but, then, this was to him an essential element and agent in the process of conversion. He pressed the central dominance over all worship of Eucharistic adoration; but, then, the Sacrament of the Altar was to him the Spirit and the Life. He could not conceive a division between the inward and the outward manifestation of GOD's Pardoning Grace. Evangelical and Catholic Truth found here for him their perfect fusion, in the hunger of the forgiven soul for the Body and the Blood present in the Bread and the Wine.

All this he needed to have emphatic and pronounced, without disguise or modification, if his vivid missionary attack was to be possessed of its obvious completion. His inward message could not bear to be deprived of its outward expression, and he was angry at any cautious check put upon him, yet not so much with the Ritualist's ecclesiastical anxiety, as with the Missioner's indignation at being thwarted in his Gospel.

But if his strong personal character told upon public schools and upon his missions as an attractive and compelling power, it had one special field in which it put out all its peculiar force. He could sway and hold the outcast and the broken in a way and with a freedom that were all his own. Here, in this region, the personal equation is bound to be at its highest. The waifs and strays of social life can only be reached through flesh and blood, through a masterful individuality, through a living present affection, through the touch of an intense personality. So only can the incredible become credible, and the impossible be made a fact.

The book will tell fully of the adventures, and risks, and losses, and glories that belong to work done with such unstinted generosity, and such open-hearted confidence. Dolling was determined to keep the road back home open to those who but loved too fondly the ease of the "open road." House and table, room and companionship, were to be theirs when they chose. Let them walk in and find it.

Nothing but his steady and shrewd wit, his firm will, his human common-sense, could have made it all possible. But with him the risks could be run. Those who were everybody's despair could have their chance given them

here. It was exactly what we most need in these terrible cities, that sweat and break men, body and soul. Here was the moral hospital, the spiritual home of convalescence. Here was the House of Rest, with large open-air treatment, and strong meat for those who could take it. It was the rarest of all gifts that Dolling revealed. He had that passionate sympathy with Bohemianism and Prodigalism which let him inside the hearts of the men to be won; but he combined with it the firm, wholesome judgment that never lost hold of the sanities or the soundness of moral well-being. He had glimpses into the secret of the soul, which disclosed the amazing heart of goodness and of sacrifice and of pity that can be found behind all the sinful disguises of Publican and Harlot. Somewhere in them there is that hidden, which, if only it can be unearthed or quickened by the violence of the Divine Compassion, can put to shame all the righteousness of the ninety-and-nine. And even in its sin it can often disclose touches of the self-sacrificing passion which finds its full expression in the Cross of CHRIST. This he believed; this he had the gift to verify. It is in this that he taught us most and gave us his best, and is now most sorely missed.

With such a force of individual character, who could be surprised if he had his rubs and tumbles? With his temperament, with his spontaneity, with his confidence, with his masterfulness, he was bound to bump up against the ordinary humdrum fashions of men.

No one who ever saw his stout square head, his bull-neck, his burly presence, could doubt that he would give things a jolt or two that would make them jump.

A man cannot have such gifts for nothing. He must pay the price. Some of it may be his own fault; some of

it—a great deal of it—will be the fault of a puzzled world, of a startled Church, of bewildered Officialism, of conventionalized Parochialism. We can leave others to do the sum and work out the total of respective guilt.

But no one can expect to possess any abnormal gifts, and yet to find their exercise perfectly smooth in a world that of necessity bases its calculations on the normal.

No one can have the supreme boon of originality and yet find himself instantly understood and appreciated by those to whom he must, on this very hypothesis, be a surprise and a shock. Originality has got to establish its right to exist; the abnormal has got to make good its function and use. And this will never be done without some suffering in a life of which sacrifice is the vital law.

Let no one who has the glory of the gift complain of the price that he pays for its possession.

We have, surely, lost something in our day of the old Tractarian patience, which never dreamed of a success to be achieved straight off, but took the suspicion and distrust that it aroused as the natural portion of all who are charged with a special mission. They simply bided their time, and it arrived.

Looking back at Dolling's career, I cannot lift a loud wail. He had two moments of trouble, one at leaving the London, and one at leaving the Winchester diocese. But he had unparalleled confidence reposed in him by his supporters, and enthusiastic support almost from the very first. Never did any one more rapidly win the devotion of those who believed in him. He was given a golden opportunity even while he was a Deacon. He got Magdalen College at his back, and Bishop Walsham How. And then, after an abrupt flinging over of the work in

London, in consequence of a blunder of his Bishop, which he took to heart with, perhaps, over-hasty indignation, he found himself in possession of that wonderful confidence of Winchester School, which never failed him for those long, good years under Bishop Thorold.

He had come to the end of what he thought it was given him to do in Landport when the collision with the Diocesan so unfortunately clouded the close. Then came two years of real anxiety lest his Church should fail to trust and use him again, during which interval his American friends, by their splendid and gallant generosity to him, did their utmost to bribe him away from his home allegiance. After an attempt or two to place him made by the Bishop of Rochester, Chandler, the present Bishop of Bloemfontein, had the honour of wiping out our discredit by offering him the work of St. Saviour's, Poplar, in which he died.

He found it hard to fight again against the apathy of that London which had won his first love, and he had a weary work of begging to do ; but he put his whole heart out for the children, and found in them his solace and his hope, while his old power of witchery won him immense support from outside.

He was hard at it when he died.

It is ours to see to it that his memory shall live, to tell what CHRIST'S Priesthood may do in this Church of ours for CHRIST'S own poor.

He showed us how pitifully we cramp the worship of Grace and narrow the range of the Gospel within our limited traditions and ecclesiastical timidities. He shocked us out of our nervous proprieties, and taught us to plunge and hazard and dare on behalf of those

of whom we despair, but for whom CHRIST sets us to seek.

He proved to us how much could be done if only we committed ourselves heart and soul to that which we profess, and let the strong message that is on our lips have clear and free way.

He showed us what the Book of Common Prayer could do, and what it could not do.

He stormed against our frigid conventionalities, and shook our Anglican self-esteem.

We recognized through him how often we had taken pride in what was in reality our insular limitations.

He stretched and strained our tethers, not in a spirit of disloyalty, but in the fretted impatience of a workman who found himself hampered by formalities and qualifications in the very task that he had been commissioned by his Church to fulfil for his LORD.

He demanded first place for the poor; he bent his ministerial charge to their primal needs; he strongly claimed for them their right to social and civic amelioration.

This book will, it is hoped, recall enough to show how real and full was his Gospel.

The Catholic movement will yet continue to move, if only it is embodied in those who, like Robert Dolling, root their Priesthood in Evangelical conviction, and carry it out in its demands over the full range of social human life

THE END

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